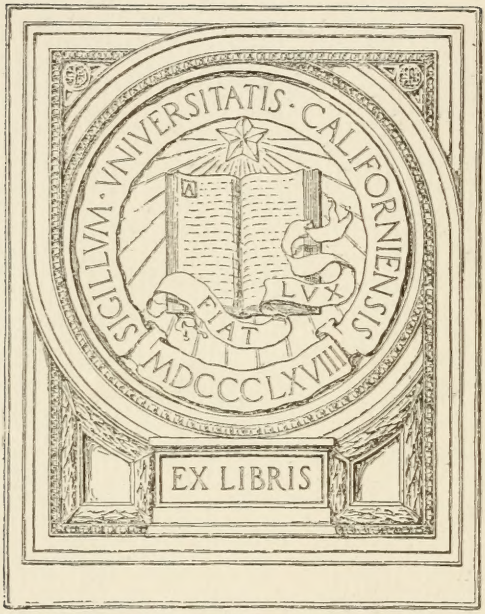
THE SEINE
FROM HAVRE TO PARIS

SIR EDWARD THORPE



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THE SEINE
FROM HAVRE TO PARIS

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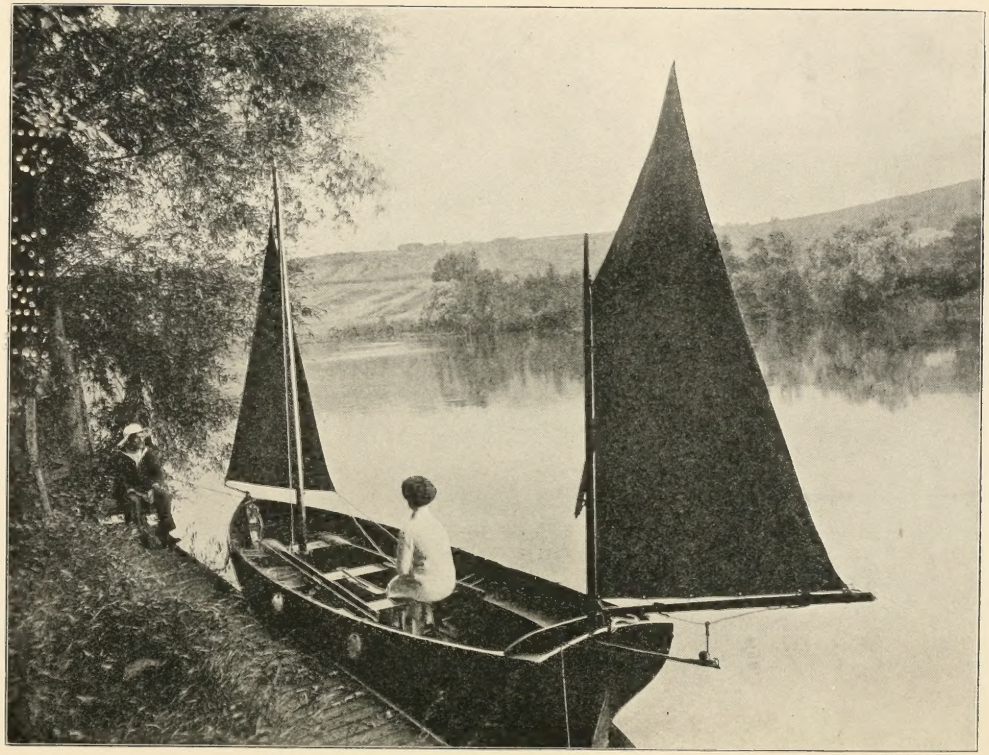

A SEINE BACKWATER. *Frontispiece.*

THE SEINE
FROM HAVRE TO PARIS

BY

SIR EDWARD THORPE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVE BRANSON

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1913

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PREFACE

This little work is based upon knowledge gained in yachting trips up the Seine, from the sea to Paris, made during the Long Vacation at intervals of several years; but it is concerned mainly with the experiences of a voyage, somewhat more protracted in time than its predecessors, undertaken during the summer and early autumn of 1912.

The book has been put together in the hope that it may serve to bring home to a wider circle the pleasures and the interest arising from a summer cruise on the Seine. This is pre-eminently the age of the internal combustion engine, and the motor-cruiser is a characteristic development of our time. No more delightful cruising ground than the Seine could possibly be found for such craft. But even if the would-be voyager is not the happy possessor of a vessel on which he can make his home, it may still be possible for him to get together a boating party, and, provided he and his friends have youth, muscles, and energy,

and a sufficiently roomy boat in which to stow themselves and their baggage with comfort, no more pleasurable mode of spending a summer holiday need be wished for. Such a boat as is represented in the frontispiece, a 16-foot gig, fitted with a small suit of sails—jib, sprit-sail, and mizen—and provided with a centre-board, and, of course, oars and a boat-hook, lends itself admirably to such a trip; and the South-Western Railway Company would no doubt arrange for her carriage to Havre or Honfleur. There is no lack of good feeding and sleeping accommodation to be found along the river between Havre and Paris—at such places, for example, as Quillebeuf, Villequier, Caudebec, Jumièges, Duclair, La Bouille, Rouen, Pont de l'Arche, Louviers, Les Andelys, Vernon, La Roche-Guyon, Mantes, Meulan, Triel, Poissy, Conflans, St. Germain, etc.—all places at no great distance one from the other, and most of them possessing historical, archaeological, or architectural attractions.

Indeed, however taken, to cruise on the Seine is to love her, and to love her is, as Steele said of Lady Hastings, a liberal education.

This noble river winds through a beautiful champaign, doubling, twisting, curving and re-curving upon itself, playing along rush-lined banks, gliding beneath the shade of overarching willows

and the shadows of tall poplars, and lingering by innumerable islands, as if loath to leave the land of its birth; flowing past some of the oldest towns in Europe, all of them rich in memories of bygone times and in memorials of departed greatness; past grim grey castles, and the donjons of feudal strongholds — each with its story of love and crime, rapine and siege; past ruined abbeys and dismantled monasteries; past mediaeval churches and cathedrals of beauty and grace; past camps and battle-grounds of Celts and Romans, Vikings, Normans, French, and English; past stately chateaus and wide-spreading forests; past ancient palaces of kings, and homes of warriors, statesmen, poets, and painters — of men who have played their part in the political, social, literary, and artistic history of France. Of how much of all this does the average Englishman know? He may have seen the river at Paris or at Rouen, or have caught a glimpse of it, now and again, as his train from Dieppe or Havre whirls him over its bridges or, for some short distance, along its banks; he may even have looked upon it with a more restful eye from Caudebec, or from Bon Secours or the ruins of Château-Gaillard; but unless he has lived upon it, followed its meanderings, paddled or drifted with its gentle current in the recesses of its lovely backwaters, loitered among its villages, and drunk

his coffee or his cider in its wayside inns, noting its riverside life and mingling with its floating population, he has not learned to know—much less to love—the indescribable fascination of the river. The Nymph of the Seine only casts the spell of her witchery over those who thus woo her.

In this book no claim is made to any originality of historical or literary research. Its compilation was essentially a holiday task, undertaken in the outset in collaboration, in which, to use Montaigne's phrase, "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own." Its history is, of course, to a large extent, a tale of

> Old unhappy far-off things
> And battles long ago,

but it is based upon accepted authorities, and to that extent, it is hoped, may be considered trustworthy. For much of the archaeological and architectural information it contains I am also largely dependent upon others, to whom I have made due acknowledgment wherever possible.

I am further indebted to many friends for useful help and advice, and among them I would particularly mention the Consul-General of Havre, and the Vice-Consul and Consul at Honfleur and Rouen. I am also under obligations to Mme

Bach, of Paris, for assistance in procuring me information.

A word of sincere appreciation is due to Miss Olive Branson for the skill and self-sacrifice with which—in spite of counter-inducements and of, occasionally, untoward conditions of time and weather—she devoted herself to the task of illustrating the characteristic features of the river. This book, indeed, would never have been attempted had not its author been able to count upon her co-operation in affording it the only merit it possesses.

I have also to express my thanks to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for permission to make use of some of Mr. Pennell's illustrations to Mr. Percy Dearmer's *Normandy*, in their well-known "Highways and Byways" series.

T. E. T.

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Halte
Sanvic
Ingouville
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Canal
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Austreberte
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Duclair
Chair of Gargantua
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Dt of Seine Infre
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Monument des Mobiles
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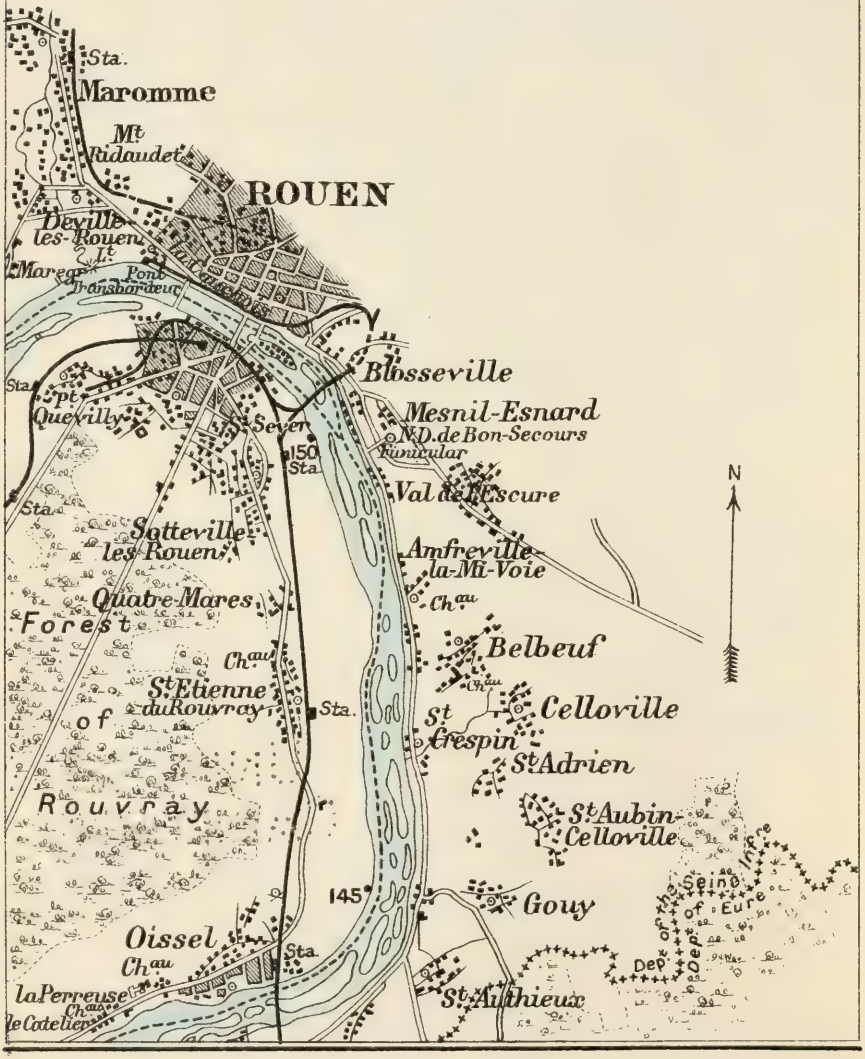
N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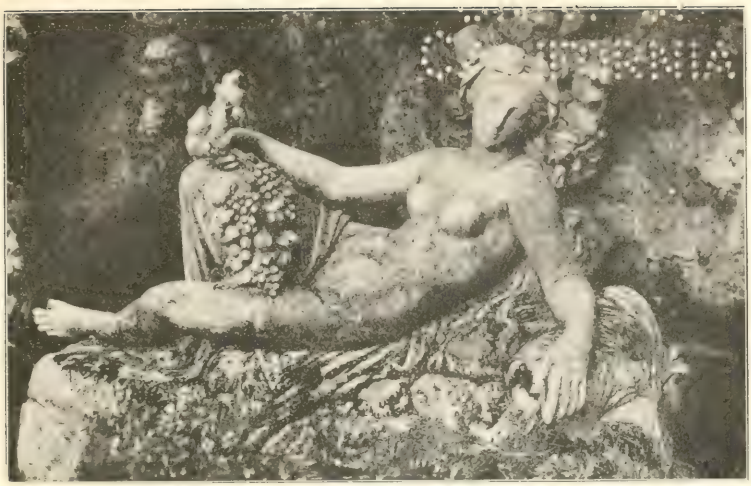


The Nymph of the Seine.

CHAPTER I

THE HYDROGRAPHY OF THE SEINE

The Seine—the Σηκοάνα or Σηκοάνας of Ptolemy and Strabo, the *Seguanna* of Caesar, the *Siguna* or *Segona* of Gregory of Tours—is a river of Northern France, running through four of its Provinces—Burgundy, Champagne, Ile de France, and Normandy; and through, or bordering upon, nine of its Departments, viz. Côte-d'Or, Aube, Marne, Seine-et-Marne, Seine, Seine-et-Oise, Eure, Seine-Inférieure, and Calvados. As regards length, it ranks third among French rivers; it is fourth in the area of its basin (30,370 square miles) and in the amount of water it carries to the sea, being

exceeded in these respects by the Rhone, the Gironde, and the Loire. It rises in the Côte-d'Or, at a height of nearly 1550 feet above sea-level, from a depression or fold in the plateau, 1900 feet high, which on its eastern side slopes down to the valley of the Saône. It first emerges at a spot about five miles north-east of St. Seine l'Abbaye. Six small springs—so small that they are occasionally dry in summer—situated in a wooded, rocky dale, together constitute its source. Here formerly stood a Roman temple dedicated to the genius of the river, built probably on the site of a still more ancient Gallic temple. To-day the spot is marked by a statue, the Nymph of the Seine, erected by the City of Paris.

The infant Seine is a puny little rivulet which at times almost perishes in its struggles to get through the oolite. When it does manage to emerge it bickers down a valley, through a kind of gorge, and meanders along a vale on the Plateau du Châtillonais, a broken, arid, sparsely wooded district. However, by the time it reaches Châtillon it has become quite a vigorous little brook, thanks to the sustenance it has received from the Douix. Its bed at this place is about 700 feet above sea-level; in other words, during its flow of 32 miles it has descended more than half its total fall.

It now enters the Department of the Aube, flows past Mussy, is joined by the Laignes and the Ource, and runs by Bar-sur-Seine, so named to distinguish it from Bar-sur-Aube, a few miles to the north-east. The river has quitted the oolites of the higher valley and has entered the chalk of the Champagne Pouilleuse, a bleak, dry, infertile plain, to which the clear waters of the stream, its arms and branches, its weirs and mills, and the foliage and fields along its banks, lend some measure of graciousness. It now flows through a damp and occasionally marshy valley; all its water is not here confined to its bed, since some portion after passing Bar has been transferred to the Canal de la Haute-Seine, which first becomes navigable at Méry-sur-Seine—the highest point on the Seine to which even a light-draught boat can ascend. The main stream is next joined by the little Hozain, and as it approaches Troyes, and at Troyes itself, is divided and subdivided into a network of channels and conduits. The adolescent river has, in fact, reached a period of existence when its energy can be turned to account. Even before it arrives at Troyes it has driven the water-wheels of innumerable flour-mills, thrashing-machines, oil-works, saw-mills, etc. It is now harnessed to the spinning, weaving, and hosiery machinery of Troyes. Troyes, indeed, owes its existence as a manufacturing centre to the Seine,

and the stream, with the aid of the little Barse, brings it prosperity and wealth.

At a short distance below Méry, the Seine joins the Aube at Mareilly in Marne, about a couple of miles above Conflans (*i.e.* confluent). It is here about 230 feet above the level of the sea. Up to this point its general direction has been north-west. It now turns to the west, or a little south of west, and continues on this general course through the Department of Seine-et-Marne as far as Saint-Mammès, when with many curves it, roughly speaking, resumes its original direction until it is joined by the Marne. By its junction with the Aube the Seine doubles its volume. It next receives the Nauxe, the Ardusson, and the Orvin, passes Bray, and after being joined by the Voulzie, runs on to Montereau, where it meets the Yonne, the *Icauna* of the Romans, an irregular, fitful, and impetuous stream, very prone to sudden floods, since its basin consists for the most part of hard impervious rocks. Although, even under normal circumstances, the Yonne, as regards volume of water, is considerably larger than the Seine, the latter name is still retained for the united streams. At Montereau the river is about 165 feet above sea-level.

At Saint-Mammès the Seine is joined by the Loing, a comparatively small stream. Along its

valley runs, laterally with the river, a navigable canal, about 31 miles long, connecting the Seine with the Loire. A vessel drawing not more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet could by this means pass from the one river to the other. There are, however, in this stretch of 31 miles no fewer than twenty locks, and sixteen fixed bridges, with a least free-height of about 10 feet.

From Saint-Mammès, the Seine flows through a most picturesque district. On its right bank hills rise to the fertile plateau of the Brie; on the left the steep slopes of sandstone are crowned by the forest of Fontainebleau. Fontainebleau itself is about a couple of miles to the west. It now passes Melun, and at Corbeil is joined by the gentle Essonne, tranquil in flow, and almost constant in volume.

The Seine is now nearing Paris. Before reaching the capital it receives a number of tributaries—the Orge, the Yères, the river of the Brie, and above all the Marne, the last-named at Charenton, almost at the gates of the city. These together contribute about one-third of the volume of the river as it enters Paris.

In its passage through Paris the Seine is confined between quays; these, whilst diminishing the width of the river, augment the strength of its current. It encircles the islands of Saint Louis and Notre Dame, and in its course of $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles through the

city passes under many bridges. It is a crowded, restless waterway, its turbid waters being kept in continual movement by the passage to and fro of hundreds of river-craft—tugs and trains of barges and the many little "Mouches" which ply up and down the stream, with now and again a small sea-going vessel trading to London.

As it enters the city the Seine is about 545 feet wide; on leaving, its width is nearly 100 feet less. Intermediately it is wider; its maximum width, just below the Pont Neuf, being about 970 feet.

As regards its purity, the Seine in its passage through Paris is, when compared with other rivers traversing large cities, by no means a highly polluted stream. As seen from its noble quays, it is of course much less clear and limpid than at Charenton, even after it has received the slightly turbid waters of the Marne; but considering that it runs through a city of more than two millions of inhabitants, it is far better than the Thames above bridges and is immeasurably cleaner than the Clyde, the Liffey, the Mersey, the Irwell or the Tyne.

As the river flows in a gentle current round the bend at Sèvres, passing the Bois de Boulogne, it will be found, as it falls over the weir at the Ile de la Folie at Suresnes, that the water is nearly clear, and fish may be obtained from the banks in the vicinity of the Bois. There is nothing objection-

able to be feared at the usual yacht-station on the right bank below the Suresnes bridge. This happy result has been secured by preventing the main volume of the sewage of Paris from entering the river during its course through the city, and by the establishment of extensive irrigation works on the flat land of Gennevilliers below St. Denis.

As this book is more especially concerned with the Seine between Paris and the sea, there would seem to be no necessity at this stage to dwell further upon its characteristics, since naturally these will come to be noticed in the course of the narrative.

It may, however, conduce to clearness and be otherwise useful if a short account is given of the main features of its subsequent course of 230 miles. Undoubtedly the most striking of these features is its extraordinarily sinuous character. In a direct line the distance between Paris and the Sea is about 112 miles; in other words, the river winds over more than double that length in a series of great bends and curves returning upon themselves, forming peninsulas or tongues of land, frequently more than ten or a dozen miles in length, but occasionally only two or three miles across at their narrowest point. This sinuous character is determined, it need hardly be said, by the nature and slope of the

country through which the river flows, together with the relative position of the hills and uplands.

But this, although in the main true, is a very partial and imperfect statement of the many causes that have conduced to give the river its particular course or stamped upon it its special hydrographical features. At the moment we are concerned rather more with the effect than the cause.

So serpentine a track may seem at first sight to detract from the value of the Seine as a trade water-way, but it has its compensations in reducing the fall of the river and in retarding the velocity of its current, thus rendering its canalisation in parts more easy. The total fall between Paris and the last lock near Elbeuf, a distance of 135 miles, is about 76 feet, or an average rate of $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches to the mile. But whatever be the utilitarian aspect of the matter, there is no question that this sinuous character adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the river as it slowly flows between hills crowned with forests, or winds among great stretches of a smiling champaign, highly cultivated in parts, and always rich in trees.

Even before leaving the environs of Paris the river assumes its predominant feature, and this it preserves with remarkable constancy until it spreads itself out in its estuary at Berville-sur-Mer, a few miles above Honfleur. But even here, unless

trained and directed by submersible dykes, the stream would still continue its devious wanderings, ever making for itself new channels in the shifting sand and mud, curving sometimes towards the northern shore, sometimes towards the south, in its struggles with the engulfing tide. The nymph of the Seine fights hard before she surrenders herself to the embraces of the Ocean God.

As the Seine leaves the Capital, it grazes the hills of Bellevue, Sèvres, and Saint Cloud, sweeps round Billancourt and Boulogne, and, doubling to the north, passes in succession Suresnes, Puteaux, Neuilly, Courbevoie, Clichy, Asnières, St. Ouen, and St. Denis, where it receives the Rouillon and the Crould. Here it may be said to take its final leave of Paris. Bending round by Epinay it enters the Department of the Oise-et-Seine, and flows almost parallel with, but in the contrary direction to, its course from Sèvres to St. Denis, as far as Bougival, which, across the isthmus, is only 5 miles from Sèvres, the distance by water being about 22 miles. In its passage to Bougival the river touches Argenteuil, Bezons, Chatou and Croissy on its right bank, and on its left Rueil, Malmaison, and the wooded country by Marly. After Bougival it again bends to the north and flows by St. Germain, parallel with the famous terrace which fringes the great plateau of the forest, past Maisons and its

race-course, until at Herblay it reaches the summit of this particular loop, when it bends gradually towards the south, receiving near Conflans the Oise, which, after having been joined by the Aisne near Compiègne, constitutes its largest tributary between Paris and the sea. It then flows nearly due south as far as Poissy—a distance by water from St. Germain of about 16 miles, but of only 4 miles across the neck of the peninsula.

After passing under the many arches of the old bridge at Poissy, the river curves again to the north, running through a charming landscape and amongst numerous beautifully wooded islands, past Villenes, Médan, Vernouillet on the left bank, and Triel and Vaux on the right, to Meulan, situated on one of the prettiest reaches of the Seine, and the headquarters of one of the chief Sailing Clubs of France. After Meulan the river glides among a succession of islands, running nearly west, past Hardricourt, Mézy, Juziers, and Porcheville, until it approaches Mantes. In this section it receives a number of small tributaries—the Aubette, the Orgeval, the Mauldre, and the Vaucouleurs.

A short distance after flowing under the bridges which connect Mantes with Limay, the river again curves towards the west and runs through a flat wooded plain past Rosny, with its celebrated chateau and beautiful park. Here its direction is

suddenly changed to the north, and eventually north-east by the steep hills around Rolleboise. At their base the river turns in a fine broad sweep, passing Méricourt and Mousseaux until it reaches Vétheuil, when its course again becomes westerly. It passes among richly-wooded islands, with lovely shady backwaters, at the foot of remarkable chalk hills as far as La Roche-Guyon, when it once more turns to the south towards Bonnières. The detour by water between Rolleboise and Bonnières, round by the forest of Moisson, is upwards of 12 miles in length; the distance under the hill, through which the Paris and Havre railway runs, is about a couple of miles.

From Bonnières the river curves to the north-west round the foot of the high cliffs above Port-Villez, when it meets the Epte and enters the Department of the Eure. The Epte, a pretty little stream running down from beyond Gisors, separates Normandy from France. For the rest of its course the Seine is in Norman territory.

After being joined by the Epte it flows in a north-westerly direction past Vernon and Vernonnet, among many islands, and through a well-wooded country, backed on the one side by the forest of Vernon and on the other by the forest of Bizy, past Courcelles and Gaillon, until when it reaches Villers it is suddenly diverted to the north-east

and continues on this general course as far as Petit-Andely, where it is confronted by the high chalk cliffs at the southern edge of the valley of the Gambon. It now bends to the south-west, and runs on a course parallel with that from Villers to Petit Andely, but in the reverse direction, until the stream is again diverted to the north by the highland above Hendebouville and Vironvay. It passes on this course through a sylvan landscape, at the foot of wooded slopes, until it reaches Amfreville (Poses), when, after receiving the Andelle, it runs, roughly speaking, to the west, with many turns, past Pont de l'Arche, where it is joined by the Eure, as far as Elbeuf. Here, at the locks of St. Aubin, the Seine becomes tidal. As it leaves Elbeuf, where it enters the Department of the Seine-Inférieure, the river takes a sharp turn to the north-east, skirting on the left the high broken-up cliffs rising to the plateau on which is the forest of Rouvray, and running as far as Oissel, laterally with, but in the reverse direction to, its general course from Pont de l'Arche to Elbeuf. This bend is so sharp that whilst the circuit of the river from Pont de l'Arche to Oissel is above 14 miles, the distance across the isthmus at its narrowest point is barely a mile. Shortly after passing Oissel the river turns to the north and runs on this course along the base of the highland above

its right bank, amid innumerable islands, to Rouen, where the maritime section, properly so-called, of the river begins. Having passed under the two bridges—Pont Corneille and the Pont Boïeldieu—it enters a port of sea-going ships, and is no longer subject to the control of the authority of the fluvial section.

The tidal section of the Seine—or, to speak more accurately, the section between Rouen and the sea, about 80 miles in length, with a mean depth of about 20 feet in the channel—differs markedly in character from that between Elbeuf (St. Aubin) and Paris. As might be expected, the appearance of the water is different, and the current is far stronger, especially on the ebb. The banks, too, change their character as well as the nature of the vegetation clothing them, and there are many indications, such as dykes, light-towers, beacons, tide-gauges, etc., together with the absence of locks, weirs, and bridges, to show that we are on a high-way of ocean-going ships.

At Rouen the Seine receives two little streams, the Aubette and the Robec. Originally clear and limpid as they rise from the highlands of the Pays de Caux, they flow through the manufacturing quarter of the city, and are black as ink when they join the river. Hardly less contaminated is the Cailly, a small stream also rising from the chalk,

but fouled by the refuse of factories before it reaches the Seine above Croisset. At no other point below Rouen does water so polluted with manufacturing-refuse enter the Seine. But so large is the volume of the river and so rapid its flow, that these inconsiderable streams have no very sensible effect on the general character of its water.

At Croisset the river bends to the south, running between two plateaus on which are, respectively, the forests of Rouvray and Roumare, past Canteleu, Dieppedale, Biessard, and Val de la Haye on the right bank, and Quevilly, Couronne and Moulineaux on the left, to La Bouille, a prettily situated place below high cliffs crowned with the Forêt de la Londe. It now turns to the north, skirting the highland to the west, on which is the forest of Mauny, and to the east the flat alluvial ground rising to St. Martin de Boscherville. At Duclair it receives the Sainte-Austreberte and again bends to the south, passing the forest of Jumièges on the right and Yville on the left. It now sweeps round the base of the cliffs below Barneville and turns sharply to the north, past the famous abbey of Jumièges and the Forêt du Trait, not far from the right bank, and the great Forest of Brottone, and La Mailleraye on the left, until it reaches the old town of Caudebec, the summit of the bend and the most northerly point of the river. In this stretch

the Seine receives the Rançon and the Fontenelle, both rising in the Pays du Caux to the north.

The river now turns with a fine bold sweep to the west, and flows below beautifully wooded cliffs to Villequier, when its course again becomes southerly as far as Vieux-Port. It then turns to the north-west to Quillebeuf, and after receiving the Bolbec, flowing down from Lillebonne, curves round the reclaimed Marais Vernier, runs by Tancarville, and thence passing out between the great dykes into the broad estuary below Berville finds its way to the ocean.

As the main tributaries of the Lower Seine flow slowly, and for the most part over permeable strata, traversing districts of small average rainfall, the streams, unlike those in the upper regions of the river, are never torrential and the flood-rise is small except after a thaw. The average rainfall of the Seine basin is about 27 inches, but increases as the sea is approached. The summer rainfall, *i.e.* from May to October, is as a rule greater than that of the winter, although the rains of summer, owing to evaporation and the dryness of the soil in the hot season, have little influence on the depth of the river or the rate of its flow. The floods of the Lower Seine flow so gently over the submerged land that they usually cause little injury.[1]

[1] L. F. Vernon-Harcourt, *Proc. Inst. Civil Engineers*, vol. lxxxiv. 210.

Owing to the labours of M. Belgrand it has been possible to institute a system of predicting the probable height of floods at certain places on the river from indications of the heights in the upper tributaries. This system, inaugurated for the Lower Seine in 1854, has proved of great service to navigation, river-works, and riparian proprietors. In addition, improvements and alterations in its bed, ampler waterways under the bridges, and increased depths in the channel, by augmenting the discharging capacity of the river, have further tended to regulate and equalise its flow.

At Rouen.

CHAPTER II

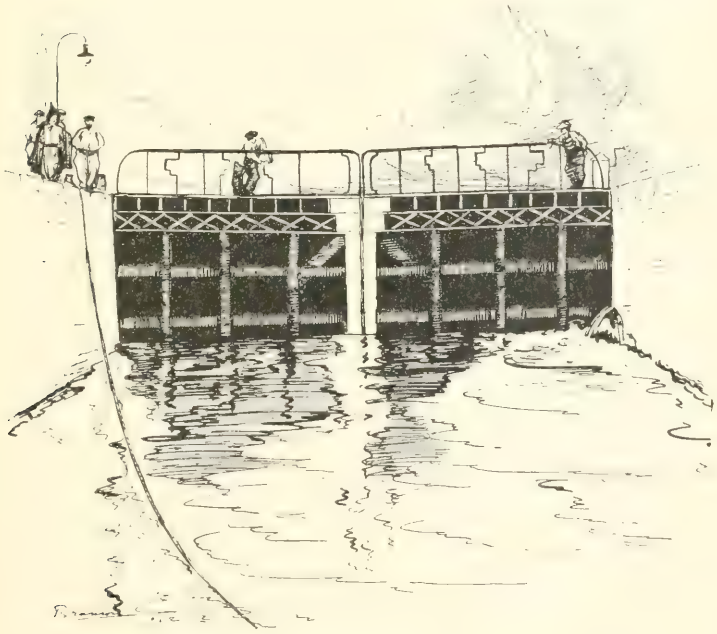
THE SEINE AS A WATERWAY

Although the Seine of to-day may be said to preserve, in the main, its original features, much labour has been spent on improving its condition as a navigable stream, fortunately without impairing to any marked extent its natural beauty. The river formerly consisted of a succession of shallows and pools, and the current in consequence was very irregular. In times of drought, navigation, at least over any considerable distance, was temporarily suspended owing to the shoals. As no dredging was attempted in early times, or was indeed possible in many places owing to the nature of the bed, the

channel was artificially narrowed at certain spots, termed *passes*, so as to ensure a greater depth of water over the shallows. This, of course, increased the strength of the current through the passes, thereby adding to the difficulties and labour of the up-stream traffic—so much so that as many as forty horses were needed to drag a boat through one of these passes near Bezons. Various constructional works of this kind, made at different times prior to 1795, enabled a vessel drawing not more than 2 feet to pass up to Paris.

The next serious attempt at improvement consisted in making a side channel on the right bank, with a lock, at Pont de l'Arche, where the old bridge, removed in 1853, acted like a weir, and where a vessel could only be dragged through the rapids by the help of men, women, and horses. Illustrations are still to be met with showing this method of traction, which seems at one time to have given regular employment to the people of the little town. The cutting of this channel and the construction of the lock would appear to have been delayed by the troubles of the early years of the nineteenth century, since it occupied from 1804 to 1813. During the next twenty-five years a number of the shoals were dredged and the towing path was raised, whereby a navigable channel of nearly 3 feet in depth was obtained.

In 1838 the regular canalisation of the river between Paris and Elbeuf was begun. In 1845 the engineer Poirée presented an amended scheme of canalisation based upon a careful study of the river-bed. In this he suggested the provision of



A Seine Lock.

fourteen weirs between Paris and Rouen, whereby he hoped to secure a minimum depth of 6½ feet. This proposition was only adopted in part: the navigable depth was fixed at a little over 5 feet, and the number of weirs and corresponding locks was reduced to five.

The weirs and locks first constructed were :—

Bezons weir, with a lock at Bougival, begun in 1838.

Andrésy weir, with a lock at Carrières-sous-Poissy, in 1846.

Notre Dame de l'Isle weir, with a lock at Notre Dame de la Garenne, in 1849.

Poses (Amfreville) weir and lock in 1850.

Meulan weir and lock in 1853.

The Commercial Treaty of 1860, with which the name of Richard Cobden is associated, and which had for its object the improvement of the trade relations between England and France, gave a great impetus to schemes of amelioration of possible French waterways. As regards the Seine, it was decided to complete the works provided for by the law of 1846, so as to secure a navigable channel of at least $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, as originally contemplated by Poirée. Accordingly three new weirs and locks were constructed, viz. :—

Martot weir with lock at St. Aubin (Elbeuf) in 1862.

Port-Villez weir and lock in 1866.

Suresnes weir and lock in 1866, when the locks at Poses, Notre Dame de la Garenne, and Meulan were raised.

In 1874 a new canalisation project was devised by M. de Lagrené. It formed the basis of the

law of 1878, which provided that the Seine between Paris and Rouen should have a navigable channel of 3.2 m., or about $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet. This was to be obtained partly by utilising existing weirs and locks, which were to be raised, deepened, and enlarged, and partly by constructing a new weir and lock at Méricourt, and by dredging certain shoals.

The undertakings sanctioned by the law of 1878 occupied nearly eight years, and on September 15, 1886, the new through channel was opened for traffic. Since that time there has been constant work upon this section of the river in maintaining and simplifying the channel, and in improving the locks and weirs and the modes of working them, but as regards the navigable limit of depth there has been no sensible change. Vessels of 700 or 800 tons, or even 1000 tons capacity, make their way up to Paris, provided they draw under 10 feet and are able to pass under the fixed bridges.

THE STEERSMAN.

The fall at the various locks ranges between about 6 feet at Meulan and nearly 14 feet at Amfreville. The total difference in level between Suresnes (Paris) and high-water ordinary neap tides at Elbeuf is 85 feet.

Connected with the weirs there are at least two, and sometimes three locks, the largest being used almost exclusively for barge traffic. These large locks are 462 feet long and about 56 feet wide, and some are fitted with intermediate gates. The others are used mainly by small craft, including yachts, unless in tow of a train of barges: they are 197 feet long and 27 feet wide.

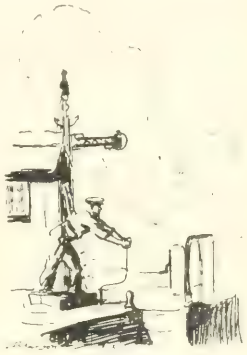
There are forty-seven fixed road and railway

SIESTA.

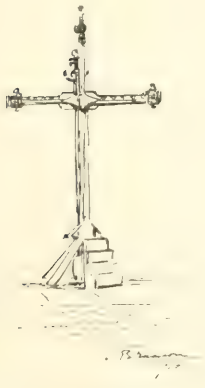
bridges between Rouen and Suresnes, where yachts intending to visit Paris are most conveniently berthed below the Suresnes bridge and alongside the broad path skirting the Bois de Boulogne. The available height beneath the bridges under normal conditions ranges from about 19 feet under the road bridge at St. Pierre du Vauvray to 41 feet under the railway bridge at Maisons-Lafitte.

The navigation is free both by day and by night: there are no tolls, and the lock-keepers, who are

paid by the State, pass vessels at any time when required. There is a simple system of signalling by semaphore during the day to indicate when the lock is ready to receive a vessel; at night coloured lights are employed for the same purpose. The approaches are also indicated by lights at night, as are the available arches under the bridges for both up- and down-stream traffic. By day these are shown by a circular black and white disc on the particular arch under which the vessel is to pass. There is, however, comparatively little traffic at night in the fluvial section.



A Lock Man.



Lock Semaphore.

A Fanal.

In the maritime section, where it is necessary to work the tides, there is of course, at times, considerable traffic by night, and the direction of the channels is then shown by small towers (*fanals*) carrying a red light; these towers act as beacons by day,

and are equally serviceable in indicating the proper course.

The great improvements in the fluvial section of the river as a waterway have completely revolutionised the system of traction, towage by horses being practically abolished. Steamers and motor-boats

CHALAND.

are almost exclusively engaged; some of these carry cargo; others carry cargo and also tow; but the greater number of the barges are towed, often eight or ten in a line, by powerful steam-tugs; there are a few stern-wheelers, and some steam-vessels hauling on an immersed chain.

In regard to the rapidity of transport the improvement has been remarkable. Formerly it required nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to lock through a train

of barges, whereas now it is possible to pass through eight barges of an aggregate capacity of 5000 tons in twenty minutes; this means a difference of nearly ten hours in the passage from Paris to Rouen. The number of the large weirs has greatly diminished the strength of the current in the several sections, whereby at least one hour is gained in passing up each successive section from lock to lock, which again means a gain of ten hours in the passage up to Paris.

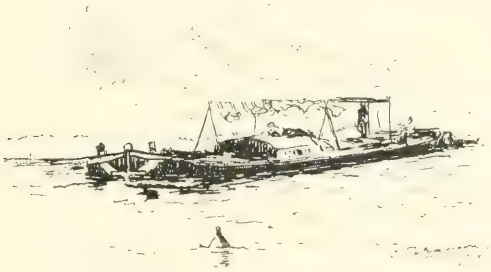
The effect of this is that whereas vessels formerly required a week to go and return between Rouen and Paris, they now make two trips during the same interval. The result has been a great augmentation in the volume of the traffic, and at the same time a great diminution in the cost of freight.

Whether Paris will ever realise her ambition to become a seaport remains to be seen. The First Napoleon spoke of the Seine as the great highway from the ocean to Paris, on which Havre and Rouen were merely stations. But this was before the age of railways, and much has happened since then. We have still to learn the lessons to be taught by the ship-canals constructed in recent years. As might be expected, the countrymen of M. de Lesseps have not been unfruitful in schemes of this kind. For example, M. Bouquet de la Grye has proposed to cut a ship-canal between Paris and Rouen, 112

miles in length and 1½ times the width of the Suez Canal, following the meandering of the river, but cutting through two of its isthmuses, with a depth of at least 20 feet, and a port or docks between St. Denis and Clichy, and with secondary ports at Les Andelys, Vernon, Mantes, Poissy, Achères, and Argenteuil.

The maritime section of the Seine—or the section between Rouen and the sea—has needed hardly less amelioration to render it navigable than the river above Rouen. Owing to the circumstance that this section is tidal, the problems to be faced were very different, and in some respects more difficult. The main work required lay between La Mailleraye, above Caudebec, and the sea below Honfleur, a distance of nearly forty miles. The width of the river-bed between La Mailleraye and Villequier was originally about 1100 yards; at La Vacquerie about 1650 yards; at Quillebeuf about 3500 yards; at the Marais-Vernier about 5250 yards; below La Roque 7600 yards, and just above Honfleur nearly 11,000 yards. This great space was filled with banks of loose, shifting sand and mud, which were continually being moved by the ebb and flow of the tide, the channel being often displaced, sometimes in the course of a few days, from one bank to the other. The depth of water was therefore variable and always insufficient.

Even at the highest spring tides the depth below Quillebeuf was only about 13 feet, and there was barely 6 feet at high water during weak neap tides. Above Quillebeuf navigation was attended by dangers from banks and rocks, and these were further aggravated by the Bore, and it not unfrequently happened that vessels running aground were lost without possibility of help. Under these circumstances only small, shallow-draft vessels of not more



MONDAY.

than 200 tons capacity were able to get up the river, and as a rule it took four days to reach Rouen from the sea. On account of the many wrecks along the route, and the consequent high rates of insurance, freights between the sea and Rouen were almost prohibitive.

Suggestions were made as far back as the time of Louis XV. to remedy the perils of the estuary, but although numerous schemes were devised, practically nothing was accomplished until near the middle of the last century. In 1770 M. Cachin,

the constructor of the Cherbourg breakwater, proposed to grapple with the difficulty by cutting a ship-canal along the left bank of the Seine from near Villequier to Honfleur, and in this way to avoid the upper part of the estuary altogether. M. Frimot proposed to narrow and train the river by two rows of caissons on each side filled with stones, and longitudinal training-walls were suggested by M. Bleschamps. In 1845 M. Bouriceau also designed a plan for improving the estuary by training-walls from La Mailleraye to Havre, and the work was begun in 1848 by the construction of longitudinal dykes, in sections of about 330 yards, between Villequier and Quillebeuf. The work reached Quillebeuf in 1851. The effect was to increase the depth over the shoals to upward of 21 feet at spring tides. In 1852 the training-walls were extended from Villequier to La Mailleraye, and from Quillebeuf to Tancarville and La Roque, and at the same time the Meules bank, above Caudebec, was dredged. The section up to Tancarville, on the right bank, was finished in 1855, that up to La Mailleraye in 1856. The extension to La Roque was completed in 1859. The width between the embankments at Villequier is 980 feet, increasing to 1310 feet at Quillebeuf, and 1640 feet at Tancarville. A deep and stable channel was thus secured down to Tancarville. The channel

below Tancarville was, however, comparatively shallow and liable to change, and, moreover, the retaining walls were found to be damaged by the Bore. The northern training-wall from Tancarville to opposite La Roque was therefore prolonged during 1861–63; a further extension to Berville was completed in 1869, and a prolongation along the southern bank below the mouth of the Risle was carried out in 1869–70.

The principal work now needed to be done on the tidal Seine, beyond that required to maintain the dykes already built, and to keep the existing channels open, is the prolongation of the training-walls in the estuary towards the sea, so as to obviate, as far as possible, changes in the depth and direction of the channel from opposite Berville and the sea. The necessity for this has long been recognised, but the work has been retarded by uncertainty as to the effect of such training-walls upon the approaches to Havre, Honfleur, and Trouville. Engineers have not been agreed as to the precise direction the training-walls should take in order to minimise the danger to these ports, or reduce too greatly the tidal capacity of the estuary, but the balance of authoritative opinion is in favour of spreading out the walls so as to make the navigable entrance trumpet-shaped. Already a considerable part to the east of Honfleur has been

embanked. The main work being done on the estuary at present is on the northern side in the direction of the Pointe du Hoc, and in general accordance with the plans of the late M. Lavoinne, engineer-in-chief of the tidal Seine. The training-walls, consisting of rubble chalk obtained from the cliffs at convenient places, are now faced with concrete to protect them from the action of the Bore. Their height in the estuary is so arranged that silt gradually accumulates behind them, and so extends the area of reclaimed land.

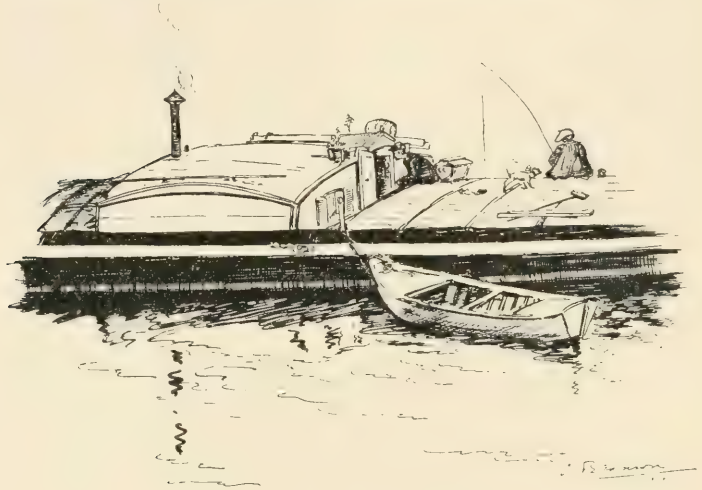
Authorities are not agreed as to what will be the precise effect of the limitation of the tidal capacity of the estuary. The time of high water at Havre has been advanced thirty-eight minutes, and the reverse current, which sets in before high water, has also been advanced to nearly the same extent; but whether this is due to the increase in depth seawards, or to the diminished capacity of the estuary due to the training-walls, or to both causes combined, is not definitely established. Nor is it known with certainty whether the silting-up of the estuary in places is not due rather to the action of storms than to the influence of the training-walls.

Whatever shape the work may ultimately take, there is no question that the effect of what has been accomplished already has been to modify profoundly the bed of the river, and even the nature and

stability of the channels to its mouth. It has absolutely transformed the character of the navigation. At the same time it has reclaimed large tracts of land, the value of which is a considerable proportion of, even if it does not actually exceed, the cost of reclamation. A comparison of the longitudinal sections of the river made in 1829 and 1877 serves to show how great has been the increase in the depth of the channel between La Mailleraye and Berville-sur-Mer. At Villequier the bed of the river has been deepened to about 23 feet, at Aizier about 13 feet, below Quillebeuf about 30 feet, and at La Roque about 10 feet; and dredging has lowered the Meules bank nearly 10 feet. Below the dykes the effect in the estuary has been not less remarkable. The channel is not entirely constant, but the changes, although frequent, especially in the neighbourhood of Honfleur, are by no means so abrupt or so great as was formerly the case. The Meules bank still remains the shallowest part of the river. In 1876 the height of the water there reached about 20 feet at high-water springs, and has never been lower than 14 feet at high-water neaps.

The development and extension of the water-borne traffic has kept pace with the amelioration of the river as a navigable stream. Rouen in 1852 received 351,014 tons in vessels of a mean carrying

capacity of 95 tons, and exported 324,775 tons; in all, 675,789 tons. In 1911 her imports were 4,288,227 tons, of which half was coal. Her exports were 402,717 tons. Total, 4,690,944 tons, or an increase of 565,971 tons over 1910. Vessels drawing up to 20 feet can reach her quays on most



THE HOME OF A SEINE BARGEE.

days. The charges for freights have been reduced to half their previous amounts, whilst the passage from Rouen to the sea, which formerly took days, is now made in from eight to ten hours, and the upward passage is effected in a tide, or at most in two.

Notwithstanding the admirable aids to navigation with which the river is provided from its estuary up to Paris, a stranger would have considerable difficulty in keeping his vessel in the true

navigable channel, on account of its tortuous character and the multiplicity of islands in the river, especially above Rouen, unless directed by a pilot or furnished with proper charts.

Fortunately large-scale charts are available, and those by M. R. Vuillaume can be well recommended. That of the maritime Seine—that is, from Havre to Rouen, showing also the Tancarville Canal—is on the scale of 1 to 50,000 (2 cm. = 1 kil.). It is printed in four colours signifying different depths, and indicates the direction of the main channel by dotted lines. That of the fluvial Seine —that is, from Rouen to Paris—is on the scale of 1 to 10,000 (10 cm. = 1 kil.), and also indicates by different tints the channel of $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the depths, respectively, of $6\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{4}$ feet. It gives also the available heights under the bridges, and scale drawings of these are conveniently placed in the margin, thereby enabling them to be readily recognised. Accompanying the main charts are small-scale sectional maps giving a sort of *coup d'œil* of the adjoining district, as well as much useful explanatory matter. The charts relating to the fluvial section are divided into three parts: Part I., Rouen to Les Andelys; Part II., Les Andelys to Meulan; Part III., Meulan to Paris. Both series are substantially bound, and are folded conveniently for use in small vessels. They may

be obtained at the Bureau of *Le Yacht*, 55 Rue de Châteaudun, Paris, or through M. L. Croix, 15 Rue de Paris, Havre, who also publishes an *Annuaire des Marées*, which is especially useful in the maritime portion of the river, and contains much information relating to the port of Havre and the estuary.

No account of the navigation of the maritime section of the Seine would be complete without some reference to the Bore, or, as it is called on the river, the *Barre* or *Mascaret*. Descriptions of the phenomenon bulk largely in popular literature on the river, and its destructive effects are frequently absurdly exaggerated. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* To the riverside population, who turn its energy to account, it has no terrors. At the same time, familiarity with it never leads them to regard it with contempt: they know sufficient of its power to take precautions when it comes, since ignorance or carelessness in meeting it might spell disaster. Of course, the formation of a Bore with an incoming tide in estuaries similar in character to that of the Seine, and where the rise and fall of tide is considerable, is not an uncommon occurrence, and is to be met with, sometimes on a very large scale, in many parts of the world. We have instances of it, on a small scale, in the Severn, the Kent, and elsewhere on our own coasts. The conditions, in all

cases, are practically alike, viz. a comparatively wide, flat estuary, largely uncovered at low water, with channels more or less sinuous, situated at a spot where the tidal wave, sweeping round the coast, tends towards a maximum vertical amplitude. The Bore, that is, the steep on-rushing wall of water, is due to the retardation of the flow of the bottom layers of the water as it runs over the great expanse of sand, and this retardation is aided by the constrictions and curves of the channels, whereby the upper layers, with the force of the flood tide behind them, tend to become piled up and to overrun those beneath them. Hence it is mainly during spring tides, when the rise and fall and velocity of the water are greatest, that a Bore attains its maximum height and becomes most violent.

In some respects the tidal conditions in the Bay of the Seine are peculiar, and these in conjunction with the special character of the estuary are the primary cause of the Seine Bore and determine its nature. A portion of the Channel flood stream strikes the French coast to the north of Cape de la Hève, curves round it in a southerly direction, and uniting with the stream from the westward, causes the tide to rise very rapidly in the first part of the flood. It is this circumstance that occasions the rapid rush of the flood water into the Seine, no matter what the moon's age may be. When seen

for the first time from the jetty at Honfleur, the rush of the swirling, turbid, surf-covered water over the mud-banks within the entrance to the port never fails to excite astonishment.

According to the account given by M. Dormoy, chief pilot of the Lower Seine, as abridged in the Admiralty Sailing Directions, the replacement of the ebb by the flood in the Seine is a somewhat complex phenomenon. In weak neap tides the ascending stream replaces the ebb so easily that the precise moment of the change is not very obvious: in mean tides the reversal of the stream is immediate, and is shown by a gentle undulation of the water throughout the breadth of the river: in spring tides the flood rushes in suddenly and at times with such turbulence as to be dangerous, giving rise to the *Barre*. This is especially violent at the time of the equinoxes, but a *high* spring tide, no matter when, almost invariably causes a Bore, particularly with strong easterly winds which act in a direction contrary to the flow of the water in the estuary. This is how M. Dormoy describes the phenomenon: An observer stationed at the Risle lighthouse a few minutes before low water springs, and looking towards the estuary, would see the bay laid dry as far as the eye could reach, except where the river, flowing in the direction of Honfleur, covered a breadth of some hundred yards between

banks of muddy sand. The ebb stream still runs from 2 to 3 knots, but its speed slackens suddenly and at the same time a slight surf is seen at a distance against the outline of the banks; its noise is heard and the water invades the uncovered places very rapidly. An irregular swell (for it subsides here and there) ascends the channel, inclining each buoy in succession and marking the course of the flood stream which has thus suddenly set in. It penetrates the embanked part of the river. Its triple or quadruple undulation becomes immediately more marked; the level rises visibly; the north dyke is fringed with foam. A moment after, on its passage to La Roque and afterwards to Radicatel, waves break, especially near the right bank. Along the left bank there is scarcely any agitation. The boats of Tancarville and Quillebeuf may be seen resting on their oars, bows on to the approaching swell; they rise to it, turn about when it has passed, and ascend with the stream; in this manner boats in that part of the river take the flood; without that precaution they would be capsized.

From Quillebeuf, looking in the direction of Radicatel, the river is broken water right across, the water breaking much more heavily against the right bank than on the other, doubtless on account of the bend, as the waves rush upon it obliquely and cover the platform of the dyke with their spray.

The mass of water reaches Quillebeuf before the agitation is at an end at Risle, and it lasts some minutes longer, calm not being restored until the Bore is near the bend at Vieux-Port.

On the arrival of the Bore at Quillebeuf, its height, which increases, may be 7 or 8 feet; that is to say, there is that difference of level between low water and that of the flood which rushes up-stream in this torrent; so that a boat in front would see before it a liquid wall approaching and capable of engulfing it. The wave comes on in the form of a crescent, concave towards up-stream, its two points breaking furiously along the banks. Another wave follows at about 200 yards, then a third, and a fourth. Then appear the *Eteules*, silent waves of a very dangerous character, up to (it is said) 16 feet in height, but subsiding heavily as soon as formed. This state of confusion over, the river flows steadily on; the level does not rise more than an additional 3 feet, although the rate of the stream increases to 7 knots and even more. From the first appearance of the Bore until calm is restored after its passage up the river, not more than a quarter of an hour elapses.

The Bore is sometimes still higher and more furious at the foot of St. Leonard, about 2 miles beyond Quillebeuf. It would be very imprudent for a small vessel to be caught in these parts. It

subsides very remarkably at La Corvette, about 1½ miles farther on. Here ships which on account of their draught have not been able to put to sea, await it at anchor ready for weighing and swung to the ebb, for there is no slack water, the ebb ceasing only with the flood, the chain ready to be slipped at a minute's notice. At the proper moment the engines of the vessel are set going astern. Notwithstanding this, she runs ahead and commences swinging, the propeller being then used to avoid the banks. Steam-vessels getting under way before the Bore so as to receive it head-on should meet it at slow speed, plunging into the wave. Sailing vessels in tow meet it in this manner with a great length of tow-line.

Continuing its course up-stream, the Bore passes over the Banc des Flaques with the same violence as at St. Leonard, and calms down in the deep waters of La Courbe: a little farther on it breaks out afresh from one bank to the other. From Villequier, at the head of the reach, it may be seen white with foam, the tide running furiously, leaping up the banks, dragging and submerging everything on its passage. The roar of the approaching Bore is heard from a great distance, like the noise of a railway train: on a still night it may be heard at Villequier at the moment it reaches Aizier, 6 miles away.

At Villequier boats moor near the light-tower close to a rocky submerged point behind which, for a short space, the water is relatively calm. But the safest anchorage in the vicinity is at La Courbe, about three miles below. Vessels at Caudebec shelter behind the Dos d'Ane below the town. The appearance of the Bore is particularly striking at Caudebec, since the waves, as at Tancarville, strike the curving bank obliquely with great force, and the water recoiling adds to the disorder. Tourists come here in crowds from Rouen and Paris to view the spectacle, especially at the autumn equinoxes.

At La Mailleraye, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles higher, the Bore loses much of its force owing to the Banc des Meules, which there contracts the navigable channel and prevents the retreat of the waters. Beyond this it is only perceived as an undulation, more or less pronounced, according to the depth and nature of the bottom. A vessel can generally remain at the wharf at Duclair, and at Rouen there is usually only a very slight undulation at the quays. There is no question that the improvements effected by the training-walls, together with the deepening of the channel of the Seine, have tended to mitigate greatly the intensity of its Bore, and it is confidently hoped that the work now in progress will still further modify its violence. At the same time,

there would seem to be no regular decrease in its energy concurrent with the gradual extension of the work of embankment and dredging. It has happened in years past that no violent Bores have occurred over a considerable period, although the succession of tides, springs and neaps, has been perfectly normal; and at other times there have been comparatively long periods during which at times vessels have been known even to break away from their lashings at Rouen at high springs. This would seem to show that the occurrence of high Bores is governed by some cyclical cause, the effects of which may be modified by improvements in the channel, but not wholly destroyed.

At the present epoch the movement at Rouen is so slight that no particular attention need be paid to the mooring-ropes.

Between the mouth of the Seine and Rouen the following were, in 1897, the approximate heights of the Bore or tidal wave at the quays of various places from 15 to 20 miles apart :—

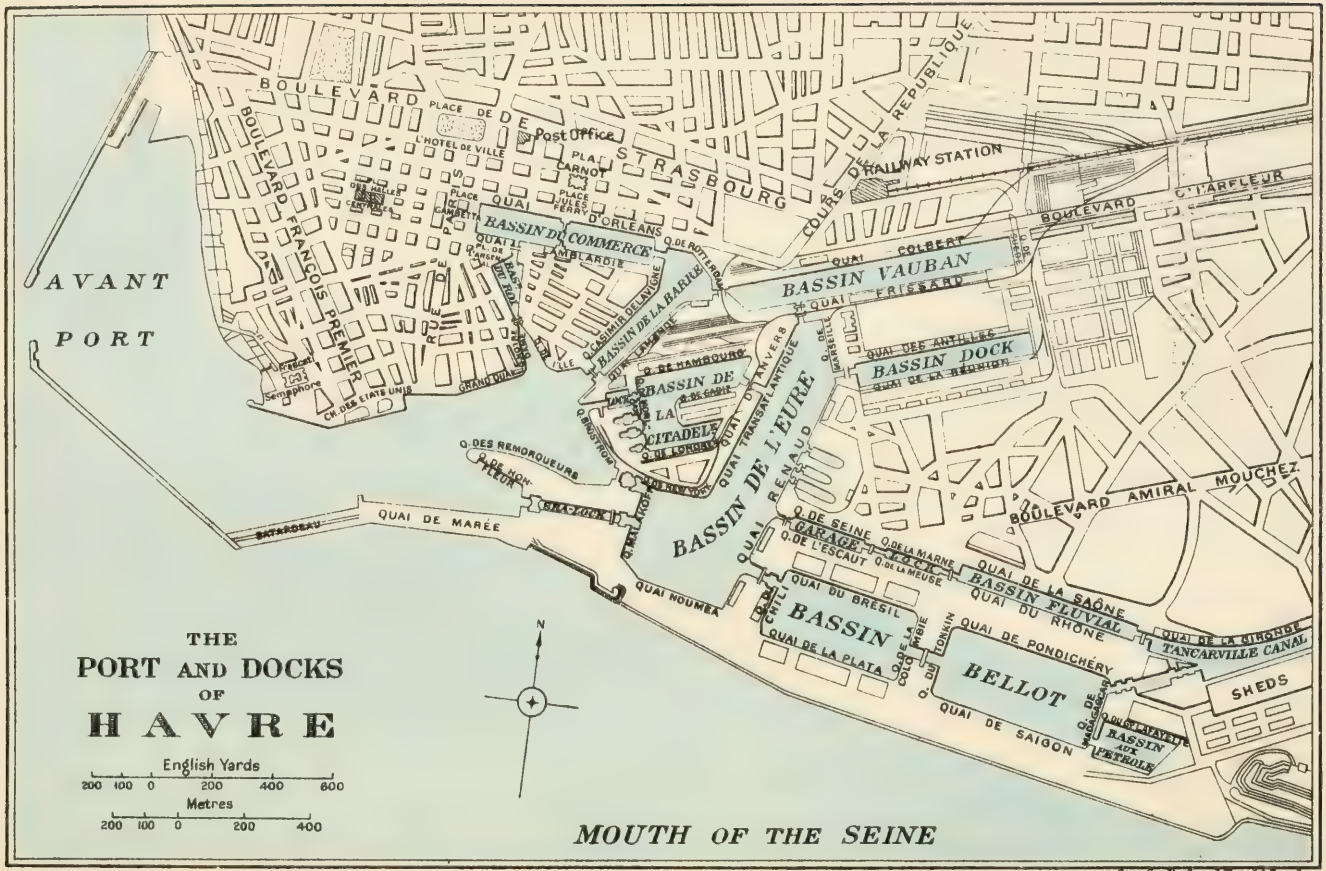
	Strong Springs.	Weak Springs.
Quillebeuf . .	7–8 feet	4 feet
Caudebec . .	7–8 ,,	4 ,,
Duclair . . .	2–4 ,,	1 foot
Rouen . . .	2 ,,	*nil*

In mid-channel the height of the wave is always

slightly less, as the resistance to its progress is there smaller.

In the same year (1897) the rising undulation at neap tides traversed the distance from Berville-sur-Mer to Rouen, 58 miles, in seven hours, or at approximately a uniform speed of 8.3 miles per hour. In mean tides the rate was 11.6 miles, slackening over shoals but being accelerated in deep water. At spring tides the rate of propagation is still greater but less uniform ; the mean speed is 14.5 miles an hour, or in other words the flood gets from Berville to Rouen in about four hours.

Great danger to a vessel from the Bore may arise if by any mischance she takes the ground, especially on an ebb tide, as then she is apt to be thrown over on her broadside by the flood and buried in the sandy mud set in motion by the strong stream. Many wrecks have occurred from this cause. It may happen that a vessel groping her way up the estuary in a fog is obliged to anchor ; if by mischance she grounds she will almost inevitably heel over and fill, or break her back should the Bore strike her.



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CHAPTER III

HAVRE. GRAVILLE-SAINTE HONORINE. HARFLEUR

The time was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a warm July day: the place somewhere in the offing in the neighbourhood of Cape de la Hève. If it were not for the haze the lighthouse men might have descried a small steam-yacht "breasting the lofty surge of the perilous narrow ocean," holding due course not to girded Harfleur, but to the more modern and more prosaic town of Havre. For, as with the warlike Harry five centuries before, we did

> omit no happy hour
> That might give furtherance to our expedition,
> For we have now no thought in us but France.

Like that militant monarch, we, that is, the master, the limner, and Dulcie, had on the previous day embarked at "Hampton pier." But Havre is more than a hundred nautical miles from Southampton, and tides and times had to be reckoned with. The weather was fairly settled, and as there was no

need to force a passage or to travel through the night, we had decided to drop down to the Solent, to pick up a suitable anchorage after checking the compasses, and to make an early start on the morrow when the tide would be favourable, and we should have ample water on the other side, up to the late afternoon, at all events for the Avant-Port, even if we found the entrance to the Bassin du Commerce closed against us.

The following morning was dull and cloudy. The wind had gone down during the night, but there was still a faint air from the east and the sea was smooth. Dulcie, who had signed on in the collective capacity of purser, ship's-husband, chief stewardess, deputy *chef de cuisine* and still-room maid—her offices, in fact, being as numerous as those "assimilated" by the redoubtable individual who was

> At once a cook and a captain bold
> And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
> And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite
> And the crew of the Captain's gig—

had been up betimes and was ready with the early cup of tea. Dulcie, it should be stated, as a yachtswoman was of the true faith. To her the vessel she loved was not a mere thing of wood and iron, but an animate sentient being that, however staunch and true, had whims and vagaries; had sometimes

to be coaxed and humoured, often controlled and directed, and at times even held in check—just like any other feminine creature. The story went round the ship that a keen boat-sailer, who shall be nameless, once asked a noted timoneer how to handle a certain craft on a wind. "Well, mum," was the answer, after a pause, "you see it's like this. You treats 'er like a woman. You gives 'er 'er 'ead, but you keeps a tight 'and on 'er." And it was just this discriminating consideration that Dulcie was prepared to lavish on *Cysne*, the little vessel that was to be our home for some months to come. Had she not, during the master's temporary absence, indulged in the fearful joy of a spring-clean that would have roused the envy of a Dutch woman? To judge from the time spent in fitting out, one would have thought that *Cysne* might have faced even the scrutiny of a season at Cowes. But Dulcie was of another opinion. She had thrashed the swabs, beaten the cushions, brushed the carpets, shaken the curtains, swept out the drawers and cupboards, washed and polished the woodwork, ransacked the galley—in a word, done everything that energy and elbow-grease could do to make the little ship shine and sparkle as it never did before. When the master stepped once again "on board the lugger" and had "shifted" into the conventional garb of office, to feel that the long-

anticipated dream of rest and quiet, fresh air and freedom from professional worry, was about to be realised, the deck-house never looked more cheerful, the table-cloth never so smooth and white, the flowers never gayer, the silver and cutlery brighter, the galantine, cold roast, and Pontet Canet never more welcome.

The grateful morning cup of tea finished, it was time to go on deck, for the men had uncovered the windlass and the skipper was fidgeting about waiting for orders. The fires had been banked overnight and the "Chief" had, as they say in engine-room parlance, "warmed her through." We got the anchor up and made over to the Warner Light-Vessel. When midway between the Princessa shoal buoy and the Nab Light-Vessel we set the "Cherub," to the gratification of Dulcie, who would clamber up each hour on to the taffrail grating to read it, and to listen to its cheery "ting" as it registered the quarter-knots on the dial.

As the day wore on the weather improved. The sun shone brightly, light cumuli drifted slowly across the blue sky, and a faint easterly breeze got up, barely sufficient to fill the foresail, which had been set to steady the vessel in the gentle roll of the west-going tide. After lunch we knew we must be approaching the Bay of the Seine. By dead-reckoning, and from the number of knots recorded

on the log, the yacht was probably only a few miles from La Hève, the bold headland which stands at the northern limit of the estuary and guards, like a sentinel, the entrance to Havre. For some time back we had seen that indefinable thickening of the haze along the horizon known in the language of the sea as "the loom of the land," but all was seemingly without form and void. The wind had nearly died away, but the "haar" remained. No contour, shape, or object could be discerned that might serve to verify our position. Allowance had been made for the set and age of the tides, but dead-reckoning, however short the run, is at best an uncertain method of fixing the ship's place, especially when, as in our case, her course is liable to be affected by the varying strength and direction of the powerful currents that sweep round the headlands and run up into the bays of the north-western coasts of France. But everything comes to them who wait. In due time we managed to pick up two small square patches of white that seemed to rest on nothing, but to hang, like the fabled coffin, in mid-air. They were the north and south light-towers on the summit of the Cape. It is remarkable how the visibility of an object seen through haze is enhanced when it is perfectly white: under such conditions one learns to appreciate the value of whitewash.

For a run of eighty miles across the Channel

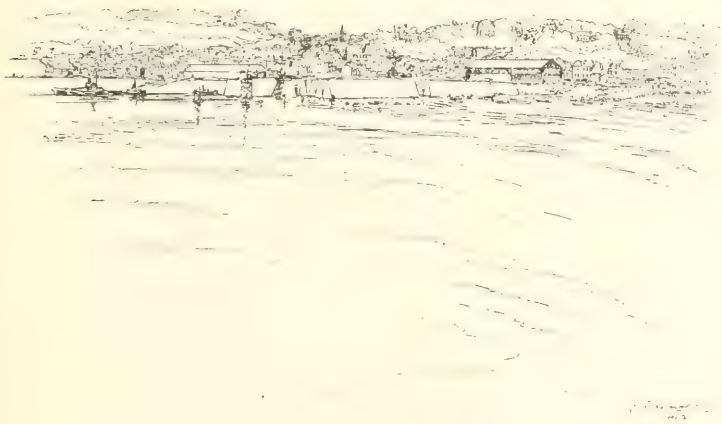
with tides to the right of us and tides to the left of us, it was not a bad landfall.

The land now quickly took shape. We could soon discern objects on the cliff of Sainte Adresse, the Pain de Sucre, the houses which make up the Nice Havrais, the steeple of St. Vincent, and, away over the starboard bow, the north and south jetties protecting the Avant-Port of Havre. The tide had been ebbing for about two hours, and although Havre, like Southampton, is remarkable for its long period of slack water, we had only a faint hope of getting into the Bassin du Commerce, where yachts usually lie when at Havre, until the morrow. There was still ample water for us to enter, even through the Petite Rade, so we headed for the black and white striped buoy under the headland which marks the shoal at the entrance, and rounding it, and with the shore on board, leaving the single unlighted red buoy and the lighted black beacon of the north-west passage to starboard, we steered in between the piers, and proceeding up the harbour, past the semaphore, made fast to the Quai de Maree, close to the south wall of the entrance to the lock of the

AVANT-PORT, HAVRE.

Bassin de l'Eure, pending inquiry as to the possibility of getting into the Bassin du Commerce.

As we had half anticipated, the gates had shortly before been closed, so passing back to the Avant-Port, we found a convenient anchorage in about 3 fathoms behind the north jetty. We could of course have moved into the basin on the early



STE. ADRESSE, FROM THE AVANT-PORT, HAVRE.

morning tide, but as the weather was settled, and the shelter, with such wind as prevailed, excellent, the fires were ordered to be banked, and it was settled that we should pass up during the following afternoon. For the morrow was the Day of Rest; we had reached our goal and could afford to linger.

Some care is needed in taking up an anchorage in the Avant-Port, particularly if the water is high, as the rise and fall is considerable, and a large

portion of the harbour dries at low water. Springs rise about 25 feet, and neaps 21 feet, above the zero of soundings on the chart. The holding ground is stiff clay, but strong westerly winds bring in a heavy roll, particularly at certain states of the tide. For about 3 hours before high water the tide runs with great strength across the entrance—as much as 5 knots during springs—and there is a considerable eddy between the jetties extending into the Avant-Port. The counter stream, known locally as the *Verhaule*, during strong winds causes a confused and even violent sea at the mouth of the harbour.

Havre has a long period of slack water—about an hour—with a very slight rise and fall before and after the actual time of high water. This is of great advantage to the port, as it allows the gates of the basins to remain open for 3 or 4 hours, depending on the moon's age, at each tide.

Yachts will find no special trouble at Havre as regards customs formalities and harbour dues, bridge tolls, etc. The vessel's papers should of course be presented to the Port Authorities, and the requisite declarations made. A small fee—1 franc—is demanded for admission through the bridges and gates into the Bassin du Commerce.

The Bassin du Commerce was formerly the largest dock in the port, but is now little used

for commercial purposes. It is approached by an opening to the north, at the end of the Grande Quai; this narrows towards a swing-bridge connecting the "Island," as the Quartier St. François is popularly called, with the main part of the old town. Behind this bridge are the gates

HAVRE: HOTEL FRASCATI, FROM THE AVANT-PORT.

which serve to hold back the water in the dock. Passing through the irregularly shaped Bassin du Roi, the oldest dock of the Port, a second swing-bridge admits into the Bassin du Commerce. This stretches nearly east and west, in a long rectangle, from the Place Gambetta to its junction with the Bassin de la Barre. The dock is nearly 14 acres in area and has upwards of 1500 yards of quay

frontage. It is divided, almost exactly, by a swing-bridge connecting the Place Jules Ferry and the neighbourhood of the Bourse with the Quartier de St. François. The western section is reserved exclusively for yachts. No position in Havre could be more convenient for them. Along the Quai

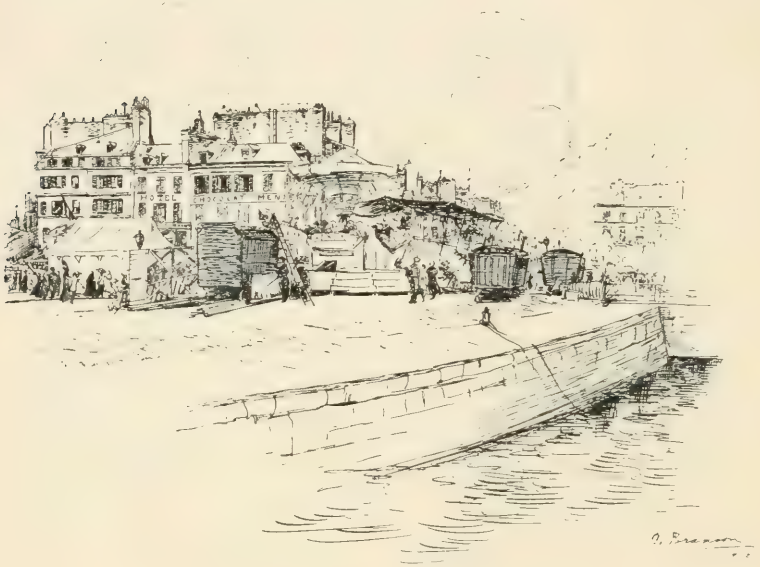
Bassin du Roi, Havre.

d'Orleans, to the north, runs the tram-line which circulates round the large basins to the east. Across the Place Gambetta, to the west, is a station whence frequent trams run to Graville and Honfleur on the one hand, and to the Quais to the south and the Boulevard Maritime on the other. The dock is within a couple of minutes' walk from

the Rue de Paris, the Hôtel de Ville, the Post Office, and the fine broad Boulevard de Strasbourg. It is, moreover, close to the leading cafés and restaurants, and the best shopping centres. We found a berth along the Quai Lamblardie, just astern of the large three-masted auxiliary schooner *Bacchante*, belonging to M. Menier of chocolate celebrity. Presumably it is a Bacchante in pigtails, whose writing on the wall everywhere bids us to beware of *contrefaçons* of M. Menier's productions. When we entered it we found some two dozen yachts, large and small, in the basin, many of them unmistakably of British origin, and most of them dwarfed into insignificance, like the little *Cysne* herself, by the palatial dimensions of M. de Rothschild's *Atmah*, whose huge white funnel, tall masts, and taper spars towered above everything in her vicinity.

Although the spot we had selected had its advantages, it was not ideal. The Place de l'Arsenal, which we fronted, at the time of our coming was filled with a collection of booths, swings, and merry-go-rounds. The air was resonant with the shrill cries of itinerant vendors and the strident machine-made music, without which, apparently, no self-respecting hobby-horse can be made to move. It was the Grand Carrousel Havrais—the Fair of Francis the First. Nominally it lasts from the 14th to the 21st of July, but so mindful are the

good people of Havre of their indebtedness to the great king, that the festival, like the poor, is always with them. So soon as the showmen have extracted all the sous the Quartier St. François can be induced to part with, the Théâtre Flavigny, the



Place de l'Arsenal, Bassin du Commerce.

fat woman, the numerous *tirs*, the lotteries, the bon-bon shops, the swings, and the prancing horses are dragged to another quarter of the town and the pandemonium starts afresh.

Although Havre is essentially a modern town —a *parvenu* of a place when compared with its neighbours, Harfleur and Honfleur—there is some evidence that during the Roman occupation of Gaul

a military station (*Constantina Castra*) existed somewhere in the neighbourhood.

But Havre, as a port, owes her creation to Francis the First. That monarch, on returning to France after his campaign against the Swiss, resolved to build a seaport on his Norman coasts. His choice first fell upon Touques and subsequently upon Etretat. Eventually he selected Le Havre de Grâce—so called from the circumstance that a chapel (Janin says a tavern *and* a chapel) frequented by sailors, and dedicated to Our Lady of Grace, formerly existed there — and sent divers notable persons to report to him as to its suitability.

HAVRE: QUAI LAMBLARDIE.

The Commissioners, according to Guillaume de Marceilles, author of *La Fondation et l'origine de la Ville Françoise de Grâce*, agreed—

. . . que pour le plus sûr et à meilleure commodité, tant pour le profit du royaume que pour les sujets et étrangers, serait de bâtir ces prétendus villes et havre sur ledit lieu de Grâce, pour raison qu'il est le plus proche de l'embouchure de rivière de Seine, pour traduire et transporter par eau plus aisément toutes sortes de marchandises, tant à la ville de Rouen, métropolitaine et capitale de ladite province et pays de Normandie, et conséquemment aux autres villes d'amont, comme à Paris et autres bonnes villes, et aussi que ce dit lieu de Grâce était situé en meilleur climat et assiette la plus commode pour ladite navigation, que fut occasion à Sa Majesté de l'avoir arrêté, voulu et ordonné.

Havre was founded in the early part of the sixteenth century. It is usually stated to have been begun in 1516, under the superintendence of the Chevalier du Chillon, whose name has been given to the street now connecting the Quai d'Orleans with the Boulevard de Strasbourg. According to Taillepied, the beginnings of a town already existed in the first year of the sixteenth century, when Georges d'Amboise was Archbishop of Rouen.

The old anchorage to the south of Graville had already disappeared, and sand and mud were gradually silting up the entrance to Harfleur. The alluvial flats to the west of these places were for the most part marshes, interspersed with pools left by the receding tide, with here and there a few miserable huts inhabited by fishermen. Despite the

optimism of the King's Commissioners, in reality no site for a town could have been more unpromising. But the Seigneur du Chillon was not a man to be easily daunted, and backed by the Admiral Bonnivet, who had made a careful study of the bay, he began operations by constructing a port with an entrance somewhere to the right of its present position, and opening out upon the Plage de l'Eure. The approach was guarded by two fortified towers; two jetties protected it from the encroachment of the shifting sands, and the channel was kept scoured by a *bassin de chasse*. The enterprise was necessarily attended with great difficulties. Owing to the nature of the ground it was almost impossible to secure sound foundations, and the workmen were constantly prostrated by ague and miasmatic fevers. But by 1523 the port began to take shape, and in 1545 it was sufficiently large to afford shelter to the fleet which Francis had assembled for his fruitless attempt on the Isle of Wight. One of the largest of his ships, the *Philippe*, a vessel of 1200 tons, carrying 100 guns, was built at Havre. She caught fire during some festivities at which the King was present, and was completely destroyed. This proved to be the inauspicious beginning of an ignoble enterprise: the fleet of 176 sail was beaten back, and was finally dismantled at its port of departure.

This is not the only grandiose undertaking of

the kind which connects Francis I. with the port of Havre. He had caused to be constructed there what was then considered a colossus of a ship—the *Grande Françoise*—a vessel of 2000 tons. In attempting to launch her she capsized, and had to be broken up. Some of her timbers were used in the construction of houses on the Quai de la Barre and in its vicinity—remains of which may still be seen.

In the early years of its existence Havre suffered many misfortunes. During the night of January 15, 1525, the sea swept away the greater part of the houses then built, drowned a number of the inhabitants, and sunk many vessels in the port. In the time of Henry II. the town was decimated by the plague. During the reign of Elizabeth the Prince of Condé delivered it into the hands of the English, who held it under Warwick, but they were expelled by Brissac, Constable of Montmorency, when the walls were destroyed and a new fort built, called the citadel of Charles IX.

Henry IV. visited Havre in 1603, when the town offered him a fête: "Employez mieux votre argent," replied he, "en le donnant à ceux qui ont souffert de la guerre; ils y trouveront leur compte et moi le mien."

By direction of Richelieu, who did much to foster the growth of the sea-power of France, Havre

was made one of the three chief naval ports of the West. A new citadel was built, the port was enlarged and deepened, and the quays were lengthened and faced with stone. The port was still further improved by Colbert; and Vauban connected it with Harfleur by means of a canal, parts of which still exist. The growing power of a place so near to our own coasts naturally excited the jealousy and distrust of England, and it was bombarded by our fleets, without much damage, in 1694 and again in 1759.

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it had about 16,000 inhabitants, the size and prosperity of Havre have greatly increased. Its population is now about 133,000—more in fact than Rouen—and it has become the second port of France. Nearly a fourth of the imports and exports of the nation are handled at Havre. Its main imports are cotton, wool, coffee, hides, coal, and grain. Its basins, ten in number, accommodate in the course of a year some six million tons of shipping.

The relatively long period of slack water at Havre, together with the fact that, owing to the slight rise and fall during some hours, the gates of the various basins can remain open over a considerable interval, enables one to get round the docks by passing from one to the other by boat. As

Cysne possessed a motor-dinghy—known to her company as the *Foudroyant*, from the noisy manner in which the bustling little thing asserted herself—we were enabled to make this tour without difficulty, and thus obtain a good idea of the relative position and size of the basins, their capabilities and the character of vessels making use of them. Among the sights of modern Havre of which the commercial community is justly proud are the *hangars* or sheds which line some of the quays.

If yachting has its pleasures it also has its minor worries, and not the least troublesome of these is connected with what is known domestically as "the wash." It is a bother at all times, but is especially so in foreign ports, where the *blanchisseuse*, as a rule, has only a limited sense of the value of time, or of the sanctity of a promise. Pursuant to advice, our chief-stewardess made a bold attempt to grapple with the problem by herself convoying the Molloy bag containing it to a convent in the old quarter of the town, where, as she was credibly informed, the good Sisters would undertake to "do" it or get it "done." But there was apparently a misunderstanding somewhere, for the benign old lady who welcomed her, in the sweetest and most charming way, was firmly convinced that the articles could only be intended for distribution to the poor; and Dulcie had some difficulty in assuring her that

she had no immediate intention of bestowing her pretty blouses upon the maidens of the Rue Jeanne d'Arc. So the Molloy bag had to be hauled back again, and the company put on short rations of socks, shirts, and sheets until Rouen should be reached, when a friendly *courtier maritime*, the ever-present help in a seaman's troubles, would solve the difficulty.

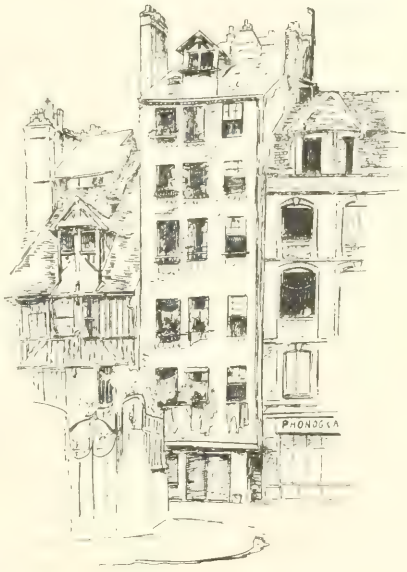
It might be supposed that, apart from its interest as a port, there is not much to attract the uncommercial traveller to Havre. According to Joanne the "principales curiosités" are the North Jetty, "animée par le va-et-vient des promeneurs curieux d'assister à l'entrée et à la sortie des bateaux"; the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville; the Place Gambetta and the Rue de Paris, together forming the "liveliest" portion of the town. Less "lively" places are the Museum and the Church of Notre Dame. The tourist is further informed that if energetic he can "promenade" to the lighthouses of La Hève; if he is enterprising and sufficiently curious he can visit a "transatlantique" or even a destroyer — provided there is one in the port. As a form of holiday entertainment the programme may seem doubtfully attractive. But in reality to the real holiday-maker, that is, the confirmed and inveterate loafer who saunters "*ohne Hast*," but with frequent "*Rast*," who pokes his way, with his

eyes and his ears open, into courtyards and alleys, sedulously following his nose in search of the antique and the quaint; who has even an elementary sense of humour and appreciative understanding of the ways of those that go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters — even if they do occasionally when ashore reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end — Havre, and especially what is left of the old town, has much to interest and amuse.

RUE DU PETIT CROISSANT, HAVRE.

Of old Havre, it is true, but little remains. With the exception of Notre Dame practically all the old "curiosités" have disappeared. The site of the Logis du Roi is now occupied by the Musée. The old Hôtel de Ville in the Rue de la Corderie, now the Rue Émile Renouf, no longer exists. The citadels, the tower of Francis I., the ramparts,

the many gates and sally-ports are gone. Vestiges only of the Porte Richelieu, which stood near the present Place Richelieu, are to be found surmounting the entrance to the fire station in the Rue Racine. There are some venerable houses in the vicinity of Notre Dame at the end of narrow tortuous passages, worm-eaten old places, covered with shingles or slates and in the last stage of decrepitude. Some of these were built with the timbers of the *Grande Françoise*. Other houses, dating from the same period, and also built with the remains of this unlucky ship, may be seen on the Quai Videcoq, in the Rue des Drapiers, in the Rue de la Gaffe, and in the old market-place. In a court-yard leading from the Rue des Galions may be recognised the site of the Hôtel of the *Grande Compagnie des Indes*, a wealthy Corporation of the seventeenth century and the creation of that



Old Houses at Havre.

astonishing financial genius, John Law of Lauriston. The *Mascarons* in wood, representing Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., together with the date 1648, are perfectly preserved. All these places are in the small triangular quarter, which is bounded

HAVRE: QUAI VIDECOQ.

on the west by the Rue de Paris, on the east by the Quai Notre Dame and the Quai Videcoq, and which lie between the Place Richelieu on the north and the Grand Quai towards the south.

Fronting the Quai Videcoq, and separated from it by the Bassin du Roi, is the Quartier de St. François—or "the Island." It is so called because it is wholly surrounded by water, being bounded on

the north by the Bassin du Commerce, on the east by the Bassin de la Barre, on the south by the old Avant-Port, and on the west by the Bassin du Roi and the waterway leading into it. The "Island" has an unenviable reputation for turbulence and disorder. It is the most cosmopolitan part of the

CHURCH OF ST. FRANÇOIS.

port, and, as may be gleaned from the titles of its many drinking-saloons ("Au Rendezvous des Incohérents" struck us as significant), is the chief resort of the foreign sea-going element of Havre. It has, moreover, a large Breton population. John Law formerly had a house here. To-day there is a considerable tobacco manufactory. Its old church was begun in 1542. It has a seventeenth-

century choir, but the portico and clock-tower are modern. The Chapel of the Virgin is ornamented with bas-reliefs in wood, representing the life of St. Francis d'Assisi. The painting of the "Death of St. Joseph" is by Devaux.

The principal church of Havre is of course that of Notre Dame in the Rue de Paris, which attracts attention if for nothing else than the extraordinary incongruity of its architectural styles—a mixture of Gothic, Renaissance, and Greek. It was begun in 1574 from the plans of Nicholas Duchemin. The principal doorway (1605–1638), over which is a figure of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, is made up of two orders, Ionic and Corinthian. On the right and detached is a square tower (1539), a sort of campanile, carrying a clock. It was formerly higher, was fortified, and bore a light for use in navigation; but after its occupation by the English it was thought to be too vulnerable a point, and was reduced in height. The small doorway opening out on the Rue des Drapiers, with four Ionic columns supporting a cornice and two stone galleries, called the Portail de l'Ave Maria, has on the balustrade, in Gothic characters, the words: "Quis ut Deus? Ave Maria, gratia plena." The niches were formerly occupied by statues of the Prophets.

The interior of the church is striking. When seen on a summer afternoon with the strong light

streaming in through the western doorway, the variety and richness of the colouring, the play of subdued tints, the lights and shadows together make a picture that Bosboom would have loved to paint. At the entrance to the nave is an organ-loft in carved oak, given by Richelieu. The choir is seventeenth century. One of the pillars in the aisles bears the epitaph of the architect. Another epitaph is that of three young men, brothers—Isaac, Pierre, and Jacques Raoulin—who were foully murdered in 1599 by order of the Governor, Villars.

Modern Havre, with its wide boulevards, spacious squares, handsome public buildings, fine houses and large shops, offers the strongest possible contrast to the old quarter. Indeed, when we emerged from the narrow cobble-paved streets which lie between the Grand Quai and the Place Richelieu, to find ourselves in the Place Gambetta, with its trees and flower-stalls, its statues and parterres, its theatre and many cafés, its broad pavements and intersecting tram-lines, we seemed to have stepped out of the Middle Ages, and to have lost count of the intervening centuries—so abrupt is the transition. To us the most interesting objects of modern Havre were the Museums, and especially the Musée de Peinture on the Grand Quai. It stands on the site of the old Logis du Roi, and was built in 1845. It is of no great architectural merit, and is ill

adapted to its purpose. Indeed, for a city of the wealth and importance of Havre, and considering the part played by the Havre school and its associates in the development of modern French art, the provision for the custody and public exhibition of works of art compares unfavourably with that of other French towns, and especially of Rouen, which, although the capital of the province, is certainly not a more opulent city. The building was originally designed as a general museum, to include not only paintings and sculpture, but objects of archaeology and natural history, as well as the municipal library. These collections have long since been moved to other quarters: that of natural history to the old buildings of the Palais de Justice in the Place du Vieux-Marché; and the town library, which contains manuscripts originally belonging to the Abbeys of Fécamp, Montivilliers, and St. Wandrille, to the Lycée de garçons. The old Museum had for its first curator Charles Lesueur (1778–1846), a native of Havre, and the colleague of Péron in the celebrated voyage to Australasia.

The approach to the Musée de Peinture from the Grand Quai is not imposing, as it is usually encumbered with packing-cases, fish-barrows, and the wooden huts of the *douaniers*, and the limited space is still further curtailed by a tram-line which runs along the quay. On either side of the entrance

steps are a number of broken, rusty old cannon, belonging to an English war-vessel sunk before the town, together with some stones from the Richelieu tower, demolished in 1790. In the basement is a small but interesting collection of Romano-Gallic remains found in the neighbourhood, more particularly at Harfleur and Gonfreville l'Orcher; and models in relief of the Quartier du Logis du Roi and of the tower of François I^er^; also a plaque commemorating the laying of the first stone in connection with the improvement of the Bassin du Roi in 1667.

In the room to the left of the entrance, the so-called Salle du Havre, is a collection of objects of special local interest—portraits, views, plans, engravings, etc., and studies by artists connected with Havre and its vicinity. Of these the most generally interesting are those by Boudin, about 240 in number, given to the town by the brother of the painter. The son of a Honfleur pilot, Eugène Boudin spent much of his early life afloat, and drew his inspiration from his occupation. Even as a youth he strove to give expression to the many moods of the element he learned to know so well, and his work is full of the poetry of the sea. The coast of Normandy, its high cliffs and alluvial stretches; its ports and quay-sides; its shipping, and above all its skies—Corot styled Boudin "the King

of Skies"—were the subjects he rendered with a lightning-like rapidity and unerring fidelity. In the subtlety, delicacy, and transparency of his treatment of light and atmospheric effects Boudin is second only to Constable.

The best idea of the extent and disposition of Havre is to be gained from La Côte d'Ingouville, or, as it is usually and more shortly called, La Côte —that is, from the high ground lying to the north of the town and running from Cape de la Hève to the valley of the Lézarde. "Ingouville," says Balzac in *Modeste Mignon*, "est au Havre ce que Montmartre est à Paris, une haute colline au pied de laquelle la ville s'étale, à cette différence près que la mer et la Seine enlouvent la ville et la colline, que la Havre se voit fatalement circonscrit par d'étroites fortifications, et qu'enfin l'embouchure du fleuve, le port, les bassins, présentent un spectacle tout autre que celui des cinquante mille maisons de Paris."

La Côte may be reached in several ways. One may walk to it by one of the many roads which zigzag up to the Rue Félix Faure; or one may get into the tram from the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville; or, simplest and quickest, one may take the funicular railway from the Place Thiers. On leaving the terminus in the Rue Félix Faure, turn to the left, that is, to the west, and walk along the road. In a

few minutes you will pass, on the right, the summer residence of the late President, the property of his family. Félix Faure, although not born in Havre, made it the city of his adoption, and was connected with it by many ties of interest and affection. The villa contains interesting souvenirs of his memorable visit to Russia, when the Franco-Russian alliance was officially sealed; and his study is still kept in the condition in which it was left at his death. The views from the house, or from any part of the road, as we proceed towards Sainte Adresse on a fine day are very striking—even if we do not wholly agree with Casimir Delavigne, "Après Constantinople il n'est rien de plus beau." Below, to the south and east, we see the whole extent of the town—its factories, basins, docks, locks, and shipping—bounded towards the west by the jetties which enclose the Avant-Port. Beyond is the broad estuary backed by the green hills of Calvados, with Honfleur, the Côte de Grâce, Villerville, and Trouville easily visible in clear weather. From Trouville the land recedes in the direction of Dives and Ouistreham, but its "loom" may be discerned for some distance beyond until it is lost in the grey of the horizon. To the west is the sea—now calm and peaceful. As we saw it on a still July afternoon under the shimmering light of a westering sun, its surface flecked here and there with shadows from

the slowly drifting clouds, with intervening streaks of silver and great broad patches of shining water unruffled by even the faintest air—a couple of pilot cutters in the offing, their flags limp and motionless, a few brown-sailed luggers trying for mackerel, one or two sturdy trawlers slowly working out on the ebb, and in the far distance the thin smoke of a passing steamer almost hull down—one forgot that under this smiling mask was hidden the treacherous Bay of the Seine, with its many twisting channels, its moving banks, its rushing tides, and swift, irregular currents. As we draw nearer to the edge of the cliff it is easy, with the glass, to pick up the various buoys which mark the position of the several entrances to the port, or which indicate the proximity of the banks. Away to the west is the whistling-buoy, which utters its warning note to the vessel groping in a fog for the entrance across the shoals which encircle the Petite Rade, the Banc de l'Éclat, les Hauts, and the Grand Placard. The buoy is upwards of four miles from where we stand, but in a heavy sea and with a westerly wind its "grunt" may be plainly heard on shore. Next we see the tall black-and-red buoys which mark the run of the bank protecting the anchorage between the Cape and the north jetty, and, almost in front of us, the line of lighted buoys which indicate the north-west passage, the main

entrance into the port. To the south the sea seems to be dotted with buoys, marking the Rade de la Carosse and the entrance to the channel of the Seine.

It is no great distance from La Côte to the Cape, should one wish to gain the crest of the plateau or visit the lighthouses. But if the walk up to the higher ground is too tiring, the Ignauval tram will carry us there—provided we are careful to select that running to the terminus of the line. Or we can take the tram from the Hôtel-de-Ville marked "Les Phares," which runs along the Boulevard de Strasbourg, the Boulevard Maritime, past Ste. Adresse. The lighthouses, two in number, are within a short distance from the terminus of the line, and not far from the edge of the cliff. They are white quadrangular towers, 66 feet high, placed about 100 yards apart and about 400 feet above sea-level. The south tower stands about 100 yards from the edge of the chalk cliff; it shows an oil-light, fixed, of the fifth order; its main use is in connection with the alignment of the anchorage in the roads. The north tower shows an electric flashing light, white, with a five-seconds interval, visible 27 miles. Between the towers is a semaphore and a signal station which repeats the tide-signals from the station on the end of the north jetty at Havre.

There has been a light-tower on La Hève since 1775. It was illuminated first by burning wood, then coal, next oil, and lastly by electricity; indeed it has passed through every phase of development of lighthouse illumination. De la Hève was, in fact, the first lighthouse in France to employ the electric current.

In former times there was a small fishing village at the base of the Cape known as the Quief de Caux (*Caput Caleti*), but it has long since been swept away by erosion of the cliff. The settlement, or some portion of it, moved inland in the time of Louis XIV. and took the name of St. André, which eventually became Ste. Adresse. The chalk cliffs of La Hève are rich in fossil remains: many of these were discovered and described by the naturalist Charles Lesueur, who, as already stated, was the first Curator of the Havre Museum, and who is buried in the cemetery of Ste. Adresse.

The way down from the plateau of La Hève is fairly steep, and the tram zigzags down in a fashion which is rather perturbing to nervous folk. As we descend we pass the little Chapel of Notre Dame des Flots, from which there is a beautiful view of the sea. It contains numerous votive tablets, and a banner of the twelfth century in Beauvais tapestry. Close by is the Pain de Sucre, a sort of cenotaph in white, erected to serve as a beacon by the widow of

General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, who was drowned in a shipwreck off the coast of Ireland. It is so surrounded by houses and so difficult to pick up from the sea, unless one knows where to look for it, that its utility is doubtful.

Readers of Alphonse Karr hardly need to be reminded of Ste. Adresse, or of the street of Marie Talbot, the old servant in the family of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. The author of *Paul et Virginie* was born at Havre in 1737, and a bronze statue of him by David d'Angers is in the Place Gambetta.

Of late years Ste. Adresse has acquired a new interest, and M. Dufayel, the well-known "Universal Provider" of Paris, has added to the gaiety of Havre by his "creation" of the "Nice du Nord," or, as it is otherwise called, the "Nice Havrais.' With the desire to outrival Trouville, M. Dufayel has obtained possession of the land lying between the plateau of La Hève and the shore, and has laid it out in boulevards and building plots. Already a considerable number of villas, of various sizes and of all styles of architecture—good, bad, and indifferent, "pimpantes et coquettes, toutes plus séduisantes les unes que les autres"—have sprung up, and the place is being exploited with feverish activity. It has still to acquire the air of dignified leisure and reposeful charm that one associates with a holiday home by the sea. But if one attempts

to outrival Trouville, one must fight Trouville with its own weapons, and beat it with counter-attractions and more enticing allurements. The natural advantages of the locality, its proximity to Havre, and the ease with which it can be reached from Rouen and Paris will no doubt tell in the long run. Meanwhile M. Dufayel has gained the good-will of Havre by the erection of the Palais des Régates—a sort of club-house and the headquarters of the Société des Régates du Havre. It is a handsome building, conveniently reached from the town by tram, and is well arranged for its purpose. It contains a large Salle des Fêtes, extending the whole length of the building, and has a high covered gallery looking out upon the sea and upon the adjoining tennis-courts. There is a bathing-place and a boat-slip, and convenient arrangements for the management of the regattas and sailing-matches periodically held there. During the summer it holds a succession of *fêtes artistiques*, at which many of the principal artists of the Comédie Française, of the Opéra, and Opéra Comique appear. Thanks to the kindness of friends at Havre and the officers of the Club, we were made welcome to its hospitality, and enjoyed the privilege of being present at one of its reunions, and are thus able to testify that the Palais des Régates has, in the words of a local guide, created "dès le

début, une vie élégante et mondaine, surtout active pendant la belle saison."

To the ecclesiologist the most interesting places in the vicinity of Havre are the Churches of Graville-Sainte Honorine and Harfleur. They both lie to the east of the town and may readily be reached by tram, starting from the Place Gambetta and running along the Rue Thiers and the Rue de Normandie—a somewhat dingy thoroughfare, as east-end thoroughfares tend to be. On reaching the Mairie of Graville and walking a few yards along the road, we shall notice on the left a short, steep, crooked street, the Rue de l'Eglise, at the top of which is a flight of steps leading up to the western doorway of the priory Church of Sainte Honorine. It is a venerable, weather-beaten structure dating from the eleventh century, built on a rock, with a Romanesque tower partially ruined;

CHURCH OF GRAVILLE-STE. HONORINE.

a doorway, window, and door of the thirteenth century, and many richly carved corbels, a woman's head with the ears of an ass, and the heads of horses, dogs, pigs, sheep, and bats. Near the doorway is a fourteenth-century cross. The end of the north transept is remarkable for its triple arch. The eleventh-century nave has six Romanesque arches with elaborately carved capitals representing animals and Norman warriors at a joust. There are two sixteenth-century paintings on wood of the birth and death of the Virgin. The choir, of the twelfth or early thirteenth century, contains the gravestone of William Mallet and his wife, who founded the adjoining priory in the first half of the thirteenth century. On the left of the choir is the stone sarcophagus of the patron saint, found in the wall in 1867. In its cover is a large round hole through which the head may be thrust to enable her remains to be viewed. To the right of the altar a fragment of one of her bones is preserved in a small glass case, and hard by is a brass tablet which recites her story. From it we gather that towards the end of the third century Honorine, a young Romano-Gallic girl, was martyred for the Christian faith upon the border of the Roman road running from Julio Bona (Lillebonne) to Caracotinum (Harfleur). Her body was thrown into the Seine, and being cast ashore at Fossa-Givaldi

(Graville), was buried in the cliff. On the invasion of the Men of the North, the priests who guarded her tomb carried her remains to Conflans, where they are said to be still preserved, the tomb itself being transferred in the eleventh century to the church dedicated to her memory.

The priory abuts on the church, and from the terrace adjoining its court there is a noble view of the estuary of the Seine and of the hills beyond Villerville, Criquebeuf, and Honfleur. On the left is a colossal bronze statue known locally as the Black Virgin, erected to our Lady of Grace by the inhabitants of Havre in grateful recognition of her protection from the dreaded Prussians during the Franco-German war of 1870–71. In the enclosure containing the statue are the remains of a chapel. The demesne of the priory, or that of the Sires de Graville, must have been of considerable size, to judge from the traces of its boundary walls which still remain.

The cemetery round the priory church contains the tombs of Léon Buquet, the author of *Normandie Poétique*, and of the Lefevre family, friends of Victor Hugo who composed the long epitaphs to be seen on the gravestones of two of the children.

The way back to Havre may be varied by taking a narrow footpath, known as the *Sente des Genovefains*, which starts near the flight of entrance-

steps and leads up to the road along the plateau. This passes the cemetery of Ste. Marie, the Fort de Tourneville, used mainly as a barracks, on the right, and the Pasteur Hospital on the left, and eventually joins the Rue Félix Faure. A tram runs from the cemetery down the Rue Montivilliers to the Place Gambetta.

By returning to the Graville Mairie a tram starting from Havre (Quai des États-Unis) may be found which runs to Harfleur: this is the most convenient way of reaching that place, as the walk along the Route Nationale is of no particular interest. Harfleur may also be reached from Havre by train, best by taking the line to Montivilliers, and getting out at the Harfleur *halte*: this is close to the Rue de la République, leading to the church.

Harfleur is a decadent little town of 3000 inhabitants, almost crushed out of existence by its pushful neighbour. With the exception of the Church of St. Martin and a few remains of its ramparts, little is left of its former glory. For Harfleur was a walled city with an ancient history when the site of Havre was a waste of sand and salt marshes.

Hardfler, Hareflot, Harfleu, or Harfleur—in the Middle Ages it was variously so called—has grown out of Caracotinum, the principal port of the Caletes, and was approached by the river Lézarde

which joined the Seine a little to the south of the town. The small stream on which it is situated runs down from the high land above Montivilliers, among wooded hills and a fertile valley rich in fruit trees, gardens, and fields of strawberries. Insignificant as it seems to-day, it was formerly the highway of ships, for Harfleur was a port as far back as the ninth century. It was a favourite resort of Norman pirates, and was of great importance from the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century. Few towns of the Middle Ages have played a more considerable part in the history of France. In the reign of Charles V., the first organiser of the French marine, it was the chief naval port, and eventually became the principal commercial port of north-west France. The Portuguese did a considerable trade with it in the fourteenth century. The town was long connected with England.

It was besieged by Henry V. in 1415. He had sailed from Southampton on August 13 with 6000 lances and 24,000 foot in 140 ships, and arrived in the evening of the following day at the mouth of the Seine, about three leagues from Harfleur. The lord of Estoutville, the governor of Harfleur, had only some 400 men-at-arms under his command, but the town made a spirited defence and managed to hold out until September 22,

when it surrendered. Henry's army suffered much from the excessive heat of the weather and the fruits of the country, "2000 common soldiers" and "several persons of quality" dying of "the bloody flux." Harfleur remained in the possession of the English until 1435, when they were driven out by Jean de Grouchy, Père des Cauchois, Sire de Monterollier—whose statue is to be seen near the street which bears his name. In 1440 Harfleur again fell into the hands of the English, but they were eventually expelled by Charles VII. The waters of the Seine bathed the walls of Harfleur up to the beginning of the sixteenth century, but the place is no longer of importance as a port, partly because of the silting up of the Lézarde where it enters the Seine, and partly by reason of the shifting of the channel, but mainly because of its proximity to Havre. It is connected with this place by the Tancarville Canal, which, over this section, has a depth of 18 feet, but its trade is quite insignificant and it is but seldom that a sea-going vessel is seen above the swing-bridge which admits to the town. It still, however, maintains a Custom-house, about the size of a bathing-machine, in which the two plethoric *douaniers* are barely able to stow themselves.

The one remaining glory of the old town is the church. Its crocketed octagonal spire, 290 feet

high, built in the time of Louis XI., is a striking feature in the landscape, and was a landmark to the pilots of old.

C'est le clocher d'Harfleur, debout pour nous apprendre
Que l'Anglais l'a bâti, mais n'a su le défendre.

HARFLEUR.

It is usually stated that the church was built during the occupation of the town by the English in commemoration of the battle of Azincourt, but the design is certainly that of a French master-mason. It was never finished, and only vestiges are left of

the old choir. Although what remains is much dilapidated, there is enough left to show that it must have been a singularly beautiful edifice. The lateral doorway on the north side is particularly striking. The interior contains a number of monuments; on one is the epitaph of Jean d'Engelheim, killed in action against the English in 1567.

The neighbourhood of Harfleur is very pretty, and there are a number of chateaus in the vicinity. One, near the town, in a park on the borders of the Lézarde, dates from 1650.

We could have wished, had time permitted, to have visited the Château d'Orcher—about two or three miles to the east of Harfleur. It is situated in the midst of a beautiful park, with fine avenues, and is the frequent resort of holiday-makers from Havre in the summer time. It is reached from Harfleur by taking the road to Gonfreville, a small place at the head of a valley descending towards the right bank of the Seine. The castle, perched close to the edge of the cliff, was built in the seventeenth century on the site of a thirteenth-century fortress, of which the donjon, partially restored, still remains. It is a most impressive object as seen from the Tancarville Canal, and, from the wide view it commands of the estuary and surrounding country, must have been a coign of vantage of no small value.

CHAPTER IV

HONFLEUR

Two events of no little moment occurred at Havre. We were there joined by Monsieur Carême Vatel, *Chef de Cuisine*, and by Berengaria, who had previously signed on as *custos rotulorum*, historiographer, and Chief of the Intelligence Department.

As regards the cook, he was of course the motive power of the cruise. Like any other invading army, our expedition could only move upon its—dinners.

> They may do without compass, or do without charts,
> Trust to tides and the stars when they seek foreign parts;
> They may do without ladies—unless they've good looks—
> But where are the yachts that can do without cooks?

We had decided that being in France we would do as the French, and have a French cook. It was ordained, therefore, that an inscrutable *deus ex machina*, in the shape of a shipping master, should send us Carême Vatel, and we took the provision of the gods in grateful trust and confidence.

Indeed, he did so well for us that after a week's experience of him the pent-up feelings of one member of our party could find adequate expression only in verse—in an impassioned ode, in fact, of many stanzas—in which the delights of his potages, ragoûts, entremets, were extolled in language that would have quickened even the dulled appetite of Apicius.

And that blanquette de veau we loved so well—
Lucullus never feasted on so savoury a stew!
Our memory fondly lingers o'er the fragrance of its smell!
Its delicacy of seasoning! Its seductiveness of goût!

"To-morrow will be Friday."

Regard for historical accuracy compels the admission that the other members of the company rather sniffed at the literary merit of a production

which its author thought worthy of Anacreon. *Their* afflatus, they explained, dealt with nobler themes than the epicurean pleasures of a stew.

The civilising influence of what he would probably have termed the "haughty cousin," had he attempted to grapple with the phrase, was to be traced in its effect on our steward, who, since he was "rising" 6 feet and was named Samuel, was of course generally known as The Infant. On one occasion he announced dinner with the formula, uttered with a becoming gravity: "The potash is served!"

If the *chef* had a failing it was a *tendresse* for the *petit verre*. This was the cause of his undoing: after many warnings we parted—in mingled sorrow and anger. To Berengaria the rupture amounted almost to a bereavement, for no one had a keener appreciation of his professional efforts.

Berengaria, it should be stated, had joined us with a consuming desire to immortalise herself by the compilation of a narrative that should outshine Hakluyt and compared with which "the full orb" of Ser Marco Polo the Venetian should pale its ineffectual fire. Her equipment of satchel, hand-bag, field-glass, notebooks, writing-pad, etc. etc., would have soured with envy the soul of a war correspondent. As she sallied forth, in heavy marching order, with the *impedimenta* of her office

distributed all over her, firmly grasping her cotton parti-coloured *en-tout-cas*, the constant companion of her journeys, it would seem as if nothing could escape her vigilant eye or fail to be noted by her ever-ready Onoto. But alas! as with the *Chef de Cuisine*, so with the Chief of the Intelligence Department—*acribus initiis, incurioso fine.*

If it must be sorrowfully admitted that Berengaria, as a recording angel, fell lamentably short of our too confident anticipations, we hasten to add she made ample amends by her many contributions to our gaiety. Her amiable insouciance was indeed a constant source of joy. Did she go to the post for stamps? She omitted to pick up the change. Was she entrusted with the milk-can? It was almost certain to go astray. Did she purchase her *Matin* or *Petit Journal*? The engaging conversation of the shopman caused her to forget to bring away the paper. Did she go to the bank for money? Her cheque-book on arrival was found to contain only the counterfoils. But, luckily for her and for us, Berengaria's equanimity was never disturbed by such minor trifles as these. Her complacent imperturbability would have extorted praise even from Socrates. Her *joie de vivre* was irrepressible and delightful to witness. And, after all, it was "something," as Hans Christian Andersen would have said, to have the chance of "a good time," and

an opportunity of supplementing one's stock of conversational French.

The time had now arrived to take our leave of Havre, and of the kind friends who had made our stay there so pleasant. Our party being complete, our voyage up the Seine was to begin. It would have been possible to have passed into the river by means of the Tancarville Canal, by turning out of the Bassin du Commerce and crossing over into the Bassin de l'Eure, the dock in which the Transatlantic and other large steamers frequenting the port are berthed, and which is connected with the canal by a large lock and the Bassin Fluvial. But we had the desire to enter the Seine from the sea, and to have an opportunity of visiting the quaint old port of Honfleur, on the south side of the estuary. It has a history not less interesting than that of Harfleur, and to the nautical mind is a far more attractive place. Accordingly, when the morning tide was sufficiently high to enable the gates to be opened, the yacht was moved down to her old position in the Avant-Port in readiness for a start on the flood in the late afternoon.

Our friends, the Consul-General and his amiable wife, whom we cannot sufficiently thank for their many acts of kindness and assistance during our sojourn in Havre, had asked us to *déjeuner*, and

it was nearly four in the afternoon before we rejoined the yacht. Shortly before five we weighed and went out between the jetties at half-flood. It was high water at Honfleur at about eight. As the distance was less than a dozen miles, and as the sluice-gates of the dock we were to enter would not be opened until about six, and we should have a strong tide up, there was no need to hurry.

It was a perfect afternoon, serene and cloudless, after a hot day. There was only a faint easterly air and the sea was absolutely unruffled. As we left it, Havre and the white cliffs to the back of it were bathed in sunlight. Before us were the green slopes running down from ridges between Criquebeuf and Trouville, broken into valleys and wooded to their summits, with here and there chateaus and villas in park-like grounds. Our entry into the Seine was to be made under ideal conditions.

The estuary of the river is subject to such frequent changes, owing to the shifting of the banks and consequent alteration in the depth of water covering them, that a chart even of recent date is of little use except as a means of identifying the buoys. These are constantly being moved as the

banks alter in position, or as the navigable channel varies in depth and direction. We were furnished by M. Croix, of the Rue de Paris, with a French official chart more recent and larger in scale than that published by our Admiralty, but we found that the actual position of the buoys was very different from that indicated on the chart, although this was corrected to within a year or two.

The entrance to Honfleur lies, roughly, about south-east from the end of the Havre jetty, and the distance, in a direct line, is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. But such a course would be impracticable for anything but a shallow-draft boat, and then only at certain states of tide, since it passes over banks which uncover at low water. Some of these have channels between them known to the local pilots, and are used as swash-ways by the steamboats which ply between Havre and Honfleur. The stranger will be well advised to take no short cuts, but to act on the principle in Quarles's *Emblems* that "the next way home's the farthest way about," and to pass down within the four lighted buoys which lie between the Rade de la Carosse and the Banc d'Amfard. The course from the end of the north jetty is about S. 12° W. mag., keeping the steeple of St. Vincent on with that of the Church of Sanvic on the high land above Ste. Adresse. This course takes the vessel a little to the west of the direction of Trouville.

Three large conical light-buoys are passed on the port hand: the first black; the second red; and the third black and red. The first and second are about 2 miles apart; the third is a little more than a mile from the second. The last one is moored about 3 miles from the entrance to Trouville, and to the west of the dangerous bank of the Ratelets and the Banc du Ratier. It marks the northern boundary of the Seine channel.

In coming down from Havre on the flood on this course, allowance must be made for the strong indraught into the estuary, otherwise the vessel may easily be swept into the *impasse* between the Banc d'Amfard and the Banc du Ratier. Leaving the third buoy to port, and with the extreme point of the Falaise de Fonds on with the grey cliff of La Roque near the head of the estuary, we turn into the channel of the Seine. We steer over towards Villerville, a small town on the wooded cliff on the south side of the estuary, about S. 75° E. mag., passing a black lighted-buoy, almost in the centre of the channel, and we continue on this course until we near a red buoy moored on the edge of Les Perques de Villerville, a rocky ledge running out some distance from the cliff. This is left on the starboard hand. The course then becomes N. 60° E. mag. until we come within the succession of boat light-buoys—painted black to

port and red to starboard—marking the confines of the channel up to Honfleur. The width between these boats is nowhere more than about 450 yards —so narrow is the conduit which connects the navigable part of the Seine with the ocean.

As we pass across the estuary, seemingly so wide, but for the practical purposes of navigation actually so narrow, with its sinuous swash-ways and shifting sands, its great range of tide, and its strong and perplexing currents, one marvels how the seafaring folk of old had the hardihood to push their unhandy craft into its unbuoyed, unlighted channels. It could only have been on such a day as that we were enjoying—we know that it was at about the same season of the year—that King Harry's "fleet majestical," headed by the *Trinity Royal*, "with silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning," could have held its course to Harfleur. In the fifteenth century there was probably a channel much nearer to the northern shore than exists at present, with an anchorage not far from Graville, and much deeper water than is found now where the Lézarde joined the Seine. Such a channel existed between 1885 and 1887, and was, in fact, the main navigable entrance to the river; but in 1887–88 it shifted to the south, approached Honfleur, and after bending somewhat to the north, curved in again towards the alluvial ground off

Fiquefleur, between Berville-sur-Mer and Honfleur, on the south side of the estuary. Indeed, during the last thirty years the main channel has occupied, at one time or another, practically every part of the estuary between Harfleur and Honfleur, being sometimes to the north, sometimes to the extreme south, and at other times nearly in the middle. Such changes, no doubt, occurred even in the times when the galleys of the Norsemen found their way into the estuary and up the river as far as Rouen and Paris, and must have greatly added to the difficulties and perils of navigation. That the Portuguese should have been able to maintain a regular trade between Lisbon and Harfleur in the fourteenth century in the face of such difficulties, after doubling Ushant and Barfleur, is another proof, if such were needed, of their skill and hardihood as seamen.

It was among these shallows that Sir Sidney Smith was caught and made prisoner by the French during the war of 1796. Sir Sidney is distinguished in the annals of the British Navy for the intrepidity and coolness he displayed in entering the basin of Toulon on a December night in 1793 at the head of a small force of volunteers, when he burned or blew up some ten ships of the line of the French fleet, and set fire to the dockyard, its ropery, sail-lofts, and arsenal, completely destroying them in face of

a furious cannonade from the neighbouring heights. A young Corsican adventurer of twenty-four—Napoleon Bonaparte—then a *chef de bataillon*, a Terrorist and a hanger-on of the Robespierres, was in command of the artillery, which he subsequently used treacherously, and with murderous effect on the wretched Toulonese who had dared to declare against the Convention. If the young Corsican had earned his deserts, as was nearly the case, he too would have met his death on that memorable tenth Thermidor when Robespierre, Couthon, Saint-Just, and the rest of the Terrorists were swept aside. In December 1793 Toulon was besieged by the army of the Convention. Lord Hood, who was blockading Toulon with the aid of the Spaniards, was obliged to retire, and must have left the French war-ships in the hands of the Jacobins, had not Sir Sidney, who had joined Lord Hood unofficially with a few dozen men he had picked up in Smyrna, and brought along with him in a 40-foot lateener, volunteered to effect their destruction.

In the war of 1796, Sir Sidney, then thirty years of age, was given the command of the *Diamond* and attached to the squadron under Sir John Borlase Warren, at that time cruising off the French coast. Admiral Warren ordered Sir Sidney to reconnoitre Brest, and to learn, if possible, the whereabouts of Villaret-Joyeuse, who was in command of the

French fleet. Sir Sidney actually sailed into that port, took stock of the vessels there, passed out again under the guns of the guardship, exchanging compliments, in excellent French, with her commander, as he ran under her stern, and got clear away, his very audacity serving to allay any suspicion as to the meaning of his movements.

His next duty was to blockade Havre. On April 18, 1796, he observed a lugger lying in the roads under the protection of a 10-gun battery. This vessel—the *Vengeur*—carrying eight guns, was one of the smartest and most skilfully handled privateers on the coast, and had been particularly successful in detaching and capturing stragglers in British convoys passing up and down the Channel. She had been repeatedly chased by some of our fastest frigates, but had always managed to escape. Smith determined to attempt to cut her out. During the night he boarded her with four boats' crews, surprised and drove her men below, and made her officers prisoners. In the scuffle the lugger's cable was cut, and she was driven by the tide up the river, a couple of miles above Havre, and was stranded. Sir Sidney and his men attempted to tow her off, but when daylight came he was attacked by a crowd of small craft, and, after the loss of four killed and seven wounded, he was compelled to surrender.

Naturally the capture of 'l'Amiral Schmit' was hailed as a great *coup*. He was brought to Paris and confined there for two years, all attempts to effect his exchange proving fruitless, as Napoleon, then high in favour with the Convention, opposed it. However, he managed to escape, thanks to the wit and cleverness of women and his own *sang-froid*, slipping out of Honfleur in a small fishing-boat, to be picked up by the *Argo* frigate, Captain Bowen, and safely landed at Portsmouth.

Sir Sidney eventually got even with Napoleon at St. Jean d'Acre, capturing his flotilla, and compelling him to raise the siege with the loss of all his artillery. It was one of the severest checks Napoleon ever received, and, as he subsequently declared, changed the destiny of the world, since it shattered his confident dreams of the conquest of Asia.

Napoleon died in 1821, a British prisoner and a broken man. Sir Sidney lived to a green old age, an idol of Parisian society, and was buried at Père-Lachaise. And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

As we steam slowly along the southern shore of the estuary we have an admirable view of its strikingly picturesque coast. At the base of the cliffs runs the Trouville road. We pass in succession Penne de Pie, rising to the high ground on

which is the Bois du Breuil, Vasouy, the green Val la Reine, and the slopes of the Côte de la Grâce. At the bottom of the Falaise des Fonds is a light-house—group occulting light—showing various coloured sectors at night over the banks ; and a little farther to the east is a second disused light-tower. We are now abreast of Honfleur. As soon as we have opened out the entrance to the port we turn the vessel due south and steer boldly in. It is necessary to have good way on as the flood-tide runs with great strength across the narrow opening. We shoot past the western jetty of wooden piles. At its end is a fog-bell and a small tower, showing a green light at night, with a semaphore or tide-signalling arrangement. Looking up the harbour we see the Hôtel de Ville ; beyond it the tower of St. Leonard—the whole backed by a green hill. To the right, as we enter, is the Havre packet-station, with a number of whitewashed houses, and over these the slender *flèche* of Ste. Catherine ; and to its right the curiously shaped detached belfry tower. At the eastern side of the entrance to the port is a beacon on a pile of stones marking the end of a submersible dyke, serving to direct the channel and the scour of the frequent flushings necessary to prevent the silting up of the approach. The dyke runs up to the concrete walls of the Bassin de Chasse and to the tide-lighthouse. This

shows a bright fixed light seawards at night, varied by red and green flashes when there is more than 6 feet of water in the channel, the number and colour of the flashes indicating the actual depth at the time. Close by is the mast from which the day tidal-signals are made, and beyond are the entrances to the various docks—four in number.

St. Leonard, Honfleur.

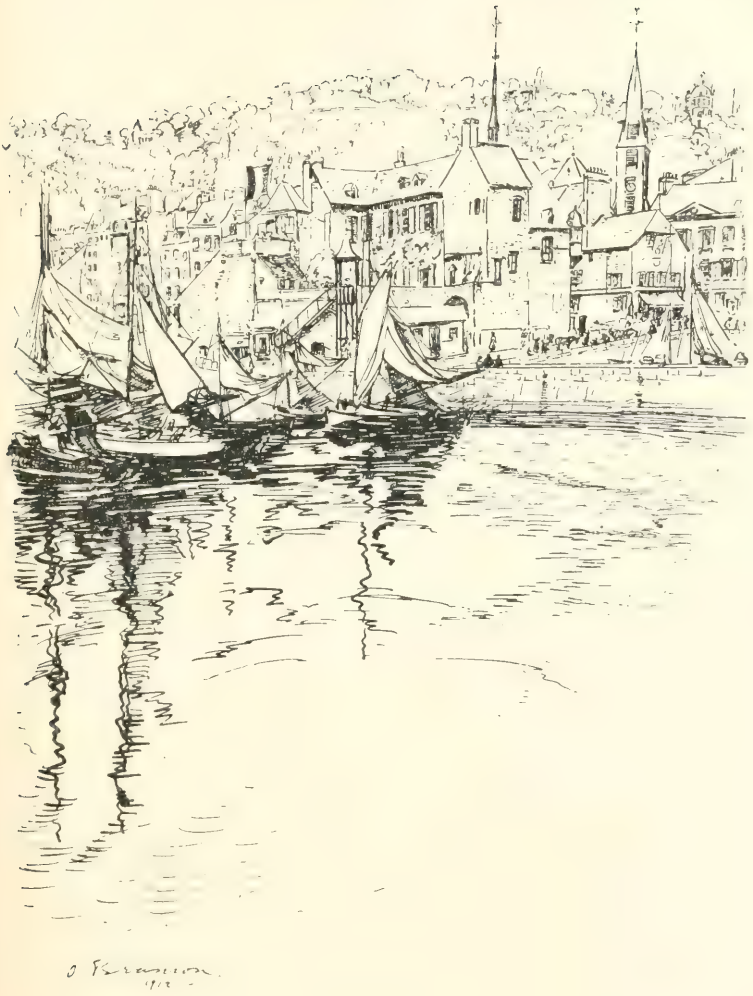
At the end of the west jetty we found the harbour-master, whom thoughtful friends at Havre had apprised by telephone of our coming. Keeping in mid-channel, for there is a great bank of mud against the jetty, we slacken speed and wait for instructions. We are directed to proceed to the Bassin du Centre, and accordingly we turn the vessel in between the stone piers, lined on either side with fishing craft through which we pick our way. The road bridge is swung, and a lighter against the gates is moved to enable us to pass into the dock. Once in the basin, willing hands, expectant of sous, are ready to receive our lines, and in a short time, having swung the

vessel, we are made fast to the quay. The courteous harbour-master had treated us well; it was an excellent berth, free from coal-dust and steamers' smoke, near enough to the town, and yet sufficiently removed from the too curious attention of the idlers who congregate on the main quays of the tidal harbour.

As at Havre, it was merely necessary to present the yacht's papers at the Custom House to be made welcome to the port: no official visits and no harbour dues.

Honfleur is constantly threatened with the fate of Harfleur, and it is only by incessant dredging that the entrance to the port and the channels to the various docks are kept open. Nevertheless, much of its ancient glory as a port is gone, partly on account of its proximity to Havre, and partly by reason of the growth of Rouen. Its main trade is with England and by steamers belonging to the South Coast Railways, its chief exports being dairy and agricultural produce, and its imports coal, grain, and timber. There is a considerable fishing population, and their industry is of much importance to the place. There was formerly a fair amount of shipbuilding at Honfleur in the days of wooden walls, but its yards to-day turn out only an occasional fishing-boat.

There is a quaint, pathetic, old-world look about



HONFLEUR.

Honfleur, which appeals to all who visit it. Such simple sights as it has to offer can be seen in the interval between the coming and going of the steamer from Havre, and this is about all the time that most strangers bestow upon it. But the place grows upon you, and weaves itself into your affections as you move about its narrow, steep, and crooked ways, and amidst its alleys, courts, and market-places, and become familiar with its grey weather-beaten buildings, and the sights and sounds of its quayside life. As we stand at the harbour-head near the crowd of fishing-boats, their sails and nets in "a most admired disorder," and look upon the high old houses to the back with the Porte de Caen in front, and the great straggling timber church of Ste. Catherine with its grotesque belfry, resembling more the base of a Dutch windmill than an ecclesiastical structure, we are irresistibly reminded of a set scene in a theatre, and it would occasion no surprise if a chorus of fishermen and maidens should suddenly emerge from behind the Lieutenance and chant the praises of the naval hero presently to appear on its steps.

The day after our arrival was a Saturday and market-day. The market is held in the space surrounding Ste. Catherine, and, like all such happenings in continental towns, has its attractions. It is then that the country-side flocks into Honfleur

to sell its cheese, butter, eggs, rabbits, fowls, fruit, flowers, and vegetables. The sellers of course are mostly women, who sit, almost cheek by jowl, on little stools in front of their produce gossiping among themselves or chatting with friends and

MARKET, HONFLEUR.

acquaintances. Some display their wares under temporary booths, or on extemporised tables of the cases which have served to bring them into the place. Bustle and the noise of talk are incessant. There is little space in which to move about, and the buyers, also mostly women, jostle and elbow each other in their efforts to make their purchases. A few men

in long black smocks and high-peaked caps mingle with the crowd, but the greater number of those who have driven their spouses to the market are in the cafés and cider-shops, and will for the most part remain there until it is time to harness their horses for the return journey. There is no display of bright colour. The women are mostly in black stuffs, and are as voluminously petticoated as a Scottish fishwife. Occasionally a dark blue cotton blouse is seen, but it is almost "kenspeckle" from its very infrequency. The head-gear is more varied; sometimes it is merely a loose shawl, sometimes a tightly fitting cloth folded so as practically to cover the hair, and occasionally a white cap, but the picturesque head-dress that characterised the women of Calvados in former times is now hardly ever seen in public. As noon approaches the crowd begins to thin, and the country women gather together their empty baskets and prepare to find their men-folk. Not a few of them step aside into the church, the ugly portico of which is littered with cabbage leaves, turnip tops and other refuse, to thank the Bon Dieu for sending good custom, and to count their sous and reckon profits.

Another market is occasionally held for the sale of stuffs, prints, linen, and articles of feminine apparel, in a space shaded by trees below the hill on which stands the Church of St. Leonard. At a Committee

of Ways and Means which usually preceded the serious business of the day, the subject of "the wash" was again taken into consideration, and in view of Dulcie's numerous avocations, and of the rigid economy in blouses necessitated by the unfortunate *contretemps* at Havre, it was resolved that she should be provided with a suitable overall, and a sub-committee was appointed to give effect to the decision. It was further resolved that the garment must be "chic," and of a style creditable to French manufacture and becoming to Dulcie—the colour some harmony of delicate blues, the point of departure being, of course, the colour of her eyes. The sub-committee duly visited the market, and with discriminating deliberation succeeded in complying with the onerous conditions, Dulcie being fitted amidst a gathering of appreciative onlookers who were good enough to express a unanimous and unqualified approval of the effect.

The Church of Ste. Catherine dates from the fifteenth century. It is one of the most extraordinary buildings in Normandy, and nothing exactly like it is to be seen elsewhere, unless possibly in Scandinavia or Russia. It is built of wood, and is put together somewhat in the manner of a ship. Its interior distantly resembles the hold of a vessel, its low aisles recalling the 'tween-decks of an old East Indiaman. To the visitor fresh from Bayeux or

Caen such a structure may seem grotesque, but somehow it seems congruous with the place. Honfleur, indeed, would not be Honfleur without Ste. Catherine. The one jarring note is its ridiculous portico, which is strangely out of keeping with the rest. The contrast between the portico and the old belfry in front of it is so marked that it is no wonder the two seem to have parted company, and to be no longer on speaking terms. The church contains some old statuary and a painting by Jordaens of the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane, but otherwise its *curiosités* are not remarkable.

The portal and rose-window of St. Leonard date from the sixteenth century; the rest of the building from the seventeenth, with the exception of the classical octagonal tower which is eighteenth-century work. The west front is noteworthy from the flamboyant character of the lower parts and its high tympanum.

The disused Church of St. Etienne has been turned into the meeting-place and museum of the Société du Vieux Honfleur. It was built in the fourteenth century by order of Charles V. to replace a still older church of the eleventh century erected elsewhere, and was enlarged by Henry V. of England in 1432. It was restored at the end of the last century. It contains much that is interesting in connection with the history of the town and neigh-

bourhood, and a pleasant hour may be spent in looking at the prints and paintings, the stained glass and statuary, the memorial tablets, old armour and weapons, and other mementos of the departed glory of the place.

In the adjoining court is an old *logis*—a fifteenth-century timbered house, in which are a number of rooms containing furniture and life-sized, life-like figures dressed in costume, showing the occupations and living-rooms of a sailor and his family, of *un bon bourgeois*, of an *épicier*, and of an engraver and printer of the seventeenth century. There are objects of interest in connection with the maritime history of Honfleur, pictures and models of its shipping, paintings of sea-fights and shipwrecks, and a great variety of the articles which made up the equipment of privateers, smugglers, and merchantmen of the sixteenth to the eighteenth century.

The Hôtel de Ville is a modern building of no architectural interest. It also contains the Exchange and the Court-House. On the upper floors is a badly-lighted picture gallery, containing a few paintings of merit, and a number of studies by Boudin in chalk, pencil, and pastel, together with some aquarelles, mostly marine and cloud studies, trees, cattle, and quayside groups.

One of the most interesting objects in Honfleur is the little chapel of Our Lady of Grace, built on the

summit of the hill to the west of the town. It was founded in 1034 by Robert the Magnificent—otherwise Robert the Devil—as a place of pilgrimage for sailors, and was rebuilt in 1606. On a fine Sunday afternoon, or on feast-days, it is the general resort of the citizens of Honfleur, and at such a time it is only necessary to follow the stream of men, women, and children to reach the place. But even on other days the way is found without difficulty. Crossing the market-place to the left of the old timber church and along the sloping Rue des Capucins, you turn into the Rue de Grâce, bearing to the left at the junction with the Trouville road. A steep way under the grateful shade of elms, limes, and chestnut-trees leads to an undulating plateau, on the sea-front of which is a Calvary, erected, as the inscription states, by Monseigneur Flavien Hugonin, Bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux. It is a shady spot, and from its height of 280 feet commands a fine view of the estuary. On the opposite shore is seen Havre, with its docks and shipping, the steeples of its churches and the light-towers at the end of its jetties, backed by the cliffs over Ste. Adresse, extending to the steep escarpment of La Hève, on which the white light-houses are plainly visible. As the eye travels eastward we see the priory church of St. Honorine, the tall spire of Harfleur, and the churches of Gonfreville, Montivilliers, Rogerville, Sandouville;

the old lighthouse on the Pointe du Hode, and, lastly, on the extreme right, the wooded heights above Tancarville. Below the broken skyline of the cliffs, green on their slopes, but brown and white as they

CALVARY, CÔTE DE GRÂCE, HONFLEUR.

drop sheer down from a height of some 400 feet, is the long flat stretch of alluvial land through which runs the Tancarville Canal.

Looking down upon the estuary at low water we see its uncovered banks and winding channels, and we are again struck with the narrowness of the

navigable passage through which the river runs to the sea.

A hundred yards or so from the Calvary stands the Chapel. It is a little building, about 100 feet long and some 25 or 30 feet in width, lighted by four windows; it has no architectural pretensions,

CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF GRACE, HONFLEUR.

but is in perfect harmony with its surroundings. A glance inside at once serves to show what it means to the sea-faring folk of Honfleur. What vigils must the venerated image of Our Lady, framed on the north of the chancel arch, have witnessed! What supplications! What agony! What tears! For as the legend below the crude woodcut in the Imagerie in the Rue de Prison of old Honfleur reads, "C'est dans cette chapelle que par l'intercession de Marie,

ceux qui sont en mer échappent aux tempêtes et aux naufrages." The walls are literally covered with votive tablets—*reconnaissances* to Our Lady of Grace for merciful deliverance from the dangers of the deep. Models of ships hang from the roof or stand in the window-niches. Here and there are rude paintings of vessels in distress, scenes of wreck and disaster, interspersed with drawings of ships in full sail, or of framed samplers worked by women commemorating some never-to-be-forgotten peril to the bread-winner. It is a strange medley, but it is unspeakably eloquent in its simple pathos.

Honfleur has an unbroken history since the early part of the eleventh century, and there is some evidence that there was a settlement on its present site even prior to that time. It is therefore some five centuries older than its powerful rival on the other side of the estuary.

Like Harfleur, it was formerly a walled town and was strongly fortified. It was constantly taken, lost, and retaken during the wars with England, and was held by the English from 1430 to 1450, when they were expelled by Charles VII. It was captured by the Huguenots in 1562, by Henri IV. in 1590 and again in 1594. Few remains of its fortifications exist beyond the Lieutenance, built in the sixteenth century. This is a picturesque object, standing at

the head of the harbour and commanding the entrance to the port.

Honfleur was a famous nursery of seamen, and many of its sons have played a worthy part in the maritime and naval history of France. Among them may be named Paulmier de Gonneville, who sailed from here on his first voyage to Brazil in 1503. Other notable sea-captains of that period were Jean Denis and Hélie Chaudet, — *roy* Chaudet as he was called, — who continued the work of exploration of the New World and laid the foundations of the connection of France with Canada.

In the following century Pierre de Chauvin, François Dupont-Gravé, and François Doublet extended this connection. It was from Honfleur that Champlain sailed in 1608, in company with Dupont-Gravé, on the memorable voyage which led to the foundation of Quebec. Among the naval celebrities of Honfleur were the Admirals Hamelin and Motard, who were frequently in action against the English during the wars of the Revolution. Motard stood with Casabianca on the burning deck of the *Orient* when she blew up at the battle of the Nile, and fell into the hands of the English, who shortly afterwards released him on parole, to be a thorn in their side when he subsequently got command of the *Semillante* and preyed upon our Indian commerce.

It was from Honfleur that the Citizen-King, "Mr. William Smith," and Queen Marie Amélie made their undignified exit from France after the revolution of 1848. Victor Hugo, in his *Choses Vues*, thus describes the incident:—

Au dernier moment, un commissaire de police voulut faire du zèle. Il se présenta sur le bâtiment où était le roi en vue de Honfleur et le visita du pont à la cale.

Dans l'entrepont, il regarda beaucoup ce vieux monsieur et cette vieille dame qui étaient là assis dans un coin et ayant l'air de veiller sur leurs sacs de nuit.

Cependant il ne s'en allait pas.

Tout à coup le capitaine tira sa montre et dit:—

"Monsieur le commissaire de police, restez-vous ou partez-vous?"

"Pourquoi cette question?" dit le commissaire.

"C'est que, si vous n'êtes pas à terre en France dans un quart d'heure, demain matin vous serez en Angleterre."

"Vous partez?"

"Tout de suite."

Le commissaire prit le parti de déguerpir, fort mécontent et ayant flairé une proie.

During the war of 1870–71 the town was occupied for a time by German troops.

CHAPTER V

TANCARVILLE. LILLEBONNE

HONFLEUR, or, more precisely, the portion of its population that appears to spend the greater part of its waking existence on the quays, only seems to bestir itself with the incoming tide. As soon as the turbid water rushes up between the jetties and pours over the mud-banks, the fisher-folk suddenly waken up, and for a brief half-hour there is activity and excitement in the port. The dock-gates are opened, bridges swung, ropes cast off, and there is an eager jostling scramble to get through the narrow entrances of the basins.

On the day of our departure the early morning was dull and cloudy, with occasional heavy showers and every sign of a spell of unsettled weather. There had been a strong breeze from the southward in the night, and there was a considerable swell on in the estuary. The lock-master had lifted the sluices without waiting for the tidal pressure on the gates, as the wind was keeping

back the water. We had arranged to go up to Tancarville on the flood, and had informed the authorities there of our wish to lie in the basin for a few days. As soon as the rush of the fishing-craft was past, we got a rope on to the opposite wall and warped the yacht out against the strong side-wind. It required some patience, tact, and good-temper to pick our way among the crowd of boats that encumbered the channel. Our difficulties were increased by the presence of a dredger and some barges at work on the mud-bank between the jetties. However, we got through in time without mishap. As we steamed out into the broad waters of the estuary towards the channel buoys we met a Norwegian timber-ship making for the port.

The bay was alive with fishing-boats driving up-stream over the banks before the fresh breeze. Our way, at first, lay over towards the northern shore, in the direction of Harfleur. It was indicated by the buoys—boats on which the lights are placed—painted black to port and red to starboard, and moored at intervals of a few hundred yards. These are continued to near the mouth of the little river Risle leading up to Pont Audemer. It had been part of our original programme to take the yacht up there, but we were dissuaded by the Vice-Consul at Honfleur from making the attempt, as the channel is narrow and tortuous, and its entrance

nearly silted up. Even if we had managed to get up with the aid of the tide we should not be able to lie afloat, and it was doubtful if we could have turned the vessel. Now that Pont Audemer is connected with Honfleur by railway, the authorities are seemingly unwilling to spend money in maintaining the waterway. It is only the freshets that keep the entrance to the Risle open.

Pont Audemer—the *Breviodurum* of the Romans—is described as a pretty little town of old timbered houses, with a remarkable church, St. Ouen, dating from 1483, the work of the architects of Notre Dame at Caudebec, which it was to have rivalled in the sumptuousness of its Renaissance ornament had there been money enough to finish it. It is said to be particularly rich in stained glass. Pont Audemer has had a chequered history, and has suffered much from the vicissitudes of war. In one of the sieges of its castle, in the early part of the fourteenth century, cannon were first used in France.

Pont Audemer had a further claim upon our interest from the circumstance that it was the birthplace of Taillevent, "grand cuysinier du roy de France," and the compiler of the first French cookery-book. It claims, too, the distinction of having invented the sausage, and has a reputation for its samlets.

With a regretful glance up the Risle, the yacht's

head was now turned towards the great dykes within which the Seine is here confined. The channel lies between the lighthouse on the spit on the right bank of the Risle and the lighted beacon of black piles on what was formerly the north dyke of the main river, with the light-tower of La Roque showing up in the centre. The channel winds from north to south and skirts for a time the south dyke. In the narrow portion leading up to Tancarville there is deep water almost to the very fringe of the left bank, the edges of the submerged portions being marked by piles, painted red, in size and shape reminding us of "Aunt Sally," well known to all frequenters of Poole harbour.

The general aspect of the country to the north of this portion of the estuary between Havre and Tancarville, as seen from the Côte de Grâce, has already been described. That to the south from Honfleur to La Roque, as seen from the yacht, is more varied, and more sylvan in character. On leaving Honfleur, from the shore to a little distance inland is a short stretch of flat alluvial ground, on the farther edge of which runs the road to Fiquefleur and Berville-sur-Mer. At the back the land rises in well-wooded slopes, with numerous intervening valleys. The steam from a locomotive reveals the line of railway from Honfleur to Pont l'Eveque. Down the valley in which Fiquefleur

stands runs the little river Marelle, which here divides Calvados from the Department of the Eure. We pass in succession the hamlets of Fatouville and Jobles, and, close to the road, the remains of the Abbey of Grestain, where Arlette, the tanner's daughter, and mother of William the Conqueror, was buried. A little farther is Berville and Conteville—the former a small watering-place of no great pretensions. The high chalk cliff of La Roque, on the other side of the valley of the Risle, rising to a height of 300 feet, and running almost north and south, is a striking feature in the landscape. The nature and configuration of the land at this point, on both sides of the estuary, and the existence of the alluvial flats, which stretch eastwards towards Quillebeuf, and on the opposite shore westwards from Tancarville to the Pointe du Hode, suggest the idea that at some very remote period the cliffs were continuous and that the river had worn a passage through.

As we rounded the bend of the stream leading up to Tancarville we observed a steamer ashore on the broad mud-bank which lies between Quillebeuf and the northern shore. Here the navigable channel is narrow, and the turning is one of the most awkward places on the maritime section of the river, and is consequently the scene of frequent accidents. There is not much hope for the un-

fortunate vessel that gets hard on upon the southern edge of this bank on an ebb tide. Should she be so unlucky as to ground during springs, the *Mascaret* has her within its grip, and will inevitably drive her higher on the bank, or roll her over. The wrecked steamer was a Norwegian tramp laden with wood-pulp. She had touched the bank two months previously in trying to keep clear of an outgoing vessel. She was a hopeless loss, having broken her back.

We arrived at the entrance to the Tancarville lock some little time after high water, and the strong southerly wind had already begun to raise a short cross-sea as the ebbing tide swept past the opening. There was, however, no difficulty in turning in, and with the aid of the friendly lock-men we brought up on the weather-side and made fast to the bollards.

It is not always so easy to shoot across the tide into the opening. Some years previously when *Cysne* happened to be at Tancarville, a small tug got into difficulties, and was helped out by the yacht and her crew of Colne men. The name of the tug was *Fashoda*. When *Cysne's* owner glanced up at the lock-master—a big burly Norman, with a merry eye and a ready laugh—the Frenchman saw the humour of the situation and grinned expansively.

We had some time to wait before the gates were

opened. The small steamer running from Pont Audemer to Havre along the Tancarville Canal was nearly due, and the authorities had decreed that we should lock in together. Soon we heard the shrill pipe of her whistle, and she came bustling along with her bow high up in the air, and her fore-foot out of the water, like an empty Clyde "puffer," and it gave us some little concern to see how her helmsman was slamming the wheel over first on one side and then on the other to get her past us. With the tide running like a mill-race across the mouth and the strong wind acting on her high bow, the dumpy little thing spun round like a tee-totum. Luckily she bumped up against the opposite wall, and was promptly tied up like a romping puppy.

Moving in and out of so large a lock as that of Tancarville is necessarily a deliberate performance. The iron road-bridge is slowly swung, and as business should precede pleasure, we follow "La Risle" into the lock. The lower gates are closed, the bridge swung back again, and the lock gradually filled. Nobody is in any hurry, and the skipper of the little packet meanwhile goes off to *déjeuner*. In due time the upper gates are opened and the man on duty on "La Risle" motions to us to go out as her skipper is still engaged on his meal. The ropes are cast off, and a hundred yards or so

outside we swing the yacht and bring up alongside some mooring-piles, in about 10 feet of water. It was a peaceful spot with no sounds to disturb us save the rustle of reeds and the "cheep" of innumerable swallows sitting on the telephone wires or skimming the placid surface of the water. The

TANCARVILLE CANAL AND LOCK.

sounds in the silent watches of the night were hardly so soothing; for the intermittent hum of the hungry mosquito disturbed the rest of at least one member of the party, who, in spite of warnings, *would* read in bed with open ports.

The Tancarville Canal is a maritime waterway connecting the Bassin de l'Eure at Havre with the dyked channel of the Seine at Tancarville. It is

especially serviceable to small vessels desirous of escaping the strong tides and exposed waters of the estuary. The water-level is about 3 feet below high-water springs, and slightly more than 4 feet above high-water neaps at Havre. At Tancarville it is nearly 6 feet below high-water and about 15 feet above low-water springs. Its total length is about $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It is nearly straight, and has a fairly uniform surface-width of 165 feet. It has two terminal locks, each 590 feet long and 98 feet wide, with entrance gates 52 feet wide and $19\frac{1}{2}$ feet over the sills. The depth of the canal is $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet between Tancarville and Harfleur, and about 18 feet over the space of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles between Harfleur and Havre. It is crossed by ten swing-bridges and three ferries. Vessels drawing 7 feet can pass into or leave Tancarville lock, at springs, from one hour before up to four hours after the time of high water at Havre, which is practically the same as at Tancarville. At neaps, from two hours before to four hours after high water. The channel connecting the lock at Tancarville with the Seine is kept dredged to approximately zero depth. The canal has sidings at Graville, Harfleur, and Tancarville, and bollards and mooring-piles are placed at convenient spots. There is a side channel at the Lézarde, crossed by a swing-bridge, leading to Harfleur, in which yachts occasionally lie. There

is no difficulty in navigating the canal, the main regulation being that the vessel's speed shall not exceed 5 knots, in order to minimise the wash on the banks. There are no tolls or dues.

The main object of interest at Tancarville is the ruined Castle, which stands at a height of 150 feet

TANCARVILLE CASTLE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
(From an old print.)

on the extreme edge of the chalk cliff, some little distance inland. It is a striking feature in the landscape as seen from Quillebeuf, or from the river descending from Vieux-Port. Up to 1852 the tidal Seine at high water washed the foot of the cliff on which the Castle is perched. Now a broad well-made road runs at a short distance from its base to the village where it branches off, on the one hand to St. Nicholas de la Taille, St.

Antoine la Fôret, and Bolbec, and on the other to Lillebonne. Between the cliff and the road are the wooden houses of the workmen engaged in quarrying the chalk and in constructing the dykes on the northern bank of the estuary. These houses form a

TANCARVILLE CASTLE.

little hamlet, known locally as the City of St. George. A narrow-gauge railway runs at the back to some little distance beyond the village where the quarrying is mainly done; it passes through a short tunnel, opening out upon the high-road near the canal lock, and thence across the swing-bridge to the dykes. The village of Old or Lower Tancarville, overlooked by the Castle, consists of a few

cottages and a disproportionate number of cafés and cider-shops. It stands at the mouth of a beautifully wooded glen, down which flows a pretty stream, overshaded with trees; after passing to a mill-dam, the rivulet finds its way into the Radicatel, and ultimately into the Seine.

On the other side of the valley, on the chalk cliff corresponding with that on which the Castle stands, was, until a few years ago, a remarkable peak, known in the district as Pierre-Gante (Pierre du Géant), on which, according to tradition, the Devil was wont to sit when he washed his feet in the Seine. The *Administration des Ponts et Chaussées* has made short work of his Satanic Majesty's fauteuil, and it now forms part of the dyke below Tancarville. Modern engineers have no regard for the sanctity of traditions.

The Castle of Tancarville was founded towards the middle of the tenth century by a Norman chieftain named Tancred, whence the name *Tancredi Villa* given to the little village which gradually grew up around it. It will have been noticed that the suffix *ville* occurs frequently in the names of places along the ridge of this section of the Pays de Caux. It is due to the circumstance that, as at Tancarville, the stronghold of the chieftain was known by his name, and that this came to designate the hamlet which sprung up beneath its shelter.

The name Tancarville appears in a charter granted by Henry I. to William of Tancarville, a son and successor of Raoul of Tancarville, the preceptor and chamberlain of William the Conqueror. Raoul de Tancarville founded the Abbey of Saint-Georges de Boscherville in the middle of the eleventh century, and this became the place of sepulture of the family. The Castle of the Tancarvilles, who were a quarrelsome, turbulent race, became of importance on account of its strategic position. It remained in their possession as hereditary Chamberlains of the Duchy of Normandy, and, subsequently, adherents of the Kings of France, until the early part of the fourteenth century when it passed by marriage to the Meluns, one of whom was made prisoner at the battle of Poitiers (1356) and the last of whom was killed at Azincourt in 1415. It went next to the Harcourts, then to the Montmorencys, and ultimately to the Tour d'Auvergnes. It was taken and burnt by Henry V. in 1418, by Charles VII. in 1435, and was besieged without success by the Catholics in 1562. A new château was built by Louis de la Tour d'Auvergne, Count d'Evreux, between 1710 and 1717.

The Castle of Tancarville has had a chequered reputation, and was inhabited in turn by Charles VI., Charles VII., and Agnes Sorel. At one time

it was the residence of John Law of Lauriston, the originator of the Mississippi Scheme and the director of the famous Compagnie des Indes. It was known as the Fort of the Hangmen during the Revolution, when it was plundered and nearly destroyed. During the First Empire it was held by Marshal Suchet, created Duke of Albufera by Napoleon for his conquest of Valencia, when he was awarded the revenues of the domain. These he lost after the battle of Vitoria, when they were given by the grateful Spaniards to Wellington. It was as a guest of the Duc d'Albufera at Tancarville that Pierre Lebrun wrote the tragedies of *Ulysse* and *Marie Stuart*. The Castle is now the property of the Count de Lambertye. Permission to see the ruins is usually granted on application. To reach the entrance we turn to the left from the main road at the village, and pass through a small gateway under two spreading chestnut-trees, then through an orchard and along a narrow steep path winding through the wood which clothes the cliff. We soon reach the gate-house, flanked by two towers 50 feet high, the arched portal to which was formerly fitted with a double portcullis. Here dwelt the Captain of the Castle who was responsible for the safe-keeping of the prisoners on the first floor. Dulcie declared it all looked so delightfully feudal or mediaeval — whichever was the right

expression—that she was tempted to cry, "What ho, there!" in the style of Lady Blanche in *The Pantomime Rehearsal,* but we checked the exuberance of her imagination and decorously rang the bell. A head was thrust out of an upper window, and a voice demanded to know our business. The *gardienne* being satisfied that we had no intention of surprising the Castle, or of attempting a rescue, presently descended and opened the small door in the gate. On learning our wish she asked for a visiting-card. "A visiting-card! How commonplace!" cried the irrepressible Dulcie. "Just fancy the Sire de Harcourt being asked for his visiting-card when he called, as no doubt he did, to explain that little affair at Lillebonne!" Dulcie was alluding to something she had read to us that morning in Mr. Dearmer's *Normandy* about a furious quarrel between the families, when Tort de Harcourt seized a mill claimed by Robert of Tancarville. It led to a duel in the presence of the Kings of France, England, and Navarre. *Donc fut crié ho de par le roy de France*, and so the fight was stopped.

We were admitted into a triangular space. At one corner stood a roofed bastion, circular without, but three-sided within the enclosure—the Tour l'Aigle—about 90 feet high. From this ran a broad terrace and garden along the edge of the cliff as far

as the modern chateau. From the terrace there is a grand view over the flat land below, and of Quillebeuf and the river as far as Vieux-Port. The ground-space of the Castle is roughly triangular, following the shape of the top of the cliff on which it is built. At the corners are the remains of towers —known respectively as the Tour du Lion, the Tour Coquesart, and at the south angle the Tour Carrée, four stories in height, and said to be the oldest part of the castle. It was decorated with mural paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and stood intact until the Revolution. There are also remains of seven intermediate towers along the enclosing walls beyond which was the donjon. The walls of the principal towers are upwards of 18 feet in thickness. Between the Tour Coquesart, which is triangular and fifteenth-century work, and the Tour Carrée were the living-rooms of the lords of Tancarville. Here the walls have been thrown down, the roofs and floors destroyed, and the place is overgrown with brambles and weeds. Many of the features of the internal arrangement can, however, be made out, such as the chapel with its pointed arches, and the Salle des Gardes with its three chimney-pieces, superposed and ornamented with columns. The Tour du Lion is also known as the Tour du Diable from the circumstance that the Prince of Darkness was said to reside there occasion-

ally, until the curé of the village managed to dislodge him. What with the curé and the Commissaires des Ponts et Chaussées, Apollyon would appear to have had a disturbed time of late years at Tancarville. From all accounts he must have been there pretty frequently in former times.

There are pleasant walks to be had in the vicinity of Tancarville. The shady road to the back of the Castle goes past an old church up to the plateau above, where is the modern church and school-house. We can wander by old farmsteads and quaint timbered houses through the undulating upland, and thence by steep winding roads running down the valleys reach the plain below. Not far from the village, near a spot known as the Bout de Ville, are the remains of a Roman Camp.

As our expedition was primarily concerned with the Seine and the towns and villages on its banks, it was no part of our plan to visit places at a distance from the river unless these could be reached by water, either by the yacht herself or by her motor-dinghy. But Lillebonne is so near to Tancarville —a matter of five miles only—and is so interesting a place, that despite the unpromising look of the weather we determined to walk over to the old town. Old indeed it is, for few places in the district can boast of the antiquity of the Juliobona

of the Romans. The hard sandy road which runs to it from Tancarville traverses the alluvial plain drained by the Radicatel. It skirts rich pastures and lush meadows, now gay with meadow-sweet, purple loosestrife, golden-starred agrimony and yellow ragwort, with here and there hooded bind-weed throwing its pure white flowers over the thickets. Shortly after we had left Tancarville it began to rain, as we had feared. We had trudged along for about a couple of miles under the dripping trees which overhung the road when we were over-taken by one of the light covered-in two-wheeled varnished carts or cabriolets owned by the better class of farmers. It was not unlike a roomy dog-cart, and was drawn by a sturdy quick-trotting horse driven by a fair-haired blue-eyed Norman on his way to Lillebonne market. He was compassionate, and gave us a lift, Dulcie stowing herself against a friendly sheep-dog at the rear of the cart. "He made," she declared, "such a nice warm comfy cushion" to her back. We soon reached Lillebonne, and parted from our good Samaritan at the out-skirts of the town.

According to MM. Apel and Brognard, of the Société Normande d'Études Préhistoriques, nothing is known with certainty of Lillebonne prior to the Roman occupation. Tradition states that it was the capital of the Calêtes, a people of the Pays de

Caux, then a part of Belgic Gaul, separated from Celtic Gaul by the Seine. Some Gallic medals have been found in Lillebonne, but no other discoveries pointing to a pre-Roman occupation have been made.

But if nothing remains of the Gallic settlement, such is not the case with the Roman town; its imposing ruins still stand to attest their former glory.

The town of Juliobona was built in the time of Augustus, the successor of Caesar, and was named after his daughter Julia. It is mentioned by Ptolemy and in the itinerary of Antoninus. Few of the Roman cities of Gaul were so favourably placed or possessed so many natural advantages. As a military post it commanded the passage of an important river, and was an agreeable and picturesque place of residence, situated at the end of sheltered valleys. Five military roads diverge from it—the first to *Rotomagus* (Rouen) through *Lotum* (Caudebec); the second to *Caracotinum* (Harfleur) and the mouth of the Seine; the third to *Breviodurum* (Pont Audemer), crossing the Seine at low water by a ford over the Banc des Flaques; the fourth to Boulogne-sur-Mer by Grainville-la-Teinturière (*Gravinum*); and the fifth to the sea at Etretat and Fécamp.

Juliobona was probably destroyed by the Northmen who overran the country near the end of the

third century. It was rebuilt in the following century, but from the indication on the map of Peutinger, made towards the end of the fourth century, it would seem to have lost all its former importance. Mention is made of Juliobona in 650 in connection with the first Council of Châlons; it is also referred to in a manuscript of 734, among the chronicles of Fontenelle, in which it is stated that the monks of the Abbey (St. Wandrille) used the cut and dressed stones of its ruins to build the basilica of St. Michael.

The first object to arrest attention on entering Lillebonne is the tall flamboyant spire of Notre Dame, recalling that of Harfleur. The church overlooks the market-place, filled at the time of our visit with booths and stalls and a busy crowd of country-folk and townspeople, with an outer fringe of itinerant vendors.

Notre Dame of Lillebonne was built at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century. The tower is square, with an octagonal spire pierced with lancet windows. Its total height is 180 feet; a stone stair of 149 steps leads to a gallery from which there is an extensive view of the surrounding country. The portal is a good example of fifteenth-century art—much injured by time and still more by impiety. On a pillar to the right is an inscription in Gothic characters stating that the church

was dedicated "A L'HON(n)E(u)R DELA V(ier)GE M(ari)E PAR REVEREND PERE E(n) DIEU MONSIE(u)R LEVESQUE DE THESSALO(niqu)E SUFFRAGA(n)T DE TRES REVEREND PERE EN DIEU GEORGES DA(m)BOISE ARCHEVEQUE DE ROUEN." The date is that of the day of St. George, April 23, 1517. The word "archevêque" was mutilated at the time of the Revolution.

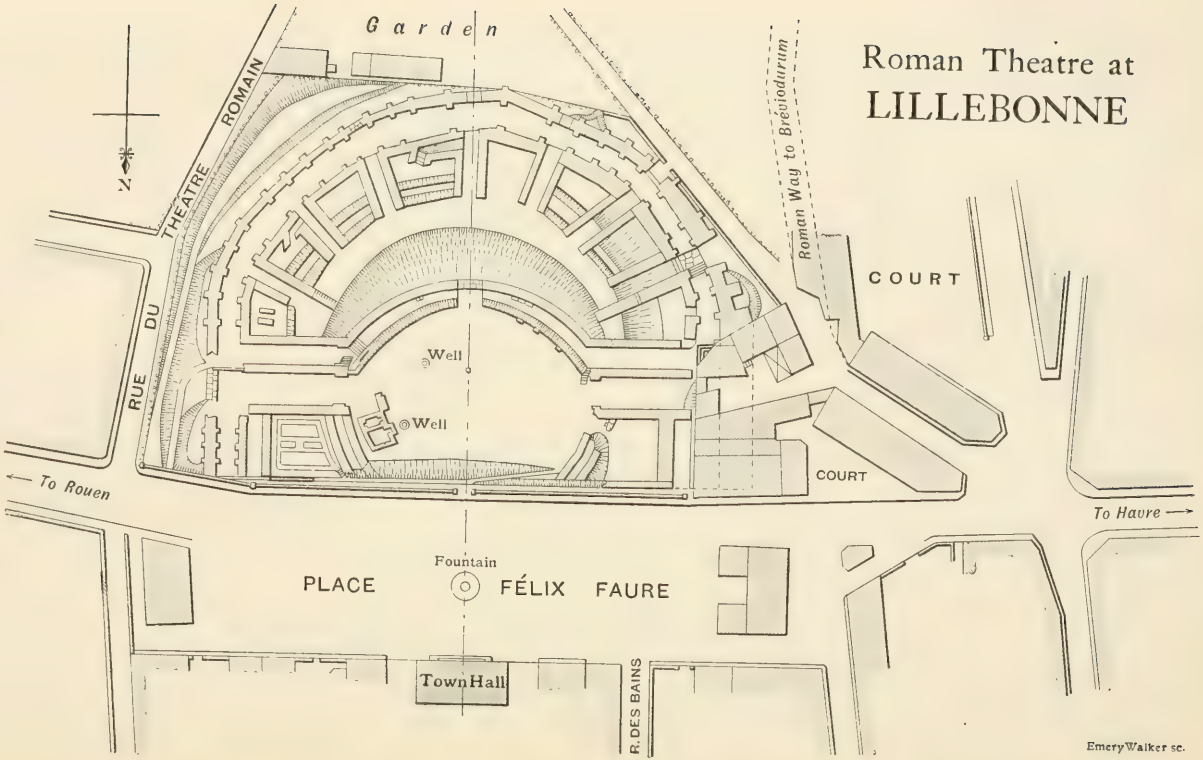
LILLEBONNE.

The main feature of interest in the interior is the choir, which has been happily restored. The old stained glass to the right represents incidents in the life of St. John the Baptist. The stalls are said to have come from the Abbey of Valasse. The tombstone in the choir is that of Jean de Chapelle, bailiff of Lillebonne in 1550; it formerly belonged to the Church of St. Denis, as did the alabaster bas-relief representing the women at the Tomb.

But the most interesting object of Lillebonne is the Roman amphitheatre or *Cirque Romain*, as it is called locally, immediately opposite the Hôtel de Ville in the Place Félix Faure. The actual entrance to the theatre is down the Rue du Toupin, between the Hôtel de France and the Hôtel du Cirque Romain. It is unquestionably the most remarkable and best preserved Roman monument in northern France.

Public attention was first drawn to it by the Abbé Belley and the Count de Caylus, who in the eighteenth century published a plan of it in the *Recueil d'Antiquités*. At that time it was almost filled up with rubbish and overrun with brambles. It was known locally as the Roquette, and was so termed in a deed of 1701 ; it then belonged to the Harcourts, who were also the owners of Tancarville. In 1794 it was sold, as being the property of an *Emigré*, to a coffee-house keeper named Caron, who parted with much of the masonry, notably the two grand staircases at the end of the portico, for building material. Owing to the action of the Abbé Rever, curé of Conteville (Eure), a learned archaeologist, the Conseil Général of the Seine-Inférieure acquired possession of it in 1818 and voted funds for its excavation.

It stands at the bottom of a hill, and is nearly semicircular in form. The stage and the apart-


Roman Theatre at
LILLEBONNE
Garden
N
RUE DU THEATRE ROMAIN
Roman Way to Breviodurum
COURT
Well
Well
COURT
To Rouen
To Havre
Fountain
PLACE
FÉLIX FAURE
Town Hall
R. DES BAINS
Emery Walker sc.

ments in connection with it were comprised within a line joining the two large lateral passages, formerly vaulted, and the porch, which nearly filled up the space now enclosed by the iron railing along the Place Félix Faure. At the boundary of the half-circle formed by the orchestra and above it on the first flat surface were the stone seats (*bisellia*) reserved for the quality and important functionaries. Some of these seats in a good state of preservation may still be seen. The orchestra is of considerable size. Connected with it is an opening, the significance of which is not certain. It may have served as a sort of central box, or as an entrance to cellars at present hidden by large blocks of dressed, uncemented stone. The tiers rising above the orchestra, forming the *cavea*, and indicated by passages (*praecinctiones*), have disappeared. Staircases led to them from the entrances or vomitories, converging towards the centre of the orchestra. The space between any two of these staircases was styled the *cuneus*, and the several tiers were known as *ima cavea*, *media cavea*, and *summa cavea*, corresponding with the dress circle, upper circle, and gallery of a modern theatre — the *summa cavea* being occupied by the commonalty.

Running round the wall encircling the orchestra was a paved path, about 8 feet wide, confined within a low wall now razed to the ground. Above

the tiers and overlooking the building were eight loggias or "boxes," with vomitories leading to the circular corridor.

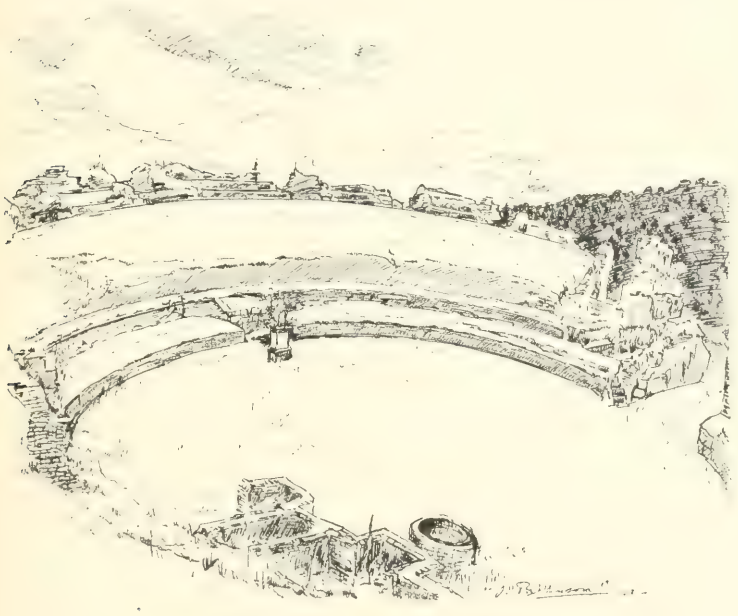
The major axis of the theatre, running east and west, is about 340 feet in length; the smaller axis, *i.e.* from north to south, is about 245 feet long. The great circular corridor, of which the steps have disappeared, is about 620 feet in length. Its walls were strengthened by inner and outer buttresses, and it was vaulted. It served all the passages giving access to the interior of the building, including the two large lateral entrances, and was apparently level with the orchestra and stage.

The edifice was constructed of local stone, uncemented together, and faced with large flat bricks. It was probably built in the first half of the first century, that is, in the time of Hadrian or of his successor, Antoninus Pius—both of whom did much to preserve and strengthen the hold of Rome upon Gaul.

During the Saxon invasions in the third century the theatre would seem to have been used for purposes of defence. At this period all the external openings were blocked up by large stones taken from the necropolis. The baths and wells found within the enclosure would appear to have been then built for the use of the garrison.

On the rising ground to the east of the theatre,

and a short distance from it, is the site of the intrenched *Castellum*, strengthened during the incursion of the northern hordes by a thick wall, 10 to 12 feet high, remains of which are still to be seen in the Rue des Bains, Rue de l'Abreuvoir and



Roman Theatre, Lillebonne.

elsewhere. Inscribed mural tablets from this wall are preserved in the Archaeological Museum at Rouen. There was formerly a Roman gateway in the space between the Rue Guillaume-le-Conquerant and the Rue des Bains, constructed with stones showing evidence of inscriptions and sculptured work, but no trace of it remains. The camp seems

to have been supplied with water from the springs of Fontaine-Bruyère by an aqueduct, traces of which have been met with in excavations made at various times.

Like all Roman cities, Juliobona was well supplied with *thermae* and bath-houses. Remains of these were discovered close to the present public fountain in the Place Félix Faure. In one of the rooms, a statue of Parian marble, said to represent Faustina, the dissolute wife of Antoninus Pius, was found in 1828. It is preserved at Rouen. Other *thermae* have been unearthed in the Quartier d'Alincourt, showing remains of aqueducts, hypocausts, piscinæ and the various appurtenances of an extensive and luxuriously appointed *balnearium*, rich in marble sculptures. Many of these marbles are to be seen in the Museum at Rouen.

The gilded bronze statue of Apollo or Antinous, 6 feet high, in the Museum of Antiquities at the Louvre, was found at Lillebonne. The Rouen Museum contains many other articles of bronze—figures, statuettes, and a great number of coins which have been discovered here in the course of excavations.

One of the most beautiful remains of the Roman occupation of Lillebonne is a large mosaic found in a garden near the Rue du Havre, formerly occupied by a Benedictine hostel and convent.

It is about 26 feet long and upwards of 20 feet wide. The central design shows Apollo pursuing a nymph, both figures being life-size. Surrounding this is a representation of a hunting episode in four scenes—the invocation to Diana, the departure for the chase, the sighting of the stags, and their pursuit, the whole being enclosed within a broad white border. Two inscriptions are placed above and below the central group. This, the largest ancient mosaic yet discovered in France, is justly regarded as one of the greatest archæological treasures of the Rouen Museum. In the vestibule of the Mairie at Lillebonne, which also contains a small collection of Romano-Gallic remains and an indiscriminate miscellany of objects of local interest, an attempt has been made to work in this mosaic as part of the flooring, but, as the garrulous *gardien* explained to us, the *hardiesse* of the municipal authorities stopped short of a too faithful reproduction, although this is given in a small framed drawing on the adjoining wall and in the Museum.

From time to time further discoveries of Roman remains are made in the neighbourhood. The old necropolis of Juliobona, situated on the slopes of a little hill near the manor house of Câtillon, has proved a veritable treasure-ground, and great numbers of cinerary urns and other objects in a remarkable state of preservation have been met with.

On the site of the old *Castellum* the dukes of Normandy erected a stronghold, and it became one of their favourite residences. The Castle eventually fell into the hands of the Harcourts, who lost it at the time of the Revolution. A portion of the ruins, demolished in the first half of the last century, indicated that these dated from the tenth century. It was here that Duke William assembled the States-General of the province in 1066 and proposed to them the conquest of England. The English, in their turn, nearly four centuries later, attacked Lillebonne and destroyed it during the Hundred Years' War. It was frequently the residence of kings. William the First was several times there; Stephen seized it in 1137; Henry II. of England lived there in 1162, and Philip II. in 1207.

The wide and deep fosse which formerly surrounded the Castle was filled up about 1830. The site is now occupied by a modern mansion built prior to 1870, but access to the ruins, which form a picturesque feature in the well-kept grounds, is readily granted. The remains consist of isolated towers and detached fragments of buildings and outer walls. The Round Tower, used as a look-out by the sentinels and as a refuge in case of siege, is about 85 feet high and contains three floors. It is surrounded by a deep moat, and

could only be entered over a drawbridge. The internal space is about 25 feet wide and the walls are upwards of 12 feet thick. Originally it was covered by a leaden roof, which was removed a few years before the Revolution, causing the partial ruin of the building. Its restoration is due to its present owner, M. Langer. Over the entrance door is the keystone of an arch bearing the arms of the Rieux-Rocheforts, Counts of Harcourt, the former owners of the Castle. It was originally the keystone of the vault on the upper story of the tower. Near the top, level with the gargoyles, may still be seen four stone supports which served to bear the *hourd* or movable wooden scaffold on which the men defending the drawbridge were placed. In the walls of the ground-floor apartment are stone seats and a chimney-place with a spacious bread-oven. From this place runs a narrow winding stair, within the thickness of the wall, leading to the upper floors; on the second floor are a chimney-place and latrines. Here has been placed a stone sarcophagus found while excavating the enclosure. The roof of the tower makes a platform round which runs a railing. This tower is usually associated with William the Conqueror, but it is certainly much later than his period, and was probably built in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Not far from the round tower is a ruined

octagonal tower, probably a part of the chapel, and apparently dating from the thirteenth century. A wall now removed formerly connected the two towers, and enclosed the site on that side. The well is probably of Roman origin. Near the wall running from the octagonal tower is a circular space on which formerly stood a third tower of which nothing remains. In the space between this razed tower and the west angle of the enclosure was situated the most interesting feature of the old fortress, demolished in 1838, viz. a Romanesque arcade or cloister with a double row of openings. A similar arcade ran along the wall to the west. They probably date from early Norman times, and were doubtless connected with the living rooms of the dukes. At the northern angle is the tower now known as the Tour Crénelée. Before the last restoration this tower had a pointed roof like a dove-cot, and was used as a cart-house. To the north was a high wall in which was the main entrance to the Castle. The modern mansion is built outside the actual enclosure of the old castle, and on the site of a much smaller house erected in the middle of the eighteenth century.

The view from the summit of the round tower is well worth the climb of a hundred steps. Looking to the south we see the broad, flat plain, dotted with tall poplars, stretching to the river, which

encircles as with a silver band the grey houses of distant Quillebeuf and the dark line of the uplands across the Marais-Vernier. To the left, in the foreground, is the ruined octagonal tower, covered with lichens and ivy, and below is the Roman theatre; still farther to the east the rising ground is covered with fruit-trees, and beyond are fields of yellow grain. At the foot of the enclosure runs the old military road to *Lotum* and *Rotomagus*. In the valley below flows the Bolbec, along the line of which are the modern cotton-mills which nowadays bring occupation and prosperity to the little town.

Our contemplation of this beautiful panorama was rudely disturbed by the thought that five miles lay between us and dinner. As we returned, the rain, which providentially had kept off during the day, came down remorselessly, and the nearer we came to Tancarville the more pitiless was the deluge. We comforted ourselves with the assurance that the rainfall in the valley of the Seine became less and less as we left the sea. In any case the day was worth the wetting.

After dinner Dulcie was observed to be moving uneasily within her clothes. A thrill of alarm ran through the company.

"I do believe that dear old dog has given me a ——"

"*Pulex irritans?*" suggested somebody.

"That sounds bad enough for the creature. But I only know the 'sweet little thing,' as the Irish lady called it, by a much shorter name."

"A clear case of metempsychosis," said the Voice of Authority. "You must bear the visitation with patience and pity. It is the unquiet spirit of a predatory Tancarville."

CHAPTER VI

VILLEQUIER. CAUDEBEC. ST. WANDRILLE.

We cast off from the mooring-piles at Tancarville shortly after eight next morning, and went into the lock with a tug and train of barges on their way to Rouen. The lock-master directed us to take up such a position that we might pass out in advance of our companions. There was ample time in the lock for breakfast. The wind was still high, but the clouds were broken and there were occasional bursts of sunshine. We were clear of the lock a little before ten. As it was high water at eleven, and the tide takes between five and six hours to get to Rouen, we had the full benefit of the flood with us in our sixteen-mile run to Caudebec, our next port of call.

Once in the main stream we were pretty busy for

a time in keeping clear of steamers from Rouen passing out to sea—mainly empty colliers running back to Bristol Channel ports. The available space at the bend by the Fanal du Mesnil is limited, and the wrecked *Ronde* was an object-lesson not to be ignored. As we neared Quillebeuf we were passed by the *Félix Faure*, the passenger steamer plying between Havre and Rouen. The passage takes from six to seven hours, depending upon whether the vessel is ascending or descending the stream, and in summer is an agreeable way of seeing the Seine.

Quillebeuf, the ancient capital of the Roumois, a subdivision of Normandy, and the only port in Eure, which we pass on the right, is one of the pilot stations of the river. It is a sleepy little well-quayed town. It was originally part of the domain of the dukes of Normandy, and given by William Longsword to the Abbey of Jumièges. It has a church—Notre Dame de Bon Port—dating from the eleventh century, with some curious glass in the choir of the time of Henri IV. This monarch sought to make Quillebeuf a seaport to be called Henriqueville, but his schemes came to little on account of the natural disadvantages of the place. In 1674 an attempt was made by certain conspirators to sell it to Holland. It was a foolhardy business, and cost some of those engaged in it their lives. Latréaumont was compelled to kill himself,

Van der Ende was hanged, and M. de Rohan was beheaded in the courtyard of the Bastille. There is an ancient dyke across the Marais Vernier behind Quillebeuf still known as the Digue des Hollandais. That so wild a scheme was deemed practicable, could only have been based upon the supposition that Quillebeuf was such an out-of-the-way corner of the kingdom that its sale to a foreign power would remain unnoticed. That it was and still is for all practicable purposes a sort of detached fragment of France may be judged from the fact that it had and has its own language, its own poetry and dances, its own manners and customs—and some of these are distinctly archaic.

A steam-ferry runs from Port Jerome on the opposite bank, connecting Quillebeuf with Lillebonne and the rest of the world. If it is desired to stop at Quillebeuf, regard must be had to the tides; and if it is decided to remain overnight, local advice should be taken as to anchoring.

Formerly the river flowed over much of the space to the north, and at high water covered a large stretch of what is now pasture-land. In a little bight in the right bank, almost hidden by willows, Les Varouillères—a small stream running through the meadow-land from Petiville—joins the Seine. As already stated, the Roman road from Juliobona to the south ran by Petiville, and thence to the Banc

des Flaques, near the bend at Vieux-Port, which was fordable at low water. The land to the south of the river past Quillebeuf consists of low chalk cliffs, much broken and weather stained. On the top of the cliff is the high-road to Bourneville, through which place the Roman road from somewhere near Aizier, on the left bank where Romano-Gallic remains have been found, probably ran to *Breviodurum* (Pont Audemer).

On the side opposite to the little bight above referred to is the anchorage of La Corvette, where vessels waiting for water to reach the sea occasionally meet the Bore. Its violence, as it rushes towards Vieux-Port, subsides here in a remarkable manner owing to the configuration of the bed of the river. The place is indicated by the tide-gauge near the light tower at Courval.

Vieux-Port, on the left bank, is a quaint little hamlet straggling up the hill-side, almost hidden by trees, world-forgetting and by the world forgot. Beyond it, on the same side, is Aizier, a village with a Romanesque church, at the foot of the Forest of Brotonne. The great Forest of Brotonne, stretching from behind the flat ground to the south of the river opposite Caudebec to Aizier, has played no inconsiderable part in history. It served to separate the district of the Celts from that of the Calêtes, and was probably the seat of Druidical worship. In Mero-

vingian times it was known as the Forest of Arlaune. Childebert, King of Neustria, gave a part of it to the Abbey of Fontenelle (St. Wandrille), and Dagobert II. confirmed the gift. Across the alluvial plain to the north, about a couple of miles away, the ground rises, and amidst clumps of trees may be seen the village of St. Maurice d'Ételan, with a fifteenth-century church. The chateau d'Ételan, a short distance beyond, built in the same century, with a pretty chapel of the period, is a prominent feature in the landscape. The village next to it—Norville—has a church dating from the twelfth century, with a striking fifteenth-century tower.

As we turn the corner opposite the Fanal de la Vacquerie we see in front the cliffs overlooking Villequier, and the houses of the little town nestling in the valley. On the high ground is perched the chateau Roulleau, commanding a superb view down the long and beautiful reach of the river. At La Vacquerie the cliffs on the left bank gradually recede, and there is a flat stretch of rich meadow-land fringed with willows. A little distance from the bank stands the hamlet of Vatteville, amidst poplars, with a landing-stage on the river. Vatteville is a very old place and was formerly the site of a Merovingian palace. It has a ruined eleventh-century castle and sixteenth-century houses. The church (sixteenth century) contains some good glass.

Approaching Villequier, the cliffs to the north seem to drop down to the right bank of the stream, with barely sufficient room for the highway at their base. Villequier is completely sheltered from the north, and is beautifully situated at the bend, with fine views up and down the river. It is one of the sectional pilot stations of the maritime Seine.

VILLEQUIER, LOOKING TOWARDS CAUDEBEC.

The short stretch of the river between Villequier and Caudebec—a distance of about 3 miles—is by universal consent one of the most lovely reaches of the lower Seine, and is probably familiar to many who have never actually seen it, from the works of Horace Vernet, Daubigny, Boudin, and innumerable other artists who have been inspired by it. As we

round the bend the scene before us is so enchanting that we ring down "dead slow" to the engine-room, and allow the vessel to drift up with the tide with just sufficient steerage-way to keep her under control. With the advance of the day the weather had steadily improved. The sun had finally broken through shortly after leaving Quillebeuf. It was

THE SEINE AT CAUDEBEC.
(By Joseph Pennell.)

now nearing noon, and the cliffs and woods of the great forest of Maulevrier on our left, and the green meadows on our right, were bathed in the sunshine of a perfect August morning.

As we drew towards Caudebec the Angelus was sounding from the tower of Notre Dame. We stopped the engines and floated towards our anchorage below the town, under the shelter of the Dos d'Ane.

It is not altogether a matter of indifference where we anchor at Caudebec, especially during spring-tides and at the equinoxes, when, as already stated, the Bore may be rather violent. On one occasion when *Cysne* had been moored conveniently near the landing-slip, a strong Bore struck her, lifted both anchors, and swept her up-stream for a little distance until the "hooks" held again. At the next tide the anchors again dragged as the Bore caught

ANCHORAGE, CAUDEBEC.

her, and it was only by clever handling on the part of the ferryman, who was crossing at the moment —advantage is occasionally taken of the energy of the Bore to assist the steam-ferry across—that the yacht was prevented from running into his vessel. By dropping down-stream a hundred yards or so a position was found where the Bore had little effect. Here there is a shelving ridge running out from the right bank, with a shoal patch behind it, against which the rushing water strikes and is

deflected towards the opposite shore. It is in the space protected by the Ass's Back that the safest anchorage will be found: when the tide strikes the vessel she will be swung round pretty rapidly, but the anchors will hold. The position may be known by a large copper-beech—the only one immediately near—in the garden of a villa or small country house a short distance below the quay. When the little house on the ridge is seen over the country-house, the anchor may be dropped in about five fathoms.

A Street in Caudebec.

Another secure anchorage may be found a short distance above the town and well away from the ferry. It may be recognised by a number of mooring buoys in its vicinity.

Seen from the river on a summer's day, Caudebec, with its shady arbours, where the idlers love to sit and look upon the broad stream; with its row of

modest, homely hotels with their balconies and gay-coloured awnings behind the broad quay; with its graceful spire dominating the town; and with its backing of green hills, looks a quiet, peaceful spot. But one gains little idea of its real charm from this point of view. The actual Caudebec is very different from what the comparatively modern section of it fronting the Seine would lead us to expect. In reality, it is one of the oldest of Norman towns, built in the ninth century on the site of a Roman settlement —*Lotum*—and in its mediaeval houses, some of them in the last stages of senile decay, its narrow, crooked, ill-paved streets with water-courses crossing and running under and alongside them, gives most unmistakable signs of its antiquity. Now that so much of old Rouen has

A Street in Caudebec.

disappeared, Caudebec is almost unique, for nowhere on the borders of the Seine are to be met with such streets as the Rue de la Boucherie, the Rue de la Cordonnerie, the Rue de la Halle, the Rue Ste. Catherine, and the Grande Rue, their bulging fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth century timber houses, with their quaint windows and doorways, overhanging lintels and mouldings and irregular roofs, seeming to lean against each other as if the mutual support only kept them standing. Naturally the click of the kodak is heard everywhere around, and the place is the happy hunting-ground of artists, who may be seen by the dozen at the street corners or in the market-place during the summer, transferring these delightful bits of mediaevalism to paper or canvas. Indeed, wherever you turn there is a picture, sometimes gorgeous in colour, from the wealth of flowering creepers and climbing roses which run up the walls or twine themselves about the mouldings.

CAUDEBEC

Caudebec, the most northerly point of the Seine, was formerly the capital of the Pays de Caux. It was an important place in the Middle Ages, and

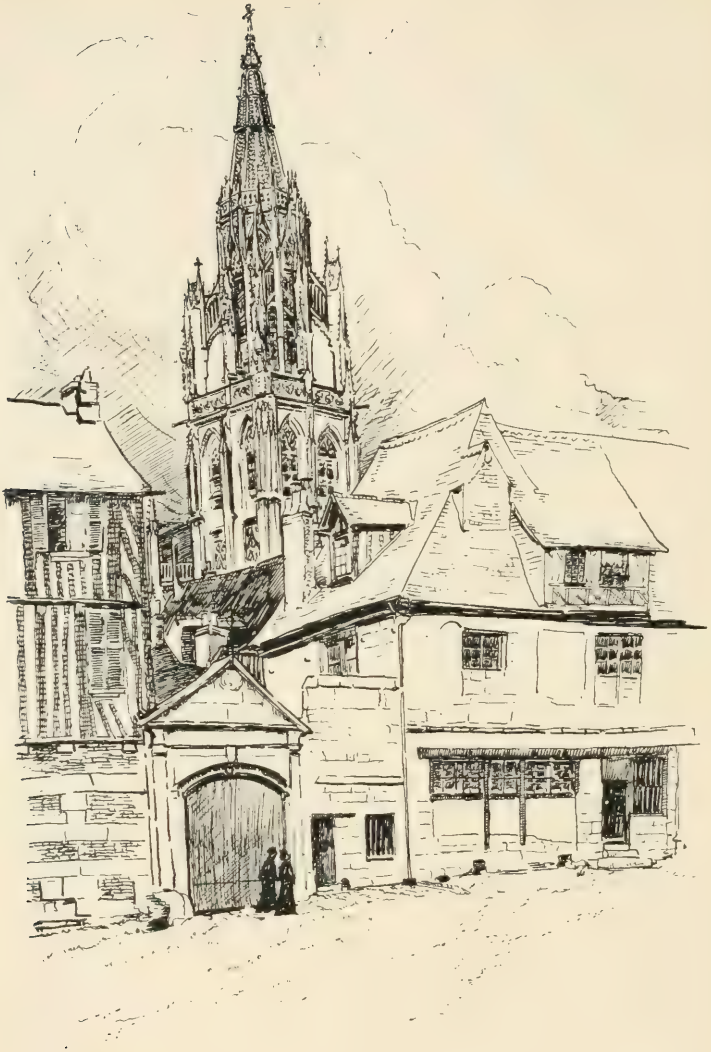
one of the chief ports on the river—a walled town with fosses, ramparts, towers, and a drawbridge—and was the scene of frequent skirmishes during the French and English wars of the fifteenth century.

River Ste. Gertrude.

It was taken by the English under Talbot and Warwick in 1419 after a siege of six months, and held by them for some time. In olden times it was famous for its tanneries, and some of these still remain, overhanging the swiftly-flowing streamlets of Ste. Gertrude and the Ambion—tumble-down timbered structures in the most picturesque stage of dilapidation. The kid gloves made there were so fine and supple that they could be placed within a walnut shell. Caudebec gave its name to a hat originally of lamb's wool, but latterly also of camel's hair and ostrich down; indeed, in the middle of the

eighteenth century any felt hat, whatever might be its origin, was known as a "Caudebec." At that period of its manufacturing prosperity the town was a cribbed, cabined, and confined little place, hemmed in by the high ground which closes in upon it on three sides. It only got breathing-space when its walls were thrown down. In 1417, and again in 1457, it was visited by the plague, when the relics of St. Wulfran from the neighbouring Abbey of St. Wandrille were carried through the town. Henri IV., whose outspoken candour seldom left much to be desired in point of directness, termed it the worst setting to the prettiest jewel in Normandy. The jewel was Notre Dame—a gem of Gothic architecture, and without a doubt the chief glory of Caudebec.

The Church of Caudebec-en-Caux has been described by many ecclesiologists, notably by the Abbés Miette, Cochet, and Sauvage, and by the archaeologist Le Sage. Caudebec possessed a church—Bienheureuse Vierge Marie—at least as far back as the eleventh century, and probably earlier. Around it was held a market which, as now, brought much custom to the town. The nave of the present structure was begun in 1426 at the instance of Louis XI., under the direction of Guillaume le Tellier, whose house is still pointed out, and the enlargements in the direction of the



CAUDEBEC.

market-place and portal were built at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century. The clock-tower was completely restored in 1883, and since the end of last century additional work has been necessary to repair damage due to lightning.

The best general view of the structure is to be obtained from the market-place. On the left is the tower, in all the majesty of its 330 feet; at its base, to the right, the record office, the south portal, and, in succession, the chapel windows. A parapet protects the first gallery; to the right four small roofs over the lateral chapels, then, in succession, five other roofs, rather larger and pyramidal, over the apsidal chapels; a range of flying buttresses, twenty-four in number, supporting the arches and resting upon the separating walls of the chapels, forming counterforts, each of which was formerly ornamented by a statue in front, and at the bottom of which still exists a gargoyle. A little higher is a row of large windows between which end the flying buttresses; above, a parapet of Gothic letters, formerly gilded; and lastly, a small *flèche* at the point of the separation of the choir and nave.

A glance at the beautiful tower serves to show that it is composed of three distinct superposed parts. The first and largest section is square up to the first gallery, the "*Viri Galilaei*," so called because on Ascension Day two choristers are stationed

there to sing the responses to "*Viri Galilaei*" to the clergy in the market-place; the second section is octagonal and supports the third section, the tiara crowning the whole. The first section up to the higher windows, eight in number and open to the air, behind which are the bells, is built of a white sandstone; the rest is of a yellowish colour and more perishable. The gallery is reached by a winding stair in the angle of the tower; it commands a fine view of the Seine and of the valley of Ste. Gertrude. The counterforts and buttresses, ornamented with sculptures and carved work, serve to connect the square base with the octagonal part. In this are eight large traceried windows, surmounted by a second parapet and narrow gallery. Above this are eight turrets, dividing the windows, supporting a gallery, the whole resembling a crown in the middle of which rises the tiara, a lace-work in stone of singular delicacy and beauty, and the pride of the Caudebécais. A stone cross about six feet high, now bearing a lightning conductor, terminates the tower. The spire is usually considered to have been erected by Collin le Tellier, but that the actual design was due to his father. There is a legend that this was lost after the elder Le Tellier's death, but recovered by a monk of St. Wandrille, his former apprentice. This legend has been worked into a charming story

by Mme Julie la Vergne, admirably done into English by the Countess De la Warr.

In the lower part of the tower, facing the market-place, is the framed dial of the clock, above it a sundial, and below it a movable globe, partly yellow, partly black, indicating the phases of the moon. It dates from the fourteenth century and still goes well. At the bottom are the words—*Nos sol, vos luna regit.*

The charming south portal has a porch in which is a small statue between two coarsely painted angels on pedestals and carrying tapers. Within the porch are two stone seats known as the "Seats of the Poor." In the right corner an angel bearing a cup indicates that there was formerly a statue here.

Of the windows fronting the market-place, the second from the portal is noteworthy from its bizarre design. Two escutcheons ornament the sides. Two other identical escutcheons are placed under the gargoyles above. The first buttress of the apsidal chapel, forming an angle, carries, level with the gallery, a two-faced sundial.

The church has three large outer galleries. The first and lowest no longer goes completely round, on account of a brick wall which has been built to strengthen the tower to the right of the Great Portal. Fronting the market-place and around

the apse the gallery is separated from the parapet by the roofs of the chapels; on the other sides it is continuous with the balustrade. A second gallery, without parapet, passes along the foot of the windows of the clearstory. The third gallery, formed of Gothic letters, nearly 2 feet high, making up verses from the *Magnificat*, known as "The Gallery of the Golden Letters," since they were formerly gilded, surrounds the edifice.

The spirelet or *flèche* on the ridge, erected in 1491, was originally ornamented with floral work, gilded fleurs-de-lis, and crockets, but these were removed in 1793.

On the north side, going round by the apse, there is to be seen below the third window the following inscription, which, although mutilated, is readily legible:—

la desolaon de ceste egle
fut le 12 jo de May 1562.

It was on that day that the church was battered and pillaged by the Calvinists.

On the tympanum over the North Portal may be seen the remains of a bas-relief—the Last Supper—destroyed in 1793; eight niches contain kneeling angels; a tracery of leaves and fruits serves to frame the tympanum.

The West Front is singularly graceful: beautiful in design, richly sculptured and elaborately chiselled

—a gem of flamboyant Gothic. It consists of three porches, each with a door, the middle one being much the largest. Two turrets, connected together by a high balustrade of seven large caryatides, run up to the base of the rosary window; above this are also two turrets, and a gallery with a parapet of gilded letters, and, lastly, the gable. Above the left side-portal is a stained-glass window. The arch is ornamented with twenty-four niches, in two rows, containing figures, for the most part mutilated. A segmental arch above the window runs across a Gothic parapet; from it go three supports to the parapet, the two outer ones bearing statuettes.

The lower sections of the turrets separating the porches are richly ornamented with two rows of niches; from these the statues have been removed. In the lower row there were forty; in the higher twenty-eight. The pedestal of each of the niches in the lower row sheltered statuettes, to the number of 106, nearly the whole of which have had their heads knocked off. Within the left turret is a staircase giving access to the grand organ and the first gallery.

The central or principal doorway is divided by a stone pillar, with a pedestal in front; above, forming a canopy, is a model of a sixteenth-century church. A statue formerly stood on the pedestal, probably

of the Virgin, but it has disappeared. The arch contains three rows of niches, each sheltering twelve mutilated statues: in the first row, twelve saints, male and female; in the second, the twelve apostles; and in the third, twelve angels, of which two carry *banderoles* or streamers, and the others various musical instruments.

The right side-portal is rather smaller than that on the left. Like it, it has a stained-glass window, and the arch is ornamented with forty-eight statuettes, mutilated, ranged in three rows of niches, of which the middle one is double. Above is a segmental arch treated somewhat differently from that over the left doorway.

The style of the three portals from the base to the first gallery is sixteenth-century Gothic; the two turrets and the centre balustrade are Renaissance.

The rose-window is composed of six triangles, of which three point upwards and three downwards, interlacing so as to form compartments in the shape of quatrefoils. It is surrounded by statuettes, forty-four in number, disposed in two rows. Above it is the third gallery, in the centre of which is a pedestal; at each side are the turrets containing the staircases leading to the three galleries; between them is the gable, decorated with mouldings similar to those of the lower windows.

On entering the church by one of the side doors it will at once be seen that it has no transept, and that it is divided into three aisles—a principal and two lateral aisles, round which are nineteen chapels. It is supported by nineteen circular pillars on octagonal bases, separating the nave. The pointed openings between the pillars correspond with an equal number of bays forming the gallery and the windows of the clearstory, the side panels of which are decorated with the arms of the town of Caudebec. The two chevet windows represent—Left: St. Peter, at his feet a kneeling bishop bearing a cross, Thomas Bazin, Bishop of Lisieux, born at Caudebec in 1418; the other panels represent the Crucifixion. The donors and their coats-of-arms are shown at the bottom. Right: the Coronation of the Virgin; St. Paul carrying a sword. The donors are also represented at the bottom. In the upper portions of both windows are angels.

The triforium runs round the church; each of its sections is formed of two pointed bays joined together and divided into two parts; the balustrade is made up of quatrefoils, except in the case of the bays on either side of the organ, where the quatrefoils are replaced by roses, and the pointed arches by semicircles.

Space will not permit of a detailed description

of the nineteen chapels; but the more interesting features may be mentioned.

The baptistery is remarkable for its font—an octagonal pyramid in three stages, containing carved wooden panels, representing scenes from the Old and New Testament. The work is late sixteenth century. The original cover of the font is in the Church of Saint-Romain at Rouen. The glass in the windows shows incidents in the history of St. John.

The altar-screen in the Chapel of St. Peter (No. 8) is of plaster, and dates from the seventeenth century. It contains a painting of St. Peter, conscience-stricken, and above, in a sort of medallion, a crowing cock. The glass in the upper portion of the window is among the oldest in the church. That representing St. Philibert, St. Romain, St. Wandrille, and St. Victrice is modern.

The Chapel of St. George (No. 9), indicated by an equestrian group of the knight and the dragon, contains also the statue of St. Roch, patron of tanners, and St. Maurice, patron of painters. It is the sacristry of the choristers; and, as its shape shows, is the first of the apsidal chapels.

The Chapel of St. Joseph (No. 10) contains a fine altar-screen in carved wood (eighteenth century) and a statue of St. Clair holding his head in his hands. The stained glass, showing incidents in the life of St. Joseph, is modern. The keystone of the

arch bears the arms of Caudebec. The statue on the pillar is that of Ste. Geneviève, with a lamb at her feet. This chapel, as well as the next—that of the Holy Virgin (No. 11)—is the work of William Le Tellier. It is lighted by three large windows and is remarkable for its fine pendentive. The large painting on the right wall is by Marrocchi de Bellucci. The stained glass of scenes in the life of the Virgin is old. In the sanctuary is the marble tombstone of William Le Tellier, chiselled by his father's son Collin, who carried on the erection of the church after his death. At one side is seen a skeleton holding a compass; at the other, a plan of the church with a level, a mallet, and a trowel. The inscription states that Le Tellier was born near Falaise, and was master-mason of the Church of Caudebec for the space of thirty years, and that he died on September 1, 1424.

The beautiful piscina dates from the sixteenth century; among the statues are those of Ste. Clotilde and St. Louis, recognised by their insignia. The alabaster statue of the eleventh century is supposed to be that of Jonah. The iron *grille* of the chapel is worthy of notice, as are the stalls, which are believed to have come from the Abbey of St. Wandrille or of Jumièges.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the chapels is that of the Holy Sepulchre (No. 12). The stone

baldachin or canopy, decorated with nine statuettes, and surmounted by a Calvary, overhangs the entombed Christ. Before the tomb are large statues of Mary, the mother of James, carrying a vase; Joseph of Arimathea, holding the end of a winding-sheet; the Virgin, supported by St. John; Salome, carrying a vase; Nicodemus and Mary Magdalene with a casket of perfumes. The Christ and the statues are from the Abbey of Jumièges. In the keystone is the monogram of Christ (I H S) in Gothic letters. The stained glass is modern, with an inscription in Gothic character: "J'ai donné cette verrière afin que mon nom et celui des miens soient inscrits au livre de vie." There is a pretty gilded group—Our Lady of Pity—on a beautiful socle wreathed in foliage.

The wainscotting in the sacristy formerly belonged to the Abbey of St. Wandrille. The statues of St. Anthony of Padua and Joan of Arc are modern. Much of the stained glass is old, but it has been so mutilated that the subjects are difficult to make out. In one section, however, is the Resurrection, with kings, monks, and virgins leaving their tombs.

The wainscotted Chapel of the Holy Spirit (No. 16) contains some old glass with an arabesque border, and an inscription: "Les vitres et le fil d'archal de cette Chapelle, qui avaient été rétablies

par les séants d'icelle en l'année 1566, ont été par eux rédifier en l'an 1758."

The stained glass in the Chapels of St. Laurent, or, as it is now called, Notre Dame du Perpétuel Secours (No. 17), and of St. Francis (No. 18) is noteworthy. These chapels, with the adjoining doorway, date from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and are among the oldest parts of the church.

The stalls in the choir, like those in the Chapel of the Virgin, are from St. Wandrille or Jumièges.

The beautiful brass lectern bears on the socle the inscription :—

ANAGRAM
CATHERINE CAVELET
AV CIEL NÉE ET CHÉRIE CE 12 DE MARS 1656
LAQVELLE A DONNÉ CET AIGLE ET LA LAMPE
D'ARGENT BRVSLANTE JOVR ET NVIT D'HVILE
D'OLIVE DEVANT LE SAINT-SACREMENT. PRIES
DIEV POVR LE REPOS DE SON ÂME.

Above the old panelled door to the tower is the following inscription, in Gothic characters, relative to the erection of the nave :—

L'AN MIL CCCCXXVI
FU CESTE NEF CY COMENCÉE
SATE DIEU BNT ET BONE VIE
A BNSFAICTEURS ET PRDIS

The organ, above which is the beautiful rose-window, dates from 1540. The gallery, decorated with a profusion of ornamentation in relief, is

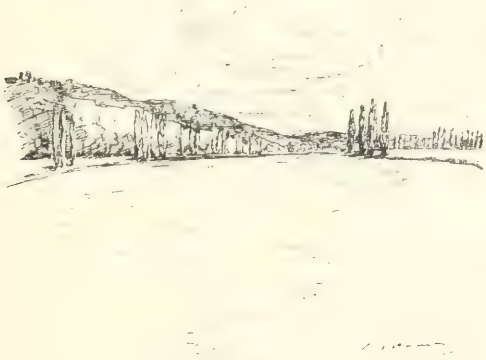
Renaissance work, as is that on the pillars by the Great Portal.

The best time to see the interior of Notre Dame is on a bright day when the sunlight streams through the windows on the south side and falls on the whitewashed surface within : then the pillars, walls, and roof are tinted with great splashes of an ethereal blue, blending with the most delicate shades of pink and yellow.

The neighbourhood of Caudebec abounds in charming walks. There are pretty houses in the outskirts, some of them covered with climbing roses—Gloire de Dijon, Rêve d'Or, and Maréchal Niel—pink wichurianas, and large blue and purple convolvulus ; with gardens of gay beds of begonias, hydrangeas, and scarlet pelargoniums—a wealth of rich colour, glorious in the strong sunlight of a summer's day. If you are energetic you may walk out to the kingdom of Yvetôt—it is only 7 miles away ; but if you are not, or you think the road may be hot and dusty, the old coach will take you there for 1 fr. 25 c. Who has not heard of the potentate immortalised by Béranger?

Il était un roi d'Yvetôt.
Peu connu dans l'histoire,
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton.

If you are not disposed for so long an excursion, then walk along the valley to Ste. Gertrude, to a disused church dating from 1519, with a beautiful doorway and flamboyant windows, and an interior tinged with tints of pink and green from the moulds creeping over the whitewash. The church is embosomed in a little hamlet of old timbered and thatched houses; and the widow Petit, who keeps



NEAR CAUDEBEC.

the key at the small *épicerie* at the cross-roads, will entertain you with her amiable loquacity.

But on a summer afternoon no stroll could be more delightful than to Villequier, along the shady road which rises and falls in gentle undulations at the base of the wooded cliffs below the forest of Maulevrier. The way affords a succession of charming vistas, and there are lovely peeps of the river between the stems of the poplars and chestnut trees which line the roadside. We pass, on the

left, the Chapel of Notre Dame de Barre-y-va, looking out upon the river. It is a quaint, old-fashioned little place, with a rough flagged floor and a low rounded or arched wooden roof. Votive tablets and engravings or rude drawings of ships are on the walls, models of vessels are suspended from the ceiling, and a few rush-seated chairs with one or two wooden forms are ranged before a very primitive little altar. It was founded in the twelfth century as a fisherman's pilgrimage chapel, and rebuilt in the time of Louis XIV.

Villequier is prettily placed in a valley at the bend of the river, and has a promenade along its dyked bank. It has a chateau of the time of Louis XV., a fifteenth-century church with some remarkable stained glass, one window representing a naval combat in 1723. The churchyard contains the gravestone of Mme Vacquerie, the daughter of Victor Hugo, who, with her husband, was drowned in 1843 by the upsetting of a boat on the river. She was nineteen and he twenty-six. They had been married about six months, and they rest in one coffin.

> Villequier, Caudebec et tous ces frais vallons
> Ne vous entendront plus vous écrier : Allons,
> Le vent est bon, la Seine est belle.
> Comme ces lieux charmants vont être pleins d'ennui !
> Les hardis goëllands ne diront plus : C'est lui !
> Les fleurs ne diront plus : C'est elle !
>
> VICTOR HUGO, *Contemplations*, 1852.

On an adjoining tombstone is the simple inscription :

ADÈLE FEMME DE VICTOR HUGO.

Another pleasant excursion is to the old Abbey of Fontenelle, or St. Wandrille as it is usually styled —about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, in the direction of Duclair. It is now occupied by M. Mæterlinck, who allows visitors to see the ruins at certain times during the week, particulars of which may be obtained from the hotels at Caudebec. The way lies along the Duclair road, past the railway terminus ; keeping the line on the right, you reach, in a few minutes, the *halte* of St. Wandrille ; farther on you will perceive the goods-shed when the road bifurcates. Taking that to the left, you reach, after a gradual ascent, and at a distance of about a mile, the village and church of St. Wandrille, when you see the main portal of the chateau in the Abbey grounds. Visitors seek admittance at the little fifteenth-century doorway, closed by an iron gate, opposite the lych-gate of the parish church.

From the account given by Dom André Basquin, one of the Benedictines who occupied the Abbey from 1894 to 1902, we learn that Wandrégisile or Wandrille, the founder of the Abbey of Fontenelle, was born at Verdun in 572. He was of noble family, a nephew of Pépin, a Frankish prince, and for a time was *comte de palais* in the Court of

Dagobert. His studious habits and love of letters eventually led him to adopt a monastic life, and he became an inmate of the monastery of Bobbio, founded by Columba. After a pilgrimage to Rome he crossed the Alps on a mission to the Gauls, and was a member of the monastery of Condat, founded by St. Romain, where he remained ten years. He then joined St. Ouen, in Neustria, and was made Bishop of Therouanne. By the good offices of Erchinoald, the *maire du palais*, Clovis II. and Queen Bathilde were induced to confer upon him lands in the valley of the Fontenelle, which had been ravaged by the men of the North, and where the people had relapsed into barbarism. Here he founded several churches, among them that of Notre Dame de Caillouville, near the source of the Fontenelle. To-day only a few stones mark its place. Wandrille, who seems to have been a man of great force of character, an able and energetic ruler, and an eloquent preacher, died in 668, and was buried in the Church of St. Paul. At the time of his death Fontenelle was stated to contain 300 monks and was rich and powerful. Its feudal privileges and possessions were confirmed by Clotaire III.

Wandrille was succeeded by a long line of saints: Lambert, Ansbert, Hildebert, Wulfran—the apostle of the Frisians—most of them bishops or

archbishops, and some of them men of culture and patrons of letters. About the middle of the eighth century abuses crept into the management of the Abbey, and its rulers became mere creatures of the Court. Such were Teutsinde, Wido and Ragenfroi, men of worldly habits, some of them soldiers, wholly given up to the pleasures of the chase and the table; "enfin," says the historian, "les cloîtres étaient encombrés de femmes et d'enfants." It was, however, during this period that the energetic prior, Ermier, succeeded in building the church of St. Michael with the Romano-Gallic remains of Lillebonne. Near this church was a bell-tower, with which is connected the following legend. The workman engaged to cast the bell kept back part of the metal with which he had been entrusted. The fraud was discovered when the bell was tolled; at each stroke the wretched man found himself compelled to bark like a dog.

Order and good government at Fontenelle were restored by Wandon in 742, and by his successor Austrulfe. During his rule the last of the Merovingian princes, Thierry, found an asylum within the Abbey walls. Gervold showed his zeal in the instruction of the monks, and under Eginhard, the historian of Charlemagne, Fontenelle took a distinguished part in the religious movement which signalised the opening years of the ninth century.

Much of the Abbey was renovated; the basilica, which had been destroyed by fire, was rebuilt; the cloisters were repaired and enlarged, and the refectory embellished with paintings by Madaluf de Cambrai, the oldest French painter of whom any memory has been preserved. The happy future which now seemed in store for the Abbey was, however, rudely disturbed by the incursion of the piratical Norsemen who ravaged the whole of the country near the borders of the Seine, pillaging, destroying, and murdering wherever they landed. Fontenelle was devastated, its basilica destroyed, and the monks dispersed. The relics of St. Wandrille were carried to Ghent, where they were burnt by the Huguenots in the sixteenth century.

The Abbey remained a ruin for more than a century, and its stones were overgrown with weeds and brambles. Its rebuilding was begun in 966 by Maynard, at first Prior and then Abbot, and, on his translation to Mont St. Michel by Duke Richard, by Gérard. It was no sooner finished than it was overwhelmed by a frightful hurricane. In 1012 lightning struck the bell-tower, throwing down the cross, "as if," says the chronicler, "elle eût été tranchée par le glaive," the tower being rent from the top down to the arches upon which it was carried, "comme un vêtement qui se déchire." A few hours sufficed to destroy the labour of twenty years.

The work of rebuilding was again begun, but Gérard was treacherously assassinated before its completion. The basilica was finished by his successor, Gradulphe, and consecrated in 1033.

Little seems to be known of the history of the Abbey of St. Wandrille, as it now came to be called, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Pope Eugenius III. confirmed its privileges in 1145, and it was visited by Philippe-Auguste in 1187.

In 1250, during the abbotship of Pierre Mauviel, the monastery and basilica were completely destroyed by fire. Rebuilding was again begun. It was the age of Gothic and the apogee of religious art in France, and Mauviel was enthusiastic in the work of reconstruction. "Courage, enfants," he used to say to his workmen ; "la pierre vous manquera plutôt que l'argent." He died in 1255, and it was not until 1288 that his successor, Geoffroy de Noytot, saw the completion of the choir. Guillaume de La Douillie constructed the transept, the first bays of the nave, and the cloister. The wars of the fourteenth century greatly interfered with the progress of the work. During the English occupation its privileges were confirmed by Henry V. Some of these privileges were rather curious. In 1024 Duke Richard of Normandy conferred a tenth of the revenues of the viscounty of l'Eau of Rouen upon the monks, but they in their turn were obliged to feed

the collectors every tenth week. These gentry contrived to make such a good time out of it that the whole of the tithe was spent in feasting. The scandal became so great that at length, in 1604, the monks obtained relief from the burden of this banqueting. Another of these privileges concerned Caudebec. On the Saturday before Mid-Lent the customs-dues of the town were doubled, for the benefit of the Abbey. St. Wandrille was relieved of all tolls on the Seine on condition that those who transported its goods played an air on the flageolet, and cried in a loud voice: "This is for the monks of St. Wandrille!"

Indeed the monks of Fontenelle were regarded as barons of Normandy, and enjoyed in this province all the rights and privileges of the order.

Although comparatively little in the way of reconstruction of the Abbey was done during the fourteenth century, a certain amount of progress was made. To this time belongs the beautiful doorway leading from the cloister to the church, near which stands the tinted plaster statue of the Virgin. In 1502 Guillaume La Veille finished the cloister, together with the *lavabo* and refectory door, which are among the most precious monuments of the Abbey.

St. Wandrille suffered greatly during the religious wars of the sixteenth century. In 1562 bands of

Huguenots, led by Gabriel de Montgomery, pillaged the Abbey, destroyed the relics, and broke the sacred vessels, among them the Chalice of St. Wulfran. They also threw down and broke the statues in the cloisters, reducing them to the condition in which they are at present.

In 1631 a fresh catastrophe overwhelmed the Abbey. During the night of the 20th December, the central tower, built in 1331—one of the most beautiful of its kind, carried on four large columns at the crossing—suddenly fell, wrecking the greater part of the choir, the whole of the nave, and destroying the Chapel of the Virgin and the handsome stalls.

The Abbot, Ferdinand de Neufville, solicited the aid of the congregation of St. Maur in repairing this frightful disaster, and the Mauristes, under the direction of Dom Gérard, joined the community in 1636. Internal troubles, due to differences of opinion as to canonical rights and authority, arose between the community, the Archbishop of Rouen, and the Prior of Jumièges, and these greatly retarded the progress of the work. Want of funds and the civil wars in Normandy were further causes of delay. However, thanks to the skill of Boynet and the zeal and ability of a succession of Benedictine priors, among them Bourgeois, Bréard, and Marc Rivard, the Abbey slowly regained something

of its former magnificence. During this period the abbots themselves, for the most part *commendataires*, with no other concern than to draw the revenues and perquisites of their office, did little to promote its power or usefulness.

The records of the eighteenth century reveal nothing that contributes to the glory of St. Wandrille. The end came in 1792, when the Abbey was secularised, and the church and monastery sold to a M. Cyprien Lenoir for 100,000 francs, payable in assignats. The Abbey was turned into a spinning-mill and the church demolished, its stones being sold for building material. Years afterwards the place was visited by Victor Hugo; but M. Lenoir, then a patriarchal old man, had never heard of the young author of *Odes et Ballades* and *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, and bluntly told him so. Some days later he was received at Jumièges by M. Caumont, a man of letters and an archaeologist, altogether a person of a very different order. In leaving Jumièges the poet soothed his wounded feelings by writing: "En sortant de chez l'immode propriétaire de Saint-Wandrille, je ne puis que féliciter Jumièges d'être à Caumont, et Caumont d'être à Jumièges."

In 1863 an Englishman with a papal title of nobility, the Marquis of Stackpole, acquired possession of St. Wandrille; the work of demolition was stopped, and certain repairs were made.

Shortly after his death the property again came into the market, and, at the instance of the late Cardinal Thomas, Archbishop of Rouen, was bought by the Benedictines in 1894. The Primate of the Order sanctioned the reconstruction of the buildings; Leo XIII. directed the re-establishment of the abbacy, and in 1898 Dom Pothier became the seventy-eighth Abbot of St. Wandrille. Four years later the monks were again expelled, to find a home in Belgium, and after lying deserted and half-ruined for a time, the property was sold to M. Maurice Mæterlinck, the well-known Belgian writer, for about half the sum that the Benedictines had given for their eight years' occupancy.

ST. WANDRILLE.

Thanks to the kindness of Madame Mæterlinck, we spent the greater part of a day in the cloisters and in the adjacent courts, examining at leisure the beautiful *lavabo*, the details of the doorways, the varied treatment of the Gothic arches and windows,

and the heterogeneous fragments of statuary which have been carefully and reverentially brought together. As we wandered round these corridors, so pathetic in their ruined beauty, so eloquent in their memories of a bygone glory, with their many gravestones of departed monks, it was impossible to be unmindful of what the community had done for literature and scholarship through the long succession of years—how they had striven zealously and piously to keep alight the lamp of learning through dark and troubled centuries, amidst pestilence and the clash of arms, and the wreck and desecration of their home.

Here worked Ovon and Hardouin, most skilful of calligraphers; Éginhard the learned historian of Charlemagne, and Anségise the compiler of the Capitulaires; Durand the theologian, Gervold the musician, and many others more or less known for their services to philosophy and history. Fontenelle had, no doubt, its evil times; some of its abbots were greedy and vicious, and wicked deeds were done at their instigation; but these have now been expiated in the ruin and desolation which has overtaken the Abbey, and in the dispersal of its members. Let it not always be said that the evil that men do lives after them or that the good is interred with their bones.

We have pleasant memories of Caudebec, and

one at least of these is not without its element of humour.

On one of her former visits *Cysne* had, as an honoured guest, an eminent member of a northern university who while with us afforded us the pleasure of celebrating his seventieth birthday. The ladies of the party, anxious that the event should be commemorated with a becoming *éclat*, secured the largest and best birthday cake that Caudebec could offer, and ranged round it, German-fashion, as many candles as our friend numbered years. Whether it was that the circumference of the cake was too limited, or that the plate on which it stood was too small, the result was that the candles, when lighted, promptly melted down to a mass of blazing fat, to the consternation of the steward, and the whole had to be summarily thrown overboard. As an illumination—a *feu de joie*—it was magnificent, and as a sensation it was not without its thrill, but as a method of enjoying a birthday cake it left something to be desired —especially the cake.

CHAPTER VII

JUMIÈGES. DUCLAIR. ST. GEORGES DE BOSCHERVILLE

Of the many appearances presented by the Seine, none is more enchanting than its aspect in the early hours of a summer morning, when the surface of the swirling, eddying stream is partially obscured and the grey willows on its banks are half hidden by a thin luminous mist wreathing itself into a thousand fantastic shapes as it is gradually dissipated into the clear air above by the warm beams of the rapidly-increasing sunlight. It was on such a morning that we left Caudebec on our way to Jumièges. It was high water shortly after six, but by starting at about that hour we should reach Port Jumièges, our anchorage, before the ebb began to run strongly. As we round the wide sweep of the river by Caudebequet and make over towards the left bank, it is seen that the land beyond Caudebec, which, from Villequier up to that point, has been a precipitous chalk cliff, becomes lower and flatter as it recedes from the river, until, some distance back,

it again rises to the forest of Trait. Along this comparatively level stretch runs the railway line from Caudebec to Duclair and Barentin, skirting the edge of the forest.

As we turn to the south we see in front of us, apparently in mid-stream, a succession of black-painted beacons on which, at night, are lights. These mark the edge of the Banc des Meules, one of the shallowest sections of the river, and are to be left to port. Ahead are the white houses of La Mailleraye, and away in the meadows to the right the church of Notre Dame de Bliquetuit with a thirteenth-century choir. Poplars, poplars—everywhere poplars. La Mailleraye, on the left bank, has a chateau and some pretensions as a port, with fairly deep water close inshore; it seems to do a considerable trade in wood, obtained from the forest of Brotonne behind it. Coming down upon its *fanal*, we swing out again in mid-channel so as to avoid the Banc de la Piété, when we again turn to the south. The current against us is now becoming stronger, for the ebb is beginning, and the tide rushes through the contracted channel at Le Trait, where some barges are loading sand from the pits and dunes at the back of the village. The course again becomes south, and we pass, on the right, the hamlet of Heurteauville with a church built by the monks of Jumièges in 1730. On the

opposite shore, some distance from the river, is Yainville. On the projecting tongue of land ahead we see the towers of Jumièges. On the left bank the high chalk cliffs appear once more, seeming to come down close to the water's edge. They are covered at the top with trees, for we have now arrived at the southern edge of the great

PORT JUMIÈGES.

Forest of Brotonne. Here the bed of the river narrows considerably, being only half the width it is at Caudebec. Opposite the ferry, and a little to the south of the *feu* d'Heurteauville, we drop anchor, in about 4 fathoms, as close to the right bank as is prudent, so as to be out of the fairway. The banks are fairly steep, and there is deep water close to them. It was a most picturesque position. Before us were the great cliffs, with steep escarp-

ments and screes running down to the edge of the stream, their summits clothed with a dense growth of pines, with here and there oaks now beginning to take on the tints of autumn. Some half-dozen cottages make up the hamlet of Port Jumièges.

JUMIÈGES.

The land behind them is terraced, as on the Rhine, and, as there, vines straggle up the hill-sides. The only considerable house is the Hôtel Passage, at the side of which is the steep paved slip for the *bac*. On the flat land opposite are a few timbered thatched farmsteads surrounded by cider orchards. Near us some men are fishing from a boat, broad and flat in the floor, and with a high projecting bow

like a Norwegian pram. Its ancestry is obvious, and no boat could be more suitable for its work.

After breakfast we set out to visit the Abbey of Jumièges. The way lay along a straight gravelled road with a broad stretch of grass on each side. It is the harvest, and golden sheaves are standing in the fields. Tall poplars and clumps of silver-grey willows line the water-courses which intersect and drain the land. We pass farm-houses, and orchards heavy with fruit. It is a richly cultivated country, peaceful and prosperous—a legacy of the old monks of Jumièges, who converted a wind-swept, sandy, heath-covered waste into a smiling champaign.

Janin,[1] whose humour is one of his saving graces, more so, perhaps, than his regard for historical accuracy, states that there are those who base the name of the Abbey upon the circumstance that the monks were always grumbling (*gémissaient*); whilst others derive it from *gemma*, a precious stone, for, as every one admits, Jumièges shone like a diamond among the monasteries of the Christian world.

> D'où vient ton nom, Jumièges? ils ne sauraient le dire.
> O vanité de l'homme, et surtout du savant!
> *Gemitus* ou *gemma*, 'douleur' ou 'diamant'? . . .
> Choisissez: tous les deux me plairaient davantage.
> L'histoire de ce cloître et de ces monuments
> Montre autant de trésors que de gémissements.

[1] *La Normandie*, Paris, Bourdin, 1862.

St. Philibert in the seventh century was its first founder, and its origin is very similar to that of the Abbey of Fontenelle. Philibert, we are told, like Wandrille, was a member of the court of Dagobert, and came under the influence of St. Ouen and by him was induced to adopt a monastic life. He had knowledge, it is said, of the remains of a Roman stronghold, destroyed by the barbarians, probably in the third century, near the banks of the Seine below what is now Duclair, nearly midway between the settlements of *Lotium* and *Rothomagus*. Here he built three churches, one to the Virgin, one to St. Denis, and the third to St. Germain and St. Peter, and he made provision for seventy monks, upon whom he imposed the rule of St. Benedict. Protected by successive Kings of France, Jumièges grew rapidly in power and prosperity, and, it is said, by the end of the century to have given shelter to nine hundred persons. The chronicler relates that when the second Abbot, Alcadre, was about to die, he was greatly troubled concerning the future provision for so large a number. In a vision, an angel bade him rest: "I mark those whom God finds most worthy, and they shall stand in His presence three nights hence." Four hundred and sixty were seen to be touched with a palm branch, and, so the story goes, as the final Amen was said at the midnight

prayers of the third day that number passed into eternity.

A multitude of legends are associated with Jumièges. There is the well-known one of the wolf and the donkey. The nuns in an adjoining convent did the washing for the monks, but a wolf killed the donkey that carried the clothes to and from the river, whereupon the wolf was compelled by St. Philibert to take the place of the donkey for the rest of its life.

Jumièges, like the other religious houses in the neighbourhood of the Seine, suffered greatly from the incursions of the Norsemen. In 840 a horde, led by Hasting the Saxon, attacked the Abbey and massacred the greater number of the monks. Succeeding bands, under Rollo, who became master of Neustria, treated the place with more respect ; and when Charles the Simple ceded to the Normans all the land from the river Epte to the sea, the monastery was rebuilt. Under Rollo's valorous son, William Longsword, the monks were protected and encouraged. Few in number, their condition was miserable. The legend states that, hunting one day, Longue-Épée met at a crossway in the forest a wild boar which charged down upon him. The spear in his hand broke, and he gave himself up for lost, when the boar thought better of it and trotted off! In gratitude for this deliver-

ance the prince vowed to rebuild the ruined Abbey, and next day sent workmen to the place. During his beneficent reign of twenty-five years, Jumièges enjoyed peace, and the community grew in numbers and influence. He was one of the worthiest rulers Normandy ever had, pious, just, and upright, and under his firm sway the province became rich, independent, and powerful. Towards the close of his reign, he felt the need of rest, and, weary with the cares of state, wished to retire to the Abbey he had protected and enriched—to make, he said, his peace with God and prepare for his latter end. He desired to abdicate in favour of his son Richard, as his own father, Rollo, had renounced the duchy to him. But this was not to be, for he was treacherously murdered by Arnold, Count of Flanders, when attempting to make peace between that infamous bandit and the Count of Ponthieu, whose castle Arnold had seized.

During the time that Normandy was held by Louis IV., otherwise Louis d'Outre-Mer, the successor of Raoul the Usurper to the throne of France, and when that king had managed to get possession of Longsword's young son Richard, afterwards Duke Richard II.—Richard Sans Peur—things went badly with the monastery of Jumièges. Its church, originally built by Abbot Lanfranc, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was destroyed

by Raoul Torta, the minister of Louis d'Outre-Mer, and the monks were driven out. When Normandy got back her prince—how, Miss Yonge's charming story of *The Little Duke* informs us—and the wily, truculent Outre-Mer was beaten and humbled, the Abbey once more reared its head, and during Richard's reign of fifty-four years it was again prosperous. He was in the habit of visiting it once or twice each year. The chronicler relates that on one occasion the powerful duke, who was wont to place in the offertory a *marc d'or*—that is, the amount of the duties paid to him by the titularies of certain offices—proffered a piece of the bark of a tree. It was his method of signifying that he had conferred on the monastery the revenues of a certain manor. In these days the Abbey became famous as a place of education, and the noble youth of Normandy, of France, and even of England received instruction within its walls. Indeed, from the earliest days of its existence, kings sought men for service as chaplains or clerks who had been trained at Jumièges. King Pepin made one of its abbots ambassador to Popes Stephen III. and Paul I. Louis le Débonnaire, King of Aquitaine, made another abbot his chaplain. Edward the Confessor was a pupil there. The historian William of Jumièges dedicated his *De Ducibus Normanniae* to William the Conqueror. It was in the Abbey of Jumièges, at

the foot of the high altar, that Harold, the Grand Seneschal of England, was alleged to have renewed, in the name of Edward the Confessor, the promise that the Kingdom of England should pass to the son of Robert the Magnificent. The influence of Jumièges on Edward the Confessor was to be seen in the connection which was established in his time between England and Normandy, and in the number of foreign favourites at his Court. The Abbot, Robert of Jumièges, was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1051, when the popular discontent rose to such a pitch that the fiery Archbishop had to cut his way, sword in hand, through the streets of London, in his flight back to Normandy.

Under successive sovereigns the magnificence and wealth of Jumièges steadily increased. It acquired possessions in some of the richest parts of the province. In Rouen the abbots of Jumièges possessed the Tour d'Alvarède and the Chapel of St. Philibert. They held Pont de l'Arche, and when Philippe-Auguste desired to fortify that important position he was obliged to buy it back. They had the rights of royalty in the sturgeon, and on one occasion there was a furious battle between the retainers of the Abbey and the lords of Quillebeuf for the possession of the fish.

Jumièges is inseparably connected with the names of Charles VII. and his beautiful mistress,

the tender and graceful Agnes Sorel. During the troublous times of the first half of the fifteenth century, when the king and Henry of England were striving for the mastery of France, Charles spent many weeks at Jumièges in the society of *la dame de Beaulté*, who won the hearts of all with whom she came in contact—the Duke of Orleans, Charles de Bourbon, the handsome Dunois, the brave Potron de Xaintrailles, even of the queen, Marie d'Anjou, not less beautiful than Agnes herself. Agnes, who possessed a small manor at Le Mesnil, near Jumièges, died in 1449. Her heart was placed under a monument of the Chapel of the Virgin in the Abbey, and her body transported to Loches. "*Elle eut moult belle contrition et repentance de ses pechés, et lui souvenoit souvent de Marie-Madeleine qui fut grande pécheresse, et invoquoit Dieu dévotement et la Vierge Marie à son ayde, et comme vraye catholique, apres la reception de ses sacrements, demanda ses heures pour dire les vers de Saint Bernard, qu'elle avoit escripts de sa propre main; puis trespassa.*"

After an existence of more than eleven centuries, during which no fewer than eighty-two abbots, some of them among the most eminent in the ecclesiastical history of France, had presided over its fortunes, sustaining and enlarging its privileges and its power, Jumièges met the fate of Fontenelle. It was pillaged by the Calvinists in the sixteenth

century, and destroyed in the Revolution of 1793. When the monastery was suppressed, its revenues confiscated, and the property sold, *comme bien national*, the buildings for a time became a quarry for the neighbourhood. It is now the property of Mme Lepel Cointet, who lives in an adjoining chateau, and by whom the ruins are carefully protected and the grounds around them kept in order.

Visitors, who are readily permitted to view the place, gain admittance through the gate at the lodge, and are shown round by the keeper. The remains consist of the spacious abbey-church built by Abbot Robert, consecrated the year after the Norman Conquest. From the height and width of its flanking towers—260 feet high—and its west front, it must have been a most imposing structure, and is still most interesting as an example of early Norman work, characteristic in the chaste severity of its treatment of the large porch and in the capitals of the nave. The beautiful choir is thirteenth-century Gothic, but only two ruined chapels out of the original nine are standing, and within their enclosures trees have found a home. In the south transept are the remains of statues discovered in the Abbey. Passing through it, we are taken into the small Church of St. Peter, part of the original foundation of St. Philibert, partially destroyed in 840, and rebuilt in 930 by William

Longsword, with round-headed doorways, and a Romanesque arcade on the north wall with medallions and traces of Byzantine paintings and fragments of elaborately carved capitals on the shafts of the two remaining bays of the triforium. On the right of the church is the fifteenth-century Chapel of St. Martin: the central boss of the arching shows St. Philibert and his wolf. Between St. Peter and the abbey-church are the remains of the thirteenth-century chapter-house. The site of the destroyed cloister is occupied by an old yew tree. It communicated on the west with the library, of which only three arches are left. Under this was the *Salle des Gardes* of Charles VII.

Near the gate-house is a building which has been turned into a museum in which a number of interesting objects are gathered together and properly displayed; among them are two stone heads said to be of William Longsword and William the Conqueror, and the black marble slab which covered the remains of Agnes Sorel, with the inscription: "*Cy gist noble damoiselle Agnes Seurelle, en son vivant dame de Beaulté—piteuse entre toutes gens, et qui largement donnait de ses biens aux églises et aux pouvres, laquelle trespassa le neuvième jour de février l'an de grâce 1449.*" Also the incised slabs of the tombs of abbots; one of Nicholas Leroux, the cruel and crafty judge of Joan of Arc. Two broken statues are

alleged to be those of the *Enervés*, sons of Clovis II., who, in his absence on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, rose against their mother Bathilde, who was left as regent. Clovis on his return suppressed the rebellion, hamstrung the two sons, and set them adrift in a boat on the Seine, whence they were rescued by St. Philibert and sheltered so long as they lived. This legend would appear to have no foundation in fact. Clovis, one of the weakest of the *rois fainéants* of his race, died at the age of twenty-six, leaving three young sons, Clotaire, Childeric, and Thierry—the last of whom eventually entered the monastery of Fontenelle. Clovis never left his kingdom, there was no rebellion, and he never hamstrung anybody. This is on a par with many of the legends which have grown round the monasteries on the Seine as well as in other parts. The monks were the novel-writers—the story-tellers—of their times, and imported the miraculous into literature as they sought to do into science. The legend of the *Enervés* dies hard, and the picture which you may see in the Salles de Peinture at Rouen will serve to keep it alive, and may possibly impress upon the children who gaze upon it with wide-opened eyes the duty of filial obedience.

At the other side of the village is the parish church of St. Valentin, dating from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, erected, it is said, to com-

memorate the deliverance of Jumièges from a plague of rats by the intercession of the patron saint. The curé and the parishioners might have had the sumptuous abbey-church after the Revolution of 1793, and thereby have saved it from destruction, as St. Georges de Boscherville was saved. But they preferred to remain in the little St. Valentin—one of the quaintest of structures, and in its way as remarkable as Ste. Catherine's at Honfleur. It is built on the slope of a hill, and the floor of the nave, with its square-edged piers, is quite steep. Ionic capitals are on the pillars round the choir, and beyond are flamboyant chapels, half finished. The rustic talent of the village seems to have been expended on its rough wooden pews and on the painted images and decorative work in the aisles.

Some of our party set out towards Le Mesnil to discover the ruined home of Agnes Sorel, where she died, it is said, in the arms of Charles VII. It was a pretty walk through winding lanes, overshadowed with fruit-trees, past old-timbered houses, and farm-steadings surrounded by byres and cider-orchards, where the great languorous Norman cattle were lazily flicking themselves in the shade of the trees—their calves, with the inquisitiveness of youth, gazing with wistful, wondering eyes upon us as we passed. After a time the country became

more open and uneven, and the road ran across a stretch of sandy moorland, not unlike, we imagined, what it was when St. Philibert first settled on the peninsula. Patches were yellow with gorse, and the variety and abundance of wild flowers was astonishing—innumerable marguerites, campanulas, and tall mulleins, with a wealth of clematis and woodbine wreathed among the pink blossom of the brambles. We had no difficulty in finding the old

NEAR JUMIÈGES.

manor-house—with its imposing gate-house, fronted by chestnuts and poplars. Passing through the archway we entered a spacious courtyard, round which were grouped a number of buildings now converted into farm-offices. The main portion was substantially built of stone, with the remains of three large traceried windows. It stands on slightly rising ground, and from the upper floors must have commanded a beautiful view to the south, with the white cliffs of the Seine and the forests of Brotonne and of Mauny in the background.

On the way back, Dulcie, who, although on pleasure bent, had, like Mrs. Gilpin, a frugal mind, filled the little string-bag, the constant companion of her foraging expeditions when on shore, with windfalls of ripe yellow plums, brought down by the brisk wind of the preceding night, and Carême made of them an excellent compote.

Late in the afternoon we weighed anchor, and proceeded on our way towards Duclair. The tide

NEAR DUCLAIR.

was now with us, and we went round the narrow bend at the end of the peninsula, by Le Landin and Barneville, at a good pace. The cliffs to the south are here at their highest, and the ravines and gorges which break up their front are thickly covered with trees. As the force of the current is considerable, the banks on both sides are protected by strong dykes. The land on the northern side is low, and the edges are fringed with willows. We now turn to the north. We pass Le Mesnil on the right bank, where workmen are busy facing the

dyke with concrete, and on the left bank Yville, with an eighteenth-century chateau, standing on the edge of the Mauny forest. Yville-sur-Seine is an old village with a twelfth-century church-tower, and an old cross in the graveyard. We are now in the reach leading up to Duclair. The forest recedes, and the land on both sides becomes lower. We skirt the forest of Jumièges, and as we approach that of Trait the cliffs in front come down to the river-bank with only a narrow way on which runs the line from Caudebec to Duclair. Some idea may be gathered of the length of the tongue of land on which Jumièges and its forest stand from the fact that the distance from Le Trait to the other side of the reach to the east is only about 1½ miles, whereas the distance round by the river is upwards of 11 miles. Near Duclair the chalk cliff is perpendicular, and here and there are great caves or square holes like the Tillywhin caves near Swanage. The red houses, spire, and tall chimneys of Duclair are now in sight, and we draw up to the wooden wharf, where we make fast for the night. There is little of interest in Duclair. It is an irregularly built little town, with uneven streets and a spacious market-place, mostly dealing in agricultural and farm produce, some of which finds its way to England. It has a large church with a Romanesque tower, a fourteenth-century choir, and

a Renaissance porch, with no special features inside beyond some sixteenth-century stained glass.

Duclair was the scene of an incident during the Franco-German war which at the time of its occurrence created some annoyance to this country. Some half-dozen English vessels, which the Germans then in occupation of Rouen had allowed to pass up to the town to discharge their cargoes of coal, were anchored off Duclair, taking in ballast for their return to England. The Prussians seized the ships and sank them in the river. This arbitrary proceeding was strongly resented by the British Government, and although it was defended for a time by Bismarck, the German Government ultimately made compensation to the owners of the vessels.

At Duclair we were waited upon by a polite official of the Custom House, who demanded the "Taxe de Sauvetage"—"*un franc quatre-vingt dix-huit centimes, montant de la taxe, en vertu du décret du* 3 *mai* 1910, *pour le navire anglais Cysne II. jaugeant* 32 *t.* 48, *venant de Southampton, allant à Rouen.*" These are the only dues levied on yachts navigating the river from the sea to Rouen.

After a ramble round the town and a stroll along the river-front, where the ladies admired the elaborate *batterie de cuisine* of the Hôtel de la

Poste, we returned to the yacht, and spent a peaceful night at the wharf-side.

We left early next day on the last of the flood on our way to St. Martin de Boscherville and the famous Abbey of St. George. It was a grey morning, with a faint southerly breeze and fitful gleams of sunshine, but the omens were propitious. Nevertheless, it is remarkable how the predictions of the weather-wise seem to be dependent on local conditions. What from the appearance of things may be confidently looked for on the south coast of England, may not happen in the valley of the Seine. As we slowly moved up the stream, past the quays, the town seemed still asleep. We pass Gargantua's Chair—a high, detached mass of chalk, to the north, conspicuous from the river as we round the bend, and which we hope the sacrilegious hands of the Administration des Ponts et Chaussées may long spare. Near the *feu* at the corner is the handsome Château de la Fontaine, at the head of a sort of creek or *trou*. The land in front, on both sides of the river, now recedes, and, as we turn to the south, we see a long stretch of alluvial plain dotted with farm-houses, poplars, and the omnipresent willows. The Seine becomes wider, but the water shoals, and the navigable portion of the stream is confined between dykes. We pass the hamlet of Ambourville on the left bank. We

are now opposite to St. Martin de Boscherville, but the foliage is so thick that nothing can be seen of the Abbey from the river. The skipper climbs the rigging to see if by any chance the towers are visible from the topmast. Luckily they are. The position ascertained, we pick up an anchorage out of the fairway, in 5 fathoms, nearly opposite the house of the ferryman. The channel is here very tortuous, and it was only after a considerable amount of sounding, and some manœuvring, that we found a suitable spot.

A Ferry Bell.

After breakfast we landed at the ferry slip on the right bank, and, passing along a path across the beautifully wooded *Marais*, we follow a winding road, shaded by poplars, across fields of rich pasture land. Haymakers were at work on the aftermath. Now and again we got a glimpse of the towers of the abbey-church between the willows which line the ditches of the fields. It was a perfect day: great white cumuli in the blue vault, shadow and sunshine, and the song of the lark.

We soon reached the village of St. Martin de Boscherville—a small, straggling place of a few houses along the highroad, with a café or two and some shops—dwarfed into insignificance by the imposing dimensions of the abbey-church.

The abbey-church of St. Georges de Boscherville is, next to the two large abbeys at Caen, the most beautiful Romanesque building in Normandy, the

ST. GEORGES DE BOSCHERVILLE.

largest, most interesting, best preserved, and purest in style. The exact date of its construction is disputed. M. Albert Besnard, one of the latest of its historians, considers the time as between 1075 and 1090. M. Lefebvre-Portalis places it in the first quarter of the twelfth century.

According to M. Georges Dubosc, the Abbey had its origin in a little chapel in the ancient domain of Boscher—*Boscherii villa*—dedicated to St. George,

the patron of knights. One of the owners of this domain, Raoul de Tancarville, then Grand Chamberlain of William the Conqueror, wishing to honour St. George, transformed the little chapel into an important Abbey, some time between 1053 and 1066. It then sheltered six canons of the Order of St. Augustine, who were replaced, in 1114, by William of Tancarville, by ten monks from the monastery of St. Evroult. In 1225 a pontifical bull confirmed the independence of the new Abbey.

Founded and endowed by the Tancarvilles, the Abbey served as the family burial-place. William II. was interred in the cloister, under a tomb which, according to Toussaint-Duplessis, existed down to the seventeenth century. On the stone was figured a sword, in allusion to the fact that the duke had once laid his sword on the altar to signify that what the Abbey was the valour of the Tancarvilles had made it. They were men of character, those Tancarvilles, a hard-fighting, strong-fisted race.

The thirteenth century, when the Abbey numbered thirty-five monks, was the most flourishing period of its history. Without being rich, it possessed a manor or two, the Chapel of St. Gorgon, eight priories in France, three priories in England, the patronage and tithes of thirty parishes, and the rights of free passage and fishing on the river,

exemption from tolls, and privileges in the forest of Roumare.

Little by little this prosperity decreased, and in the fourteenth century, when the male line of the Tancarvilles died out, and they were replaced by the Harcourts and the Orléans-Longuevilles, the fortunes of the Abbey became steadily worse. During the English occupation, when it sheltered only eight monks, it was devastated. Under the rule of commendatory abbots it was still further impoverished. It was ravaged and pillaged by the Calvinists in 1562 and 1570. In 1590 the monastery was destroyed by fire, but the church was saved. In 1659 the Benedictines took possession of the place and proceeded to rebuild it. During the last quarter of the seventeenth century the young and unhappy Jean Louis Charles d'Orléans, duc de Longueville, the last descendant of Dunois, joined the community. He died in 1693, and was buried, by his wish, in the Church of St. Martin. There was found in the cemetery a fragment of his tomb in black marble, ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, but it has disappeared.

In 1790, by order of the National Assembly, the Abbey of St. Georges de Boscherville was closed. It had existed 740 years, under the rule of nineteen regular abbots, fourteen commendatory abbots, and, since 1660, thirty-seven claustral priors.

Among the most distinguished of its regular abbots were Louis (1114–1157); Victor, who constructed the chapter-house (1157–1210); and Antoine Le Roux (1506–1535).

The best-known of its commendatory abbots were the Cardinals d'Este (1556–1596) and Camboul de Coislin, Bishop of Metz (1684–1732), who was a member of the French Academy.

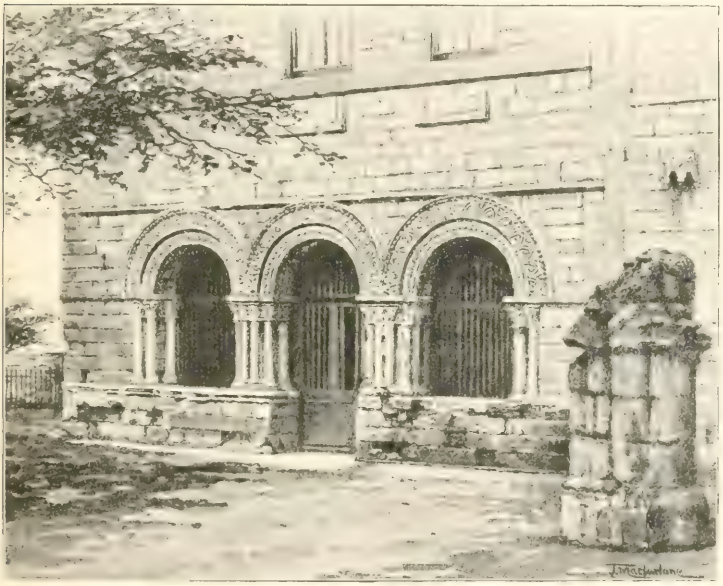
Among the Benedictines of St. George with a literary reputation were Godin; Pommeraye, author of historical works on the Cathedral Abbey of St. Ouen; Le Cerf; and Dom Quenet, a contributor to the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences.*

At the Revolution the value of the domain, with the exception of the church, was estimated at 22,000 livres. Being in a good state of repair, the church served as the meeting-place of the First Assemblies of the Canton. In 1790 it was made the parish church in place of the old Church of St. Martin, which was transformed into a saltpetre factory. The Abbey buildings, with the courts and gardens, were sold in 1791 for 31,000 livres to a dyer at Rouen, and the greater part of the cloisters, dormitories, hostelry, and gardens was destroyed, and a new building, enclosing the chapter-house, was made into a spinning-mill.

The chapter-house, which has been frequently described by English archaeologists—among them

Dibdin, Pugin, Dawson Turner—was acquired by the Department of the Seine-Inférieure, and, with the church, scheduled as an historical monument.

The exterior of the abbey-church of St. George at once compels admiration by its architectural coher-



The Chapter-house, St. Georges de Boscherville.
(From a Photograph.)

ence and the harmony of its proportions, especially when it is viewed from behind the apse. The interior is not less impressive, and the church seems without an incongruity, although the addition of the arches to the nave and transept in the thirteenth century has somewhat modified the original austere aspect. Its plan is that of a Latin cross, com-

prising a nave and two aisles of eight bays, a transept, a choir of two bays with aisles and an apse. Following Norman tradition, there are three towers, two on the façade, and a larger one above the crossing.

The principal porch below the gable contains four rows of curved arches, with zigzag decoration and bands, carried on columns with carved capitals. Above are two rows, each of three bays, of which the central one only is decorated. The two square turrets, containing the staircases, lighted by narrow loopholes, flank the main structure, and are covered with pointed roofs; below are four bell-turrets, added in the twelfth century.

The carving on the capitals at the porch is very interesting. On the right: Adam and Eve expelled from Eden; a warrior with wings; a peasant digging, near a standing dog; griffins and centaurs; a monster with the head of a cat between a horse and a snake. On the left: Figures clothed and surrounded by halos; the flight into Egypt; a bird devoured by a dog, etc. Some of the modillions on the cornices of the aisles are even more quaint and "curious"; for the most part they represent men's heads, grotesque or deformed, and the heads of animals—but there are allegorical representations of luxury and gluttony which need not be more particularly described. Those old Norman arti-

ficers had a playful fancy and a coarse humour, but their ideas of what constitutes grace and beauty were distinctly primitive.

On entering the church one is immediately struck by its admirable proportions, its loftiness, and the sense of light, purity, and cleanliness which pervades it. The principal nave, about 120 feet in length and 30 feet in width, is connected with the aisles by eight semicircular arches, upon cruciform pillars, flanked by smooth columns rising to the vaulting. The capitals are carved into interlacing bands of fan-shaped foliage, boughs, and human faces. One of the most curious of these is on the fourth pillar to the right of the nave, representing a monster with the body of a bird devouring a standing man with extended arms. On another are seen two winged quadrupeds with open jaws preparing to eat a naked man; and there is a draped figure holding a stick and a hammer menacing a winged monster. The imaginative youths of St. Martin de Boscherville have plenty to excite their interest during the dull moments of a service in their parish church.

The triforium consists of a series of narrow rectangular bays reaching to the ceiling, corresponding with the partitions in the thickness of the walls. They do not constitute a gallery, since there is no communication between them. This

mode of treatment is to be seen also in Notre Dame de Louviers: its object was to lighten the walls.

The gallery is at the base of the supports of the clearstory windows, and goes round the edifice by the embrasures. Its purpose was to overlook the building and enable it to be kept in order.

The vaulting of the nave is probably thirteenth-century work. It was formerly covered, as at Jumièges, with panelled woodwork.

The tower above the crossing is carried on four large arcades with rounded arches treated with dog-tooth ornamentation.

A Bishop blessing.

In the transepts are square bas-reliefs let into the walls. That in the north section shows knights mounted on small horses, lance in hand, fighting among themselves. That in the south represents a seated bishop, with a mitre and cross, in the act of blessing. On the capitals of the pillars are seen incidents of the chase in the midst of interlacing boughs and foliage.

The twelfth and thirteenth century piscinas are interesting. Before the high altar is the black marble tombstone of Abbot Antoine Le Roux, represented with hands joined, and with cope, cross, and mitre. Round the slab runs the inscription:

"Ici gist révérend père en Dieu, Maistre Antoine Le Roulx, docteur en théologie, XIX[e] Abbé de

TOMBSTONE OF ABBOT ANTOINE LE ROUX.
(M. Georges Dubosc.)

Céans, religieux et omonier de Fescamp, lequel décéda le XXII[e] jour de décembre de l'an de

grâce V^cc^XXXV. Priez Dieu pour lui." The medallions in white marble in the corners represent the four evangelists, each with an inscription surrounding it: St. John (*Ille erat lucerna ardens et lucens*), St. Matthew (*Erat sicut simplex columba*), St. Luke (*Procedens in omnibus mandatis et justificationibus*), St. Mark (*Processit rumor ejus per omnem*).

In one of the chapels may be seen a fresco: an angel with extended wings, clothed in a pink tunic, accompanied by cherubims waving phylacteries, and below are angels bearing the arms of the donor. The confessional is of oak, in the style of Louis XIV. The arms are those of the Tancarville family.

Thomas Corneille, in his *Dictionnaire Géographique*, published in the seventeenth century, states that there was a large statue of St. George at the side of the high altar, and statues of the founders in the choir, but these have disappeared.

The famous chapter-house on the north side of the abbey-church may be seen by opening the iron gate of the walled enclosure in which is the cottage and farm buildings on the sites of the court of the old monastery. According to M. Besnard the chapter-house was built between 1175 and 1200 by Abbot Victor. The building over it dates from 1690. The doorway, with a richly ornamented archivolt, is supported by ten small columns. On each side are two windows of the same width and

style. The supports of this arcade consist of smooth fluted columns with carved capitals, and on the right-hand side are statuettes set back to back.

These statuettes, much defaced and worn, represent St. Benedict in religious garb, with the inscription: *Fili suscipe disciplinam*; Death, a fury with bristling hair cutting her throat, and with the inscription: *Ego Mors hominem jugulo*; The Happy Life, with a sceptre and crown hardly recognisable, and the inscription: *Vita beata vocor.*

The interior is vaulted and has a richly ornamented cornice. The carved capitals, although much defaced, are very remarkable. We can make out: The entry of the Israelites into the Promised Land; Joshua commanding the sun to stand still; the passage of the Jordan; the fall of Jericho; an abbot chastising monks; women quarrelling in presence of the Devil; a woman pursued by a man with a head of a fox; a woman standing between two lions; the sacrifice of Abraham. The modillions on the cornice are quaint: we see an eagle; the grinning face of a man; a dog biting its tail; persons chatting together; an angel holding a disc.

The room is lighted by three pointed windows. It was formerly paved with square tiles, and both it and the sculptures were painted in reddish-brown, blue-green, and yellow colours.

Of the cloister, originally built by Abbot Victor, and rebuilt in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, the only considerable remains are two carved capitals in the Rouen Museum of Antiquities.

The space in which the farm stands contains a number of remains of the monastery: vestiges of

NEAR ST. MARTIN DE BOSCHERVILLE.

the cloister walls, and foundations of other buildings; an old well in what was formerly the abbey garden, with an arched subterranean gallery communicating with a cistern which up to the eighteenth century fed a fountain. Other old wells are in the farmyard.

We got back to the yacht at about noon, well

pleased with our visit to this interesting place, and got under way at once. As we approach the *feu* de Ronceray on the right bank the channel narrows, and the wooded Ile du Calumot, at the end of a long dyke, appears in sight. We leave it to starboard, and make over to the eastern side. When

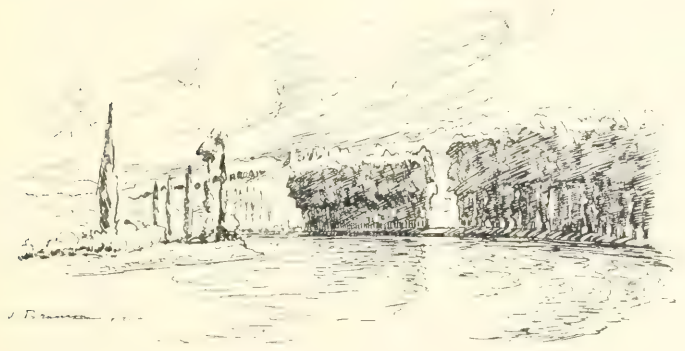
La Bouille.

we have passed the *feu* de la Bosse, the river becomes narrower but deeper. The fine sixteenth-century church on the left, some distance away, is St. Pierre de Manneville. The forest of Mauny, on the left, comes down to the water's edge. It is here barely a mile across to Yville, but it is 13 miles round by water. As we draw towards La Bouille at the bottom of the bend, the cliffs are

very bold, and are broken up into great quadrangular holes. For some distance the highroad to Duclair ferry has been skirting the left bank. Near Caumont we see some stone-barges moored against the bank: as the water is deep close to them—6 fathoms—we bring the yacht alongside and make fast while we lunch. The country hereabouts is charming, and the situation of La Bouille striking. The town nestles at the base of a steep wooded cliff with numerous country houses on its slopes. It is a favourite resort of the Rouennais in summer, especially on Sundays, when crowds of the townspeople come by the little steamer which runs up and down the river.

After a stroll ashore, and as soon as the flood began to make, we cast off and proceeded on our way. As we round the curve at La Bouille, we see to our right on a shoulder of the hill, above Moulineaux, the grey ruins of the castle of Robert the Devil. The old stronghold of the grim duke had witnessed many a fray during the eight centuries of its existence, but it never saw more furious fighting than that which raged round it during the fateful months of December and January 1870–71. The Germans, who were seeking to invest Paris, and who had occupied Rouen and the road as far as Pont-Audemer, were driven back by the French, who took La Bouille and the castle,

and forced the enemy to retire on Grand'Couronne, where they entrenched themselves. But the French failed to follow up their advantage; the expected assistance from the detachment at Havre never came; their officers at La Bouille were generally drunk, and after a futile attack on Couronne they were themselves forced back on Moulineaux. Meanwhile the Germans were re-



Castle of Robert the Devil, Moulineaux.

inforced, and fell unexpectedly, at night, upon the French position. The surprise was complete, and the French were utterly routed. The battle of Moulineaux decided the fate of Paris: the investment was made good, and the city capitulated on January 28, 1871, but the Germans did not leave Rouen until July 22. A monument near the Maison Brûlée—a well-known restaurant near La Bouille, on the site of an old inn burned down

in the eighteenth century by the *Chauffeurs*—commemorates the battle of Moulineaux.

Moulineaux has a thirteenth-century church, with a stained-glass window above the high altar, presented by Blanche of Castile ; a twelfth-century font, carved organ-loft, and fifteenth-century pulpit.

Looking back upon La Bouille, the view is very striking. Rows of tall poplars line each bank of the river, and we pass chateau after chateau standing at the fringe of the great forest of Roumare. On the rising ground to the right is the small town of Grand'Couronne, and beyond it a trail of steam reveals the railway line from Rouen to Elbeuf. We now sight the long island of Val-de-la-Haye, and behind it, on the right bank of the river, the little village — a picturesque place of fifteenth-century houses at the edge of the forest. Here was formerly a lodge of Knights-Templars, known as the Commanderie de Sainte-Vauborg, ruins of which may still be traced, and the name of which is still preserved in the modern chateau. In the thirteenth-century church is a statue of the Virgin, a relic of the Commandery.

Before we reach the village, we see a short Doric column, surmounted by a gilded eagle, close to the edge of the bank. It is erected at the spot where the remains of Napoleon I., brought from St. Helena in 1840, were landed from the *Normandie*, to be

transferred to a tug which carried them to Paris. Since leaving La Bouille, the main channel has been along the right bank, but as we approach the Ile du Val-de-la-Haye we make over towards the other

The Napoleon Column, Val de la Haye.
(From a Photograph.)

side. The small town away to the right is Petit'-Couronne, where Pierre and Thomas Corneille lived. The little house, which the brothers inherited in 1639 from their father, who was Maître des Eaux et Forêts in the Vicomté de Rouen, is

now owned by the Department of the Seine-Inférieure, and has been converted into a museum of objects associated with the poets and their times.

It now becomes evident that we are approaching Rouen. Yachts and pleasure craft become increasingly frequent, and small passenger steamers running down to La Bouille meet us from time to time. Making over to the right bank, we pass in succession Quenneport and Biessard at the edge of the forest of Roumare, and Dieppedale, with its remarkable caves, used for storing wine and petroleum. We pass to the right of the wooded Isle of St. Barbara, and in front of us, on the right bank, is Croisset, the home of Gustave Flaubert. His house, a small cottage of the time of Louis XV., has been converted into a museum, in which are to be seen a number of things formerly belonging to the great novelist: his arm-chair, writing-table, inkstand, letters, manuscripts, with some busts, medallions, pictures, etc.

The river loses for a time its beauty and charm. We move slowly up the stream between wharves lined with sea-going steamers; tall cranes are discharging timber, petroleum, wine, cotton, coal, and merchandise from vessels of every nationality. On the right are shipbuilding yards, and we hear the clang of hammers and the rattle of riveting; black smoke is belching from a hundred

factories, and a pall hangs over the city in front of us—the Manchester of France. Fussy tugs with trains of barges are moving up and down the stream. We slacken speed as we near the Transporter bridge, and, passing up towards the Pont Boïeldieu—the first of the stone bridges spanning

CURIOSITY.

the river between Rouen and the sea—we look out for a berth on the Quai de la Bourse, and seeing a vacant space we draw up alongside, just below the landing-stage of the La Bouille steamers. An excited, gesticulating *douanier* rushes forward, apparently to protest, but his words tumble over each other with such rapidity that it is impossible for us

to make out the meaning of what he says. He is followed by his superior officer, who explains in quiet, courteous language that we have encroached somewhat on the berth of the *Félix Faure*, which was expected shortly, but by moving to a bollard or two lower down we should find a convenient mooring-place, out of harm's way.

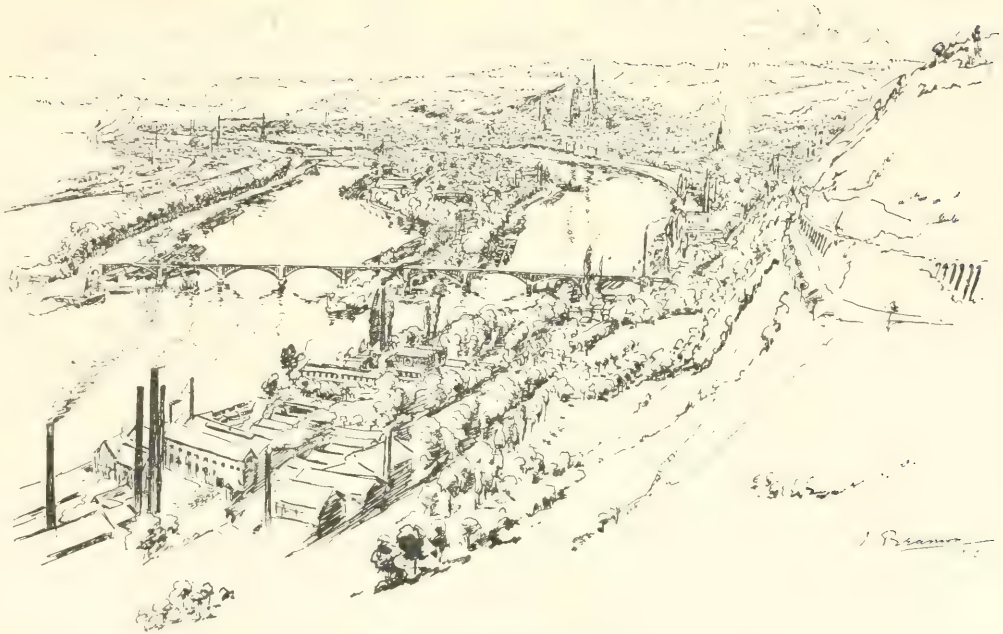
CHAPTER VIII

ROUEN

We had now completed the navigation of the maritime section of the Seine. Although the tide runs up to Elbeuf, more than 14 miles farther, for administrative purposes, the fluvial section begins at the Rouen bridges. Once through them a vessel is presumed to have entered upon the inland waterways of France, and to be subject to the special regulations applicable to them. On one side of the Pont Boïeldieu Rouen is a seaport, to which foreign ships have ready access; on the other side a vessel would be considered as penetrating into the heart of France, and even if merely on pleasure bent, as in our case, the peaceful penetration is only possible after a certain amount of official formality.

Permission must be obtained, and certain regulations complied with. These are not irksome. In the case of steam-yachts they mean an assurance to the authorities that the boiler is sound, and is

being worked under a safe pressure; that the safety-valves are in order, and that the machinery is in good running condition. Unless the boiler and machinery have been recently surveyed, it is desirable that this should be done before the vessel leaves home waters, and the necessary certificates should be produced; otherwise there may be detention at Rouen. The vessel's papers should accompany the application to enter the fluvial section of the river. Yacht-owners intending to navigate this section should provide themselves with the latest edition of the *Guide Officiel de la Navigation Intérieure*, to be obtained from Berger-Levrault, 5-7 Rue des Beaux-Arts, Paris. It costs only a franc or two, and contains much useful and necessary information as to rules and regulations, depths, locks, lengths, etc. of all the navigable waterways of France. One is apt to think that French bureaucracy has brought the framing of regulations to the level of a fine art, and indeed a very short experience of the river serves to show that certain of them are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. But a stranger is well advised to comply with them strictly, since their infraction may lead to annoyance and delay. As a rule the bargee of the Seine is a decent enough fellow, helpful and obliging, and ready to impart his knowledge of the river, on which, probably, he has spent



ROUEN FROM BON SECOURS.

the greater part of his life ; but he is apt to regard its waterways as peculiarly the property of his class, and hence to resent anything he considers to be an interference with his occupation. Cases of dispûte or trouble are not likely to occur, but should they unfortunately arise it is well to know that we are on the safe side of the law, as then we can generally count upon the sympathy and assistance of the officials.

Very little difficulty need be apprehended in obtaining authorisation for a yacht to proceed to Paris, but as the business takes time and a stranger may not be aware of the procedure, or not be able to find readily the various officials, it is best to entrust the application to a respectable *courtier maritime*, of whom there are a number along the Quai de la Bourse or the Quai du Havre. For a small fee, whatever is necessary to be done in clearing the vessel, re-coaling, watering, etc. is accomplished with a minimum amount of trouble to the owner.

Cysne is a schooner, with her two short masts stepped in steel tabernacles. With a view to the Seine trip her mainmast had been left at her home in a Devonshire estuary. It was now necessary to remove the foremast, which she had carried up to Rouen, as, of course, it was much too high to allow her to pass under the bridges. The removal was

easily effected. A floating steam-crane, of which there are numbers always alongside the quays, was brought up to the yacht, and the mast, previously unrigged, was lifted from its tabernacle and lowered horizontally in such a position that one end rested on the deck-house whilst the other projected over the bowsprit, being supported on a trestle or crutch made fast near the steam-windlass. We could, of course, have left the mast at Rouen, to be picked up on our way back; but its absence would have altered slightly the trim of the vessel, and it was desirable to keep her as far as possible on an even keel. Accordingly we stretched the awning over the mast, which acted like a ridge-pole, and so allowed the rain, of which we had plenty at times, to run readily away. The arrangement had the additional advantage of occasionally furnishing Berengaria, who was solicitous about her complexion, with a plentiful supply of soft water.

Although we had already spent nearly three weeks in France, sojourning at Havre, Honfleur, Tancarville, Caudebec, and Duclair, sometimes at anchor, or at other times alongside quays or wharves, going ashore without let or hindrance, we had hitherto not had the honour of a visit from any representative of the Republic's Customs Service. But at Rouen departmental activity is much more in evidence. Indeed, if it has a fault, it may be

said to err on the side of over-elaboration, and the skipper was kept pretty busy at times in following, with a mop, the occasional perambulations of the gentry connected with the Service Maritime des Douanes, who, for no other reason apparently than to pass the time, would leave their dirty footmarks on his spotless decks.

The obliging *courtier maritime*, on his first visit, had furnished us with a manifest enumerating the things which, if we had them on board, should be declared. It was a formidable list of upwards of a hundred articles, but with the experience of a practised hand the clerk filled up the document for us in less than a couple of minutes. As he folded it he informed us that before we left the port we should probably be visited by certain superior officials for the purpose of verifying the declaration, but that the visit was one of ceremony more than anything else, and was to be so regarded.

Two or three days afterwards, when we had begun to feel rather piqued at the apparent lack of ceremonial attention on the part of the Republic's representatives, the Infant put his head into the saloon and announced in awe-stricken tones, "Two officers from the Custom House." The steward comes from the Devonshire coast, from a part formerly famous, among other things, for the exploits of men of the calling of Jack Rattenbury, and was

possibly affected by hereditary fear of the gauger. Dulcie, who was at work at the table, struggling with her accounts, rose to go, but the master requested her to remain, as

> Haply a woman's voice may do some good
> When articles too nicely urged be stood upon.

The two men advanced into the saloon, cap in hand, and bowed ceremoniously to the lady as the master rose and motioned them to a seat. The elder and chief spokesman of the two, a short, dapper, well-groomed man, with brown curly hair, and a pleasant smile, began in halting English:

"We come, sare, to see your beautifool sheep."

The master bowed and pushed the cigarettes across the table.

"To see, sare, if you haf arteekles of—of——"

"Contraband?" interjected the master.

The officer, waving his gloved hands, and with a slight deprecatory shrug at the mention of so harsh a term, continued—

"To see, sare, if you haf arteekles dat you wish to make declaration."

"You have seen the manifest which the *courtier* made out? Has it not reached you?"

"Yes, sare, we have ze manifest here," producing the document. "We come to *vérifier* ze declaration."

"Quite right. Shall we begin? We have some tobacco, as you see. Mademoiselle also has some cigarettes, thin things, about the thickness of a knitting needle, mostly gold tips."

The officers smiled as they glanced at Dulcie, which effectually checked the flash about to dart from her eyes.

"You haf no more cigarettes?"

"Yes, but not more than I can smoke in a day or so."

"You haf no cigars? No *tabac à priser*? No snoof?"

"No."

"But you haf matches?"

"Yes, a few boxes, Bryant and May's safeties. A box in each state-room, I believe. Those you see lying about we mostly use for the cigarettes. Mademoiselle needs at least three for every one she smokes."

The officers again smiled at the lady, who smiled in return. But if ever a smile implied that a rod was being pickled, *that* smile did.

"Then you have wines?"

"A dozen or two of Pontet Canet. Here it is." And the master threw open the locker in which the claret was stored.

The officers glanced at the bottles lying snugly in their straw cases, and the chief spokesman said

something in French to his colleague, who seemed to agree.

"Dat is nossing. It may pass. Any wine of Champagne?"

"No! Can't afford it, with our present Chancellor of the Exchequer. All we can save now we spend on stamps."

"Dat is bad for France."

"Very. We sympathise with France, and we hope she sympathises with us."

"Perhaps you have tea?"

Dulcie moved across to the locker in which such provisions were stowed, and throwing back the swab, brought it, inadvertently, down upon the cap of one of our visitors. He made a dash to recover his head-gear, and narrowly escaped colliding with the lady, to the great amusement of his colleague.

She brought out a small parcel:

"This is all the tea we have! I bought it here."

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Turning to the master she continued, "How, with tea at six francs the half-kilo, I can make ends meet, Heaven only knows! Berengaria was quite peevish the other day because the tea was not to her liking. She gave me such a lecture that I really begin to dread the sight of a tea-pot."

The officers glanced at the other articles in the

locker—the biscuits, chocolate, jams, candles, preserved fruits, tinned meats, sugar, etc. etc.—all of which, with other like things, are subject to declaration; but apparently they were content to assume that these also had been bought in Rouen, or that their quantity was too insignificant to put them under seal.

Although it would seem they had finished their inspection, the *douaniers* were in no hurry to depart. Apparently they were quite content with the comfort of the saloon and the quality of the cigarettes. The list of articles subject to declaration was by no means finished, but the officers seemed to have no further desire to go through it.

With the manifest before him, the master now took up the running.

"I think, Dulcie, we have no 'Curios' on board? I see they are mentioned."

"Yes, certainly," she replied promptly. "The cook."

"Ah, Carême! But he is not dutiable!"

"Dutiable! I should think not, indeed!"

"And you wouldn't wish him put under seal?"

"I should like to see him put under hatches!" she replied with firmness.

The fact was, poor Dulcie had that morning had a troubled time with Carême, who had not been proof against the solicitations of his convivial

acquaintance at Rouen, and absinthe had made him irritable.

The master again glanced at the manifest. "I see mention also of 'Live Animals.' I believe we have some on board. What about the Spirit of the Tancar——"

"Oh, I promptly got rid of *that*," interjected Dulcie.

"And the voracious beast that attacked Berengaria last night? She complained at breakfast that such remains of physical beauty as she possessed had been irreparably damaged by the monster. She certainly looked very sorry for herself. The visit of our friends here has, I suppose, driven her to seek the seclusion that her cabin grants?"

"Not at all. She has been on shore for an hour or more, and is probably by this time in a *pâtisserie* shop devouring *éclairs*."

"'Tell me where is Fancy bred!' hummed the master. "*Dites-moi où est la pâtisserie!*"

"Chestnut!" cried Dulcie.

"But maybe she is in a *buvette* sipping her favourite *sirop*?"

> Oh a sirop's a drink divine!
> Far sweeter than cider or wine!
> When I've paid my six sous for my harmless carouse,
> Said "Bonjour" to mine host, and stepped out to the light,
> The world seems so gay! Life once more is bright
> And the town is all *couleur de rose*!

This *badinage* was only half-intelligible to our visitors, who looked on with a perplexed smile.

The master thought it necessary to explain.

"It is a fact, messieurs, that one of the members of my company—a lady—has been grievously assaulted in her sleep by 'a live animal'—from her account, an enormous and most venomous mosquito——"

"Ah! *moustique!* Very bad. From Algérie."

"Well, I think they ought to be stopped at the port of embarkation—or if they *will* come here, they should be put under seal and sent back as 'undesirables.' They bring discredit on your town."

Our visitors expressed a wish to see the rest of the vessel—apparently more out of curiosity than from any official motive. They looked into the master's quarters, but Dulcie demurred to their going farther. The other rooms, she explained, with a smile there was no resisting, were the ladies' sleeping apartments, and just at the moment it was not—well, it was not quite *convenable* to see them. The polite *douaniers* bowed, and passed up the companion.

"The fact is," she whispered to the master as he followed the officers up the stairs, "Berengaria, as the Paisley 'body' said of George the Third, is just now 'thrang wi' a washin',' and her 'things' are on a line across her cabin."

"Dulcie," said the master sternly, "I will not have my state-rooms looking like a Chinese laundry-shop in a New York slum. You must tell her so. Why can't she get her washing done like other people?"

"My dear good sir, Berengaria is — well, Berengaria is Berengaria, and she is not to be judged by ordinary standards."

Once on deck, we took leave of the officers, and we parted mutually satisfied. The *entente* was most *cordiale*. They desired to see the aftcastle, and the Infant was summoned to take them to the skipper. We fear the crew fared less well. Whether it was that the "Woodbines" were less appreciated than the master's *Format Moyen*; or whether the number of the packets of cigarettes, of boxes of matches, and jars of gooseberry jam was more than the officers could bring themselves to condone; or whether they were now determined to "compound for sins they were inclined to, by damning those they had no mind to," the practical result was that these things were put under seal, with awful penalties for infraction, until such time as we should return to Rouen and go to sea.

On their departure Dulcie produced the pickled rod.

"You gave me away shamefully about my cigarettes! You know you like them. But you

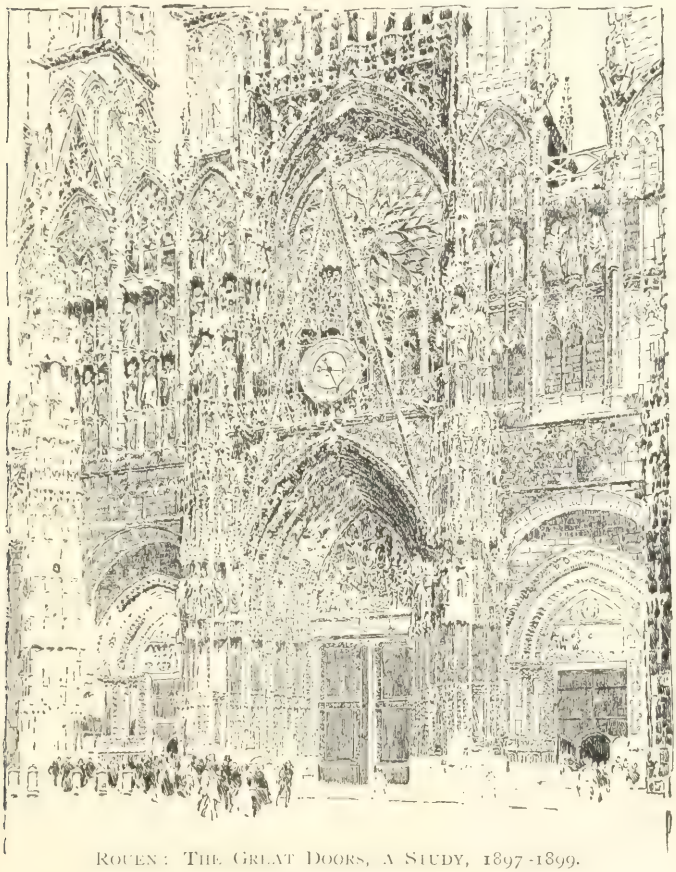
shall never have another! And the matches too! I don't use more than other people! Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! I never said a word about the boxes of Gianaclis you have stowed away in the drawers under your bunk! Wild horses wouldn't have made me! Ingrate!"

Of Rouen,

> la ville aux vieilles rues,
> Aux vieilles tours, débris de races disparues,
> La ville aux cent clochers carillonnant dans l'air,
> Le Rouen des châteaux, des hôtels, des bastilles,
> Dont le front hérissé de flèches et d'aiguilles
> Déchire incessamment les brumes de la mer,

what can be said that has not been said—and well said—dozens of times before, and by no one more charmingly than Mr. Theodore Cook? Alas! the Rouen of to-day is not the town of old streets and old towers of the poet. The *débris* of departed races is being steadily carted away, and the ancient capital of Normandy, once the most picturesque city in Northern France, is being—nay, has been—transformed into a dull, commonplace manufacturing town, with "Commercialism" writ large all over her. She has become what she has aspired to be—the Cottonopolis of France; but the wealth she has acquired has not brought her beauty. On the contrary, what there was of charm in her narrow, old-

fashioned streets and alleys, her shady arbours and courts, in her quaint timbered houses, dilapidated



ROUEN: THE GREAT DOORS, A STUDY, 1897-1899.
(By Joseph Pennell.)

castles, walls, and turreted gateways, wealth has largely swept away. The *hôtels* of which the poet sings were the town mansions of the seigneurs; to-day they are the Hôtel d'Angleterre, Hôtel de la

Poste, etc. etc.—with porters at the railway stations, lifts, electric light, telephones, a seven-franc table-d'hôte, and all other modern conveniences. Of course such a change in the outward characteristics of the city was inevitable. Other times, other manners. Modern standards of comfort and healthy living are not consistent with mediaeval streets, narrow, tortuous, ill-lighted and badly-drained; and there can be no question that modern Rouen, with its open spaces, its houses better built, with an adequate water-supply, and better sanitation, is a far healthier city than it was even half a century ago. But, as has been well said, Rouen of to-day is rather a museum of antiquities than an ancient city: the pot of iron has smashed the pot of clay. The change is not yet quite complete; there are still picturesque spots here and there; but every decade sees the disappearance of the few remaining traces of street architecture as it was less than a century ago. Rouen, however, is not unmindful of its former glories, and it still connects itself with its past history in its Cathedral, its churches, its Palais de Justice, its museums, statuary, and in the names of its streets, squares, and bridges. When the uncommercial traveller has seen its churches, studied its museums, and rambled through what remains of the old town, there is nothing more in Rouen to detain him.

Rouen, although styled the Manchester of France,

is, as regards population, only about a third the size of the Lancashire city. Owing to the regularity of its streets, with their lines of intersecting tramways, it is a singularly easy town to find one's way about in. Moreover, the greater number of its objects of interest are comparatively close together. They are practically all confined within a space bounded on the west by the Boulevard Cauchoise, to the north by the Boulevards Jeanne d'Arc and Beauvoisine, and to the east by the Rue de la République —or rather a little to the east of that street. These boulevards, together with the Boulevards St. Hilaire and Gambetta, are practically on the site of the old walls, so that by keeping within this area we are walking on the site of the walled town of Rouen as it existed in the days of Henry V. and Jeanne d'Arc. As seen from the river, the appearance of Rouen to-day is very different from that which the town must have presented in the fifteenth century. The Seine is now confined between quays, whereby the width of the stream is considerably narrowed—varying from about 140 to 220 yards—with upwards of 20 feet at low water at the quays; but formerly at high water the river extended to within a short distance from the cathedral, and hard by the ferrymen kept their boats. The present Rue du Bac owes its name to this ancient ferry. In the days of the first settlers the ground was marshy, and

intersected by the waters of the Robec, Aubette, and other small streams, and in Roman times had an evil reputation for unhealthiness. This no doubt checked its development, in spite of its strategic position, for it never seems to have acquired the importance of Juliobona. The walls of the *castrum* of Rothomagus probably enclosed the quadrangular space roughly bounded on the north by the Rue des Fosses Louis VIII, on the east by a part of the Rue de la République, on the south by an irregular line along the Rue St. Denis through the Rue aux Ours to the Rue Jeanned'Arc, which was its western boundary—altogether a very small portion of the space occupied by the present city.

ROUEN: RUE DU BAC.

Of Merovingian Rouen practically nothing is left except the beginnings of its churches. We are not here concerned with the story of Brunhilda and the infamous Fredegonde, and of the evil deeds of the degenerate kings of Neustria. The Frankish dynasty and the Rouen of their times fell practically together. In the middle of the sixth century the city, mainly of wooden houses, was nearly destroyed by fire, and a few years afterwards plague carried off the greater number of its inhabitants.

With the arrival of Rollo and his band of Norsemen a new era began in the history of Rouen. The Vikings for centuries previously had ravaged the coasts of France, had ascended its rivers, plundered and burnt its villages and despoiled its abbeys, and on the approach of winter had gone back to their own country. But, as in England, in time they created more or less permanent settlements, and sought to make themselves secure by force of arms and by treaties. By far the ablest, most powerful, and most politic of these freebooters was Rolf the Ganger, or Rollo, who established himself at Rouen towards the end of the ninth century, made a treaty with Charles the Simple, confirming him in his possession of all the land between the Epte and the sea, and acquiring the daughter of the French king, Gisela, in marriage. From him sprang the line of the Norman dukes. By the strong right

arm of his son William Longsword, and the valour and prudence of his grandson Richard the Fearless, the power and influence of these dukes was consolidated, and Normandy became the best governed, the most contented, the most prosperous, and most independent Province of France. Rollo, on settling in Neustria and making Rouen his capital, had abjured the worship of the northern gods, and his sons and grandsons were brought up in the Christian faith, and became, as we have seen, its most staunch supporters, enriching it, extending its influence, and strengthening its power in every possible way.

It was through the bastard son of Robert the Devil that the line of Rollo secured its hold upon England, and it was the kingly successors of William the Conqueror who sought to establish and perpetuate the claim of England upon Normandy, and as much else of France as they could manage to hold. Philip Augustus had expelled John Lackland from Normandy in the first years of the thirteenth century, and had established the effective sovereignty of France over the province ; but during the next century internecine struggles and a succession of weak monarchs had practically ruined the kingdom. Torn and distracted, France then embarked upon the Hundred Years' War with England. As a matter of fact it lasted from 1337 to 1453, when the English were finally expelled

from France. That period saw the great naval victory of Sluys and the creation of the naval power of England. It saw the victory of Crécy by Edward III. in 1346, and of Poitiers by the Black Prince ten years later, and with the coming of Henry V. it saw the capture of Harfleur in 1415, the battle of Azincourt, the siege and capture of Rouen in 1418, and the subjugation of Normandy for more than thirty years.

With the aid of Mr. Theodore Cook's admirable work and a plan of Rouen such as you may obtain for a few centimes from the *librairie* Lestrignant, 11 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, it is readily possible, with the assistance of a little imagination, to reconstruct, as it were, the main features of the memorable siege of Rouen by Henry V.

At the time of his invasion Henry's operations were greatly facilitated by the distracted condition of France. At the moment a desperate party struggle was at its height, and the rival factions—the Burgundians and the Armagnacs—were more intent on annihilating each other than in combining to resist the common enemy. This accounts for the comparative ease and rapidity with which Henry was able to concentrate his forces upon the capital of Normandy. He was in possession of Honfleur, where the main part of his fleet was assembled, and he was thereby enabled to keep

open his communications with England. He had seized Pont de l'Arche, and was in a position to resist any possible succour from the direction of Paris or the south. In the meantime the Rouennais had done what they could to strengthen the defences of the city. They had repaired the walls, thrown down the houses in the faubourgs and across the river, sunk vessels in the stream above and below the bridge, and accumulated as much food as they could secure. In all about 25,000 fighting men were in the city under the command of Guy le Bouteiller. But the real power behind the walls was the brave Alain Blanchart and Canon de Livet; it was mainly by their intrepidity and example that the city managed to hold out for so long a time.

On the morning of 29th July Henry left Pont de l'Arche, reaching Rouen in the evening. Before daybreak of the next day he had completely invested the city. It had previously been summoned to surrender by a detachment under the Duke of Beaufort, but the garrison had answered the summons by a charge of cavalry. The besieging force numbered probably about 45,000 men.

The headquarters of the King were in an abbey about a mile from the present Place St. Hilaire, to the east of the town, in the valley between Ste. Catherine and Darnetal. Between him and the fortress of Ste. Catherine, held by Jean Noblet, were

posted the men under Lord Salisbury. Before the Porte St. Hilaire was the Duke of Gloucester, with the Earl of Suffolk to the south of the Robec and the Marquis of Abergavenny to the north. Going along the Boulevard Gambetta in the direction of the Seine, you come to the Place Martainville, where formerly stood the Porte Martainville: here was the camp of the Earl of Warwick; and on the north side of the Aubette was Edmund Beaufort, afterwards Duke of Somerset.

Proceeding now in the opposite direction along the Boulevard Gambetta, and going northwards and westwards along the Boulevard St. Hilaire and the Boulevard Beauvoisine, we come to the site of the old Porte Beauvoisine, where the present Rue de la République joins the Rte. de Neufchâtel. Here was posted the Duke of Exeter, with Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the Lord Chamberlain, Henry Fitz-Hugh, and Lord John Ross. Still farther to the west, along the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc, and at the top of the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, was the old Castle of Rouen, built by Philip Augustus, with the Porte Bouvreuil, before which was Lord John Mowbray. The last gate to the west, the Porte Cauchoise, which formerly stood at the point of intersection of the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc with the Boulevard Cauchoise, was besieged by the Duke of Clarence, whose quarters were in the

Abbey of St. Gervais, near the present church of that name. Nearer the river was posted the Earl of Ormond. Across the river and opposite the town, in the ruined faubourg of St. Sever, was the Earl of Huntingdon, guarding the barbican at the southern end of the bridge, and maintaining the communications with Honfleur and the south of Normandy.

The beleaguered garrison made repeated but ineffectual attempts to break the line of investment by simultaneous sorties from all the gates. Gradually the circle was tightened, and a wide ditch dug round the town. Henry made no attempt to carry the place by assault. Having effectually cut off all communications with the outside, he knew that it was only a question of time; hunger and disease would inevitably compel the city to surrender. It is not necessary to describe the horrors of that awful time. With no chance of succour, without a ray of hope, rendered desperate by famine, the garrison still fought on. With the approach of winter their condition became unutterably wretched, and thousands died from exposure. Then Henry did an act which, it may be, did as much as, if not more than, the force of his arms to bring this agonising time to an end. Stow tells the story: "King Henrie, moved with pittie upon Christmas Daie, in the honor of Christis Nativitie, refreshed all his poor enemies with vittels to their great

comfort and his high praise." On Christmas Eve he caused his men to cook all the available food, and priests carried it to the starving wretches in the moat.

In January Rouen surrendered. It was calculated that 50,000 persons had died of famine during the six months' siege. Four years later the victor himself was carried through its streets in his coffin.

Of the English occupation of Rouen there is nothing that need be told here. There is a little—a very little—to our credit; there is far more to our shame and dishonour. The judicial murder of the Maid of Orleans is one of the foulest crimes that ever stained our annals. Had Henry V. lived, or had Charles VII. been otherwise than what he was, we may well believe that the hideous tragedy of the 30th of May 1431 would never have been enacted. Even when every allowance is made for the character of the times, no consideration of policy or statecraft can possibly justify the murder of a poor defenceless girl of nineteen. Jeanne d'Arc was done to death by ecclesiastics of her own country; and the names of Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, Jean d'Estivet, Jean Beaupère, Nicole Midi, Jean Lemaitre, live only in history as her unjust judges.

Joan of Arc "embodied," says Mr. Percy Dearmer,

"the two greatest passions that have moved mankind, religion and patriotism, and therefore her memory has gradually conquered the hearts of men. The Church that condemned her has now beatified her, and the nation that betrayed has made her its heroine. Nor are we English, who bear so large a share in the infamy, behindhand in our love for

> Jehanne, la bonne Lorraine
> Que Angloys bruslèrent à Rouen.

It is perhaps not the least of her miracles that every Englishman who reads her story finds himself on her side and against the men of his own country."

It is not necessary to set out in detail all we did and saw in Rouen, nor to describe its various churches, its Palais de Justice, its museums and picture galleries, or to say much of our rambles round the city in search of the few remaining landmarks of its ancient history.

All the principal "sights" of Rouen are the common property of the guide-books, and there is probably no city of northern France better known to the travelled Englishman than the ancient capital of Normandy. To one of us, at least, its "curiosities" had not the charm of novelty since most of them had been seen and studied on previous occasions. Nevertheless their interest never palls, and it is a pleasure ever fresh to saunter along the busy animated Rue de la Grosse Horloge, to look up

at the large dials over the archway spanning the street, to gaze at the drinking-fountain with its Renaissance loggia, to peer into the old curiosity

STREET OF THE CLOCK, ROUEN.
(By Joseph Pennell.)

shop at the base of the fourteenth-century campanile which holds the *Cache-Ribaut*, and *Rouvel* the famous tocsin of Rouen that now rings the curfew.

At the Grosse Horloge we are practically in the heart of the old city. Close by was the ancient town-hall. The bust you see at the corner is that of Thouret, a member of the States-General of 1789. Round the corner, to the left, is the Rue des Vergetiers, leading to the Rue aux Ours: at No. 61 is the house in which Boïeldieu was born. Turning up the Rue Thouret you come to the Palais de Justice, built in the middle of the fifteenth century by order of the wise king Louis XII. to house the *Échiquier de Normandie*, with the two modern wings at right angles. It is one of the most striking examples of Gothic and Renaissance architecture to be seen anywhere—a masterpiece of Roger Ango and Rouland le Roux—and the pride of Rouen. Ask the doorkeeper in the courtyard off the Rue aux Juifs to show you over the place, and he will point out the statues of Louis XII. and his Queen, of the good Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, and François Ier. He will take you into the Salle des Pas-Perdus, show you its wonderful wooden ceiling, and the old marble tomb, the famous Table de Marbre, at which the Corneilles—father and son—sat as Commissioners of Woods and Forests. This building played a notable part in the Fierte St. Romain, the extraordinary time-honoured ceremony by which the church in Rouen once a year, on Ascension Day, claimed and exercised the power

to arrest the secular arm of justice, and to pardon a prisoner condemned to death—a right which it retained down to the close of the eighteenth century.

Crossing the Rue Jeanne d'Arc and proceeding along the Rue Rollon, practically a continuation of the Rue aux Juifs, we come upon the Place du Vieux-Marché—the site of a market held uninterruptedly since the eleventh century. It was formerly much larger, comprising the space of the Place de la Pucelle, where there is a fountain surmounted by a statue of Jeanne d'Arc fronting the Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde. This has given rise to the belief that this marks the spot of the burning of the Maid. The fountain was erected when Cardinal Georges d'Amboise brought the water-supply of Rouen to this place for the use of the Quartier Cauchoise, when opportunity was taken to crown it with a memorial of Jeanne d'Arc. The actual place of the execution is now indicated on a tablet affixed to the N.W. corner of the market building: it is to-day occupied by the stage of the Théâtre-Français.

The Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde is one of the most characteristic treasures of old Rouen. It was built at the end of the fifteenth and in the early part of the sixteenth century by the Lords of Bourgtheroulde, and is an interesting example of the transition of

Gothic domestic architecture to that of the Renaissance. Guillaume le Roux, the Lord of Bourgtheroulde, who finished the house, was employed by Francis the First to negotiate the concordat which

PLACE DE LA PUCELLE, ROUEN.

the king announced on the occasion of his entry into Rouen in 1517. Although it has been modernised, and "restored" in some parts and defaced in others, there is much of the original building left—more especially on the south side of the courtyard where,

on the basement, may be seen a series of bas-reliefs representing the meeting in 1520 of Francis I. and King Henry VIII. of England on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. There is reason to believe that the carving was copied from tapestries done by artists who had actually witnessed the occurrence.

Another imitation of tapestry in stonework may be seen in the panels above the windows, where, as M. Palustre found, the Triumphs of Petrarch had been copied from the works of the weavers of Arras. The first was *Amor Vincit Mundum*; the second, *Pudicitia Vincit Amorem*; the third, *Mors Vincit Pudicitiam*; the fourth, *Fama Vincit Mortem*; the fifth, *Tempus Vincit Famam*; and last of all, over the doorway, comes *Divinitas seu Eternitas omnia Vincit.*

When coming out of the courtyard of the Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde, cross the Place de la Pucelle, turn down the street at the right-hand corner—it is the Rue de la Vicomté—go down it towards the river, and you will see some picturesque sixteenth-century houses, especially at the corner of the Rue aux Ours. You will pass on the left the flamboyant Church of St. Vincent, built in the early part of the sixteenth century, containing some fine stained glass—ancient and modern. Look at the carving of the Last Judgment on the pediment of the western doorway, and examine the Renaissance

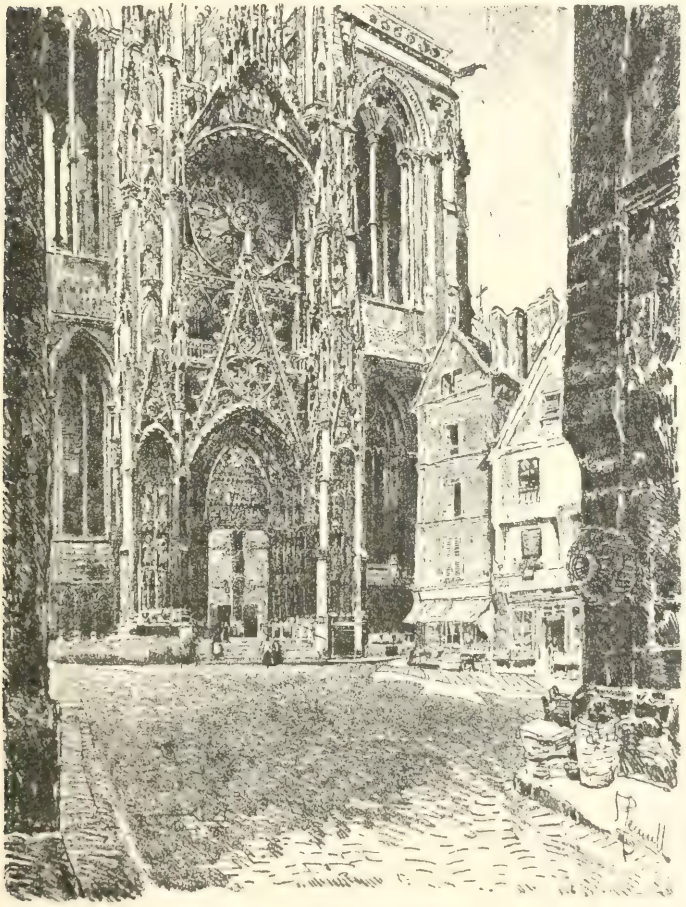
door-panels at the south entrance to the transept. In the vestry is some Renaissance and seventeenth-century *haute-lisse* tapestry.

Continuing your walk towards the river, on arriving at the quay turn your back on the Transporter bridge, and, passing the Custom House and the Bourse, cross over the Rue Grand Pont opposite the Théâtre des Arts, and you will see a narrow street before you. It is the Rue de la Savonnerie and contains two old fifteenth-century houses, one of which, No. 31, is the Maison Caradas. Near it are the ruins of the Fontaine Lisieux, built in 1518 opposite the town-house of the Bishops of Lisieux. The quaint house, with its overhanging stories, wil. give you a good idea of what old Rouen must have looked like when its streets were lined with such picturesque buildings.

Rouen is a city of churches—famous for its holy places, as St. Paulinus wrote—but although the town has greatly expanded and is spread over many times the area it occupied at the end of the fifteenth century, the number of its churches now is less than half of what it possessed during the English occupation. With the exception of the Cathedral, practically all these have disappeared or have been reconstructed during the last 400 years.

It is impossible here to deal justly with the history and main features of Notre Dame, admittedly

one of the finest "Gothic" cathedrals in existence, with its stately towers—the Tour de Saint Romain



PORTAIL DE LA CALENDE.
(By Joseph Pennell.)

and the flamboyant Tour de Beurre,—its beautiful portals, and wonderful western façade; or to

describe the many glories of its interior, its glass, its panels, its tapestry, its tombs. Nor can any description be attempted of St. Maclou, dedicated to that pious Scotch monk of the sixth century who laboured so long and so earnestly among the descendants of the Velocassies—a graceful example of Norman Gothic, with its beautiful porch and handsome carved doors, and the exquisite staircase to its organ-loft—masterpieces of the art of Jean Goujon. Close to St. Maclou a little way down the Rue Martainville, you will come to an opening in the street at No. 188. You pass in under some gabled windows, and, turning to the right, you enter a spacious courtyard, on the sides of which are timbered houses with wooden galleries resting on stone pillars with carvings of the *Danse Macabre*, recalling the famous Todtentanz of Holbein the younger. It is the Aître St. Maclou—the site of the oldest of the many cemeteries in Rouen—and as you see it now dates from 1348, when 100,000 persons are said to have died of the Black Death. Should you be curious to know more of this remarkable place you will find a full account of the extraordinary carvings in M. Langlois' *La Danse des Morts du cimetière St. Maclou.*

If after leaving the old *aître* you continue eastwards and turn up the Rue Victor Hugo, crossing the tram-line along the Rue d'Amiens, you will see

almost opposite a narrow, mean-looking street—Rue du Roussel—named after the Abbot who started the building of St. Ouen. Go up it and you are in the Rue Eau de Robec. It is all rather sordid, and some of the houses seem to be in the last stages of decrepitude. But this "ignoble petite Venise," as Flaubert termed it, with its foot-bridges over the inky stream, its parapets, and overhanging gables with their carvings and bas-reliefs—note especially Nos. 134, 186, and 223, and the courtyard of 4 and 6—is a characteristic bit of old Rouen, all the more striking when compared with the modernity of the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville with its tram-lines and statuary, and the houses of the Rue Thiers, not a stone's-throw away. There were furious doings in the Rue Eau de Robec in 1639, when the dyers rose in rebellion against a tax on their industry, killed the tax-gatherer, and burnt his house, to be furiously punished in turn when Séguier came down with his "Fléaux de Dieu" and kept the gallows pretty busy for a while.

Running almost parallel with the Rue Eau de Robec, and separated only by the block of buildings on the north side of the street, is the Church of St. Ouen, the fifth church which has stood on its site, the others having been destroyed by fire. The present edifice was begun in the first quarter of the fourteenth century by "Marc d'Argent," and its

construction was spread over 150 years. M. Beaurepaire's little brochure will tell you all there is to know about its many architects and master-masons. The façade, with its two towers, is modern and is singularly inconsistent with the general style of the building. The church has had a chequered history. It was greatly mutilated by the Protestants in 1562, and during the Revolution was turned into a museum, and eventually used as a factory for the manufacture of arms. You will admire the magnificent proportions of the nave, and you will not neglect to see the reflection of the arches mirrored in Holy Water on the right as you enter. St. Ouën was formerly attached to an abbey of the same name—one of the most important in Normandy and the scene of many historical events. It was in its cemetery that Jeanne d'Arc was forced to "abjure," and it was here, twenty-four years later, that her memory was "rehabilitated." The Abbey grounds now form a public park—the Jardin de l'Hôtel de Ville—a pleasant resort of the Rouennais and the rendezvous of half the *bonnes* of the city.

He who would attempt to realise for himself the ancient glories of Rouen—to live through, as it were, its past history through Gallic and Roman times, under Merovingian kings, under its dukes—to trace the ebb and flow of its fortunes, its sieges, its communal struggles and popular risings—will

not neglect to visit and to study its museums and libraries. Rouen is singularly rich in antiquarian writers, many of them natives of the city, and nearly every phase of its political history and civic life—even down to its taverns—has been the subject of special monographs, most of which are to be found in its municipal library.

In the Musée des Antiquités, situated at the top of the Rue de la République, there is an almost unique collection of objects illustrating the history of the province from prehistoric ages down to our own times. The museum occupies the cloister of a seventeenth-century convent, and is surrounded by thirteenth- and fourteenth-century statues brought from the Cathedral. In the garden are a number of fifteenth-century stone carvings and Renaissance carved oak door-panels; the wooden walls of a Gothic house, formerly No. 29 Rue Damiette, with overhanging stories; of St. John and St. Romain with his monster the Gargouille—the terror of Rouen. Here, too, is the original of the beautiful Fontaine Croix de Pierre. In the entrance-hall is a tomb from Jumièges, and a sixteenth-century Holy Sepulchre. The various galleries contain Merovingian relics, weapons, finger-rings, necklaces, pottery, etc.; Romano-Gallic remains such as the famous mosaic of Lillebonne; statuary from the baths; terra-cotta idols and statuettes, Etruscan

ware, bronze torques, glass ware; bronze utensils of the Middle Ages, stained glass, standards of weights and measures used in Rouen from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century; a reliquary cross of the twelfth century presented by the Empress Matilda to the Abbey of Valusse; ivories from the eleventh to the sixteenth century; and a great variety of articles—furniture, wood-carving, panelling, tapestries, altar-cloths, needlework, weapons, and armour of the Middle Ages. The arrangement is not very systematic, as many of the objects were originally contained in private collections which have been kept together as far as possible, but the whole is deeply interesting and well repays examination and study.

The Musée de Rouen, or Musée-Bibliothèque, stands in the square Solferino in the Rue Thiers. It contains the Town Library, entered through a door opposite the Church of St. Godard, and has many bibliographical treasures — Anglo-Saxon writings of the tenth century, the "Missal" of Cardinal Georges d'Amboise; the missal of Robert Champpart, Bishop of London in 1050; the twelfth-century Gospelary of Jumièges by the monk Rainaud, and a number of fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth century works. Permission to view these works is readily granted on presentation of a visiting card.

The Museum also contains a gallery of ceramics and of the faience for which Rouen was famous in the seventeenth century, and a collection of ancient and modern paintings, drawings, and engravings—many of which relate to the history of the town, and show its ancient architecture, streets, walls, and bridges.

Merely to ramble through Rouen, map in hand, pushing one's way through its narrow streets away from the main thoroughfares, reading their names and tracing the meaning of them, is in itself a liberal education. Such names as Rollon, Guillaume le Conquerant, d'Harcourt, de la Vicomte, and St. Romain carry with them their own interpretation. Rue Harenguerie was the way down to the old market where the fishwives, "non angéliques mais harangériques," sold the herrings from Honfleur, as you may see represented in a stained-glass window in the Cathedral.

At the end of the Rue du Vieux Palais stood the English palace of Henry the Fifth, of which not a stone remains. The Rue des Fosses Louis VIII owes its name to the circumstance that King Louis allowed the people to build almshouses and make gardens in what was formerly the moat of the old town walls. The Place de la Rougemare, where the butter-market is held, was the scene of the slaughter of the troops of Otho, Emperor of Germany, by the

Normans under Richard I., Duke of Normandy, when the fields were dyed with blood. The Place du Boulingrin was where the English played bowls during their occupation of the city. The Rue Massacre is suggestive of St. Bartholomew, or of a rising against the Jews, whose quarter was in the neighbourhood: in reality it means Rue des Machecriers, or the Street of the Butchers whose shops were formerly here. But if you are in any doubt as to your own interpretation, M. Nicélas Périaux's *Dictionnaire des Rues de Rouen*, which you will find in the Municipal Library, will help you to a solution.

A Street in Rouen.

Such names as the Rues de Fontenelle, Dulong (after the chemist), Flaubert, Pouchet, and the Ponts Boïeldieu and Corneille, and others that might be

mentioned, commemorate eminent sons of Rouen, whose birthplaces are further indicated by tablets affixed to the houses in which they first saw the light.

Molière not infrequently visited his morose, ill-tempered friend Pierre Corneille at his house in the Rue de la Pie—now the Rue Corneille—which you may recognise by the bust of the poet over the entrance. The Rouen Municipal Council has now acquired possession of the house, thanks largely to the descendants of the poet and the generosity of the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The façade is to be restored to the same condition as at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and a Corneille Museum is to be established on the ground floor.

The Pascals lived in Rouen from 1639 to 1648, and here the young Blaise Pascal gave evidence of the extraordinary mathematical ability and scientific power that was to make his name famous throughout Europe. They must have been a singularly gifted family. Jacqueline Pascal as a young girl won a literary prize at the Puy des Palinods, and gained an ode in her honour from Corneille.

Voltaire spent some time in Rouen, and the first edition of the *Henriade* was printed by Robert Viret in the Rue aux Juifs. He evidently had not Kingsley's appreciation of the east wind, and the apple-blossom time of Normandy had no charms for the irascible poet—

Vos climats ont produit d'assez rares merveilles ;
C'est le pays des grand talents,
Des Fontenelles, des Corneilles,
Mais ce ne fut jamais l'asile du printemps.

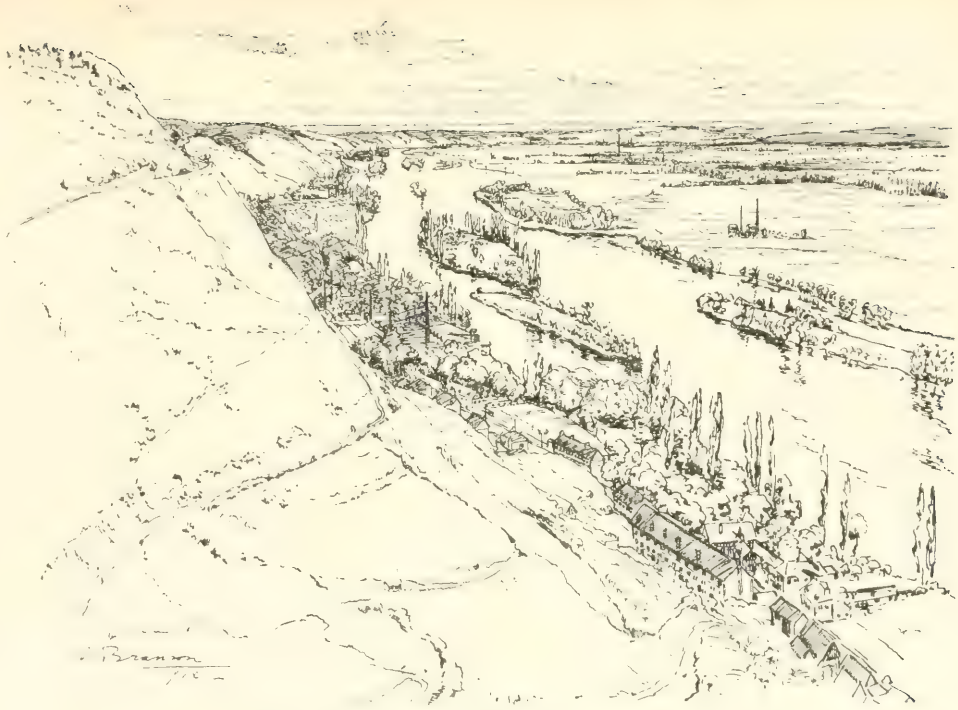
Another resident for a time, of a different kind, was Marat, "Ami du Peuple," who at one stage of his chequered career sought to make for himself a name in science, and succeeded in getting his memoirs "crowned" by the Academy of Rouen. Charlotte Corday, who came from Caen, is traditionally supposed to have received the suggestion "of saving the People from their Friend," as Mr. Cook puts it, from the carving of the daughter of Herodias on the façade of the Cathedral, which the townspeople always speak of as "La Marianne dansant." There is a picture by Aviat in the Salles de Peinture of the deed by which Charlotte Corday lives in history. To Englishmen a melancholy interest attaches to No. 30 Rue Damiette, not far from St. Maclou, for it was here that Edward Hyde, the great Lord Clarendon, died in 1674 after seven years of weary exile ; here he finished his *History of the Rebellion*, many of his *Essays*, his *Life*, and his *Survey of Hobbes's Leviathan*. The house is now known as the Hôtel d'Aligre, and, according to M. Beaurepaire, is in much the same condition as when it was let by Henry Dambay, "Conseiller au Parlement," to "Monsieur le Comte de Clarendon,

Chancelier de l'Angleterre," who had been permitted by the King of France to reside within his kingdom by the gracious consent of the monarch he had served so well—His Majesty of Great Britain. Among the shrubs is the little fountain which he had begged might still be allowed to play.

CHAPTER IX

PONT DE L'ARCHE. THE EURE. LOUVIERS

We cast off our ropes from the quay below the Pont Boïeldieu, shortly after breakfast, on perhaps the wettest day of the wettest summer of many decades. The *patron* had previously stepped ashore to show his permit to the *douanier* who had ensconced himself in the little green box below the bridge—for nothing would have tempted that official to venture out into the pitiless downpour—and had been grimly commiserated with on the atrociously "mauvais temps." It was near the last of the ebb. We swung the yacht out into the middle of the stream, and, passing under the centre arch, made over to the Pont Corneille so as to leave the Ile Lacroix on the starboard hand. Few people were about on shore, and little sign of life on the tiers of barges moored alongside the Quai de Paris and the right bank of the river. All above was depressingly dull and grey, and the stream between the mud-covered banks seemed as grey and lifeless as the rest of the



From Bon Secours, looking towards Oissel.

landscape. The ladies were of course hopelessly imprisoned within the deck-house, and only those of the men-folk whose duties needed their presence outside plashed about in their "oileys" on the sloppy decks. We moved slowly up the river, for we were still ahead of the flood stream, drifting past the Champ de Mars and under the slope of the Côte Ste. Catherine until we came to the iron railway bridge crossing the Ile Brouilly, where we drew up alongside a friendly barge and made fast for a while, waiting for the upcoming tide and in the faint hope that the teeming clouds might tire of the relentless deluge. We had ample time to look upon the Pont Anglais by which M. Locke "ingénieur Anglais a payé à la France la dette que l'Angleterre avait contractée envers Brunel le Normand. Locke a donné à la France son plus long chemin de fer; Brunel a donné à l'Angleterre le tunnel sous la Tamise: glorieux échange des deux parts."

Very pretty, M. Janin! But we could have wished that Mr. Locke had been able to emulate the Brunels in his bridges. The opening of the line from Rouen to Paris in 1843, largely constructed by English skill and capital, was a notable event in the commercial history of France. The line constantly crosses and recrosses the serpentine course of the river, and we shall repeatedly sight it before we reach Paris. By this bridge England may be said

to have discharged another debt to France, for it was in its vicinity that Henry V., during the siege of Rouen, threw the timber bridge of St. George across the Islands of Sotteville to Lescure, on the right bank of the river, with a view to secure his communications with southern Normandy.

As soon as the flood began to make we resumed our way. It lay along the right bank of the stream, past Eauplet and beneath the hill of Bon Secours, which, as in duty bound, we had visited for the sake of the fine views it commands over Rouen to the west and towards Oissel to the south. On the right bank the land rises in gentle wooded slopes to a height of some 450 feet, at the base of which the main road runs to Pont de l'Arche where it crosses the Seine. For some distance inland the land on the left bank is flat, and gradually rises to the plateau of the forest of Rouvray, above Couronne, on the other arm of the river. The Seine is here thickly studded with islands, densely wooded. In the absence of a chart it would be impossible for a stranger to follow the navigable channel. Even with Vuillaume's large-scale chart, constant care is needed to check the vessel's position, otherwise a single false move may land her on a shoal or in an *impasse*. After passing between Lescure and the Sotteville Isles and Amfreville la Mi-Voie, recognised by its domed basilica, the channel bends

towards the left bank and passes a perfect maze of long, narrow islands, which, so dense is the foliage of their poplars, practically hide the high ground on the other side. At the ferry we obtain a glimpse of St. Adrien and its little chapel in the cliff. This is the first and the most interesting of the old rock chapels we shall meet with on our way up the river, and a visit to it, especially if combined with a little *déjeuner* in the shady riverside garden of the Soleil d'Or, forms a pleasant half-day's excursion from Rouen. You have a choice of routes. You can take the motor-boat from the Pont Corneille, or better, the tram to Amfreville, and walk up a lane to the left through leafy glades, and on to the main tree-shaded road from Belbeuf, which gradually descends towards St. Adrien, affording beautiful peeps of the river and its many islands as the way winds and curves round the great buttresses of the chalk cliffs. The little twelfth-century chapel of Ste. Barbara is easily reached from the village. You follow a narrow, steep, and stony path close to the Soleil d'Or, and ascend a flight of steps to the door. The greater part of the chapel is contained within a cavern of the rock, the opening to which is built up by stones in which are the windows. On the top of the wall is a short sloping roof up to the face of the cliff, carrying a little roofed bell-turret surmounted by a cross. The

interior is exceedingly quaint: it may be said to consist of a nave and half a transept, with an altar and a small chapel, and on the tiled floor are a few wooden forms and benches. The windows are filled with old stained glass, and here and there stalactites hang from the roof. It is an ancient picturesque place, very dear to the *gardienne* who showed us over it, and a frequent resort of pilgrims.

We keep a moderate distance from the left bank and as far as possible in mid-channel between the bank and the long succession of islands which lies in mid-stream, blocking out the view of the other side until after passing St. Ouen. The course, which since leaving the railway bridge at the Ile Brouilly has been generally south, now becomes nearly west. As we round the bend we sight the parallel girder bridge at Oissel by which the Rouen and Paris railway crosses to the right bank. Behind it is Oissel itself, a small place of no importance, with a flat shelving shore in front. The navigable channel now turns towards the other side, and skirts the wooded island of Ste. Catherine, passing through a narrow gut, indicated by perches on the starboard hand, marking the edge of the shoal behind the Ile Idie, when it again bends towards the left bank. The available space is very narrow, and the water on either side soon shoals to 6 feet and

less. Opposite the hamlet of Les Roches the river suddenly deepens, and the village of Bas Cléon, down on the edge of the right bank, may be passed close to. The scenery here is most picturesque. On our right as we pass up the river are the curiously contorted chalk cliffs, some 300 to 400 feet high, with here and there detached pinnacles of rock, rising to the plateau of the forest of Londe. We pass more islands between us and the left bank, full of willows and osier beds, and as we round the bend at the end of the reach we are in sight of Orival, an insignificant little place, but known in history as the scene of a remarkable exploit of Henry V. in the campaign of 1418. When the burghers of Rouen realised that its siege was imminent, they sank vessels in the river below the city to prevent the approach of the English galleys. As it was necessary to protect the bridge of St. George, which, as already said, the King had built to keep open his communications with Honfleur, Henry resolved to bring his ships across the neck of land between Moulineaux and Orival, and they were hauled up the high ground over greased logs cut from the Forêt de la Londe, and brought down the slopes of Orival to the river below, a distance of 5 miles. As there happened to be a strong west wind blowing at the time, the sails were hoisted to assist the portage, and the peasants witnessed with

astonishment the spectacle of ships in full sail slowly ascending the hills above Moulineaux and making their way through the forest down to the opposite arm of the Seine.

At Orival we run under a lattice girder bridge of the line from Serquigny to Rouen, and gradually make over to the left bank, taking care to avoid the shoal ground off the Iles du Noyer and Comte, and working well into the bend below Elbeuf.

Elbeuf is the first considerable place we have seen since leaving Rouen. It is a busy manufacturing town containing, with its environs, about 40,000 inhabitants, mainly weavers of cloth. "Elbeuf," said Napoleon, "c'est une ruche, tout le monde y travaille," and as a matter of fact a beehive and a swarm of buzzing bees constitute its coat of arms. It is a very old town on the site of a Roman station. It has been known and celebrated as a seat of the woollen industry since the fourteenth century. Colbert did much to foster its trade, but after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes its prosperity greatly declined. It was made into a duchy by Henry III.; in 1763 the title passed to the Harcourts, and became extinct at the Revolution. Its Renaissance Church of St. Stephen, and the sixteenth- and eighteenth-century Church of St. John, contain some fine sixteenth-century glass representing the industries of the town. Two bridges, one

a suspension bridge, connect it with St. Aubin. Before the Hôtel de Ville is a quay where vessels can lie afloat.

At Elbeuf we are at the highest point to which the tide ascends. We were a little in advance of high water, but as this is a time of some activity at the locks, we moved up the cutting so as to get through, if possible, before the bustle began. Our whistle soon brought out the lock-keepers, and they busied themselves at the sluices, despite the persistent downpour. The large lock was slowly filled, as there was a big cargo-boat behind us; the two vessels were locked through together. The lock-men went about their work with an air of sullen resignation, absolutely wet through; and never was a *pourboire* better earned or more gratefully received. On emerging from the lock we were in the veritable fluvial section of the river, and in fresh water, unaffected by that from the sea. The distance from the St. Aubin locks to Pont de l'Arche, where we intended to anchor, is about 6 miles. We ran past the old lock and barrage at Martot, where we passed from the Department of the Seine-Inférieure into that of the Eure. The

THE TIRELESS DRIP.

river here is of no special charm, although suggestive of the Thames above Sonning—but of twice the width—and the land on both sides is flat and uninteresting. The channel twists and turns between islands, behind which we can make out the roofs of the small hamlets of Freneuse and Criquebeuf,

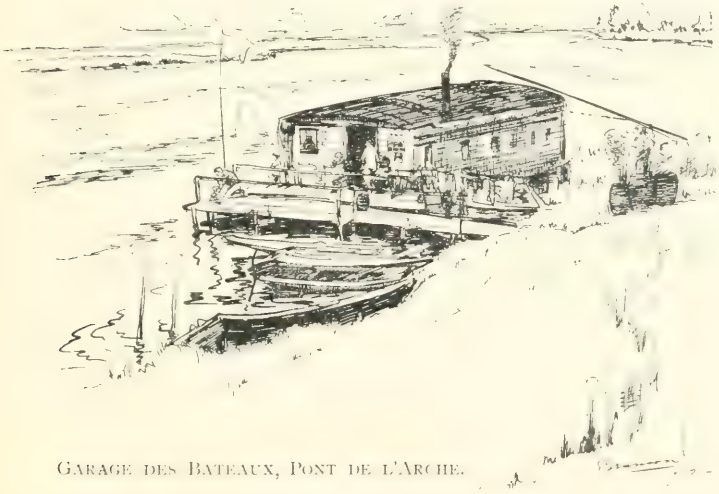
PONT DE L'ARCHE.

some little distance inland. The ground beyond Criquebeuf gradually rises, and we see the distant forest of Pont de l'Arche. On the other side of the river the steam from a locomotive indicates the Paris and Rouen railway, which we saw crossing the Seine at Oissel. We are now nearing Pont de l'Arche. We run past the long island of Bon-Port,

catching a glimpse of the roofs of the old abbey at the back, and we see the many arches of the bridge of Pont de l'Arche before us. We are now abreast of the town, its towers and the remains of its ramparts, its beautifully placed church, and its cluster of houses. We pass under the proper arch, indicated by a disc over the keystone, and run up to the anchorage we had previously selected, just above the town, by the Ile St. Pierre, with the bow of the vessel pointing up the backwater on the inside of the little, beautifully wooded Island of the Wrens. Owing to the current, the head of the vessel, when at anchor in the fluvial section of the Seine, of course always tended to point up-stream. As *Cysne* is upwards of 100 feet long over-all, it may be of service to indicate what our usual procedure was when coming to an anchor. Naturally we always selected a spot as far away from the fairway as was compatible with a draught of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet. When near the desired position the engines were stopped, and when the way was nearly done, the kedge, attached to a few fathoms of rope, was let fall astern, and then the working anchor dropped and the proper amount of chain run out. On taking in the slack at both ends, the vessel was thus moored stem and stern, with her head up-stream. If there was a strong side-wind, she was further fixed by a rope from the quarter to the shore. At night she

always carried a *red* anchor light, in compliance with the regulations.

Small vessels drawing under 6 feet will find a more convenient anchorage at Pont de l'Arche in a little pool to the east of the bridge. The entrance to it is through a narrow channel between the Belle-Ile—the eyot on which the bridge stands—and the



Garage des Bateaux, Pont de l'Arche.

Ile St. Pierre. There is about 12 feet in the entrance when it suddenly shoals to 6 feet—and then deepens again to 12 or 13 feet in the pool. A garage with a small landing-stage is moored against the bank. The only disadvantage of the position is that occasionally one has to pick a way through a small crowd of kneeling washerwomen who find the shelving shore convenient for their work.

Pont de l'Arche is a very old place, and on account of its position on the highroad to Rouen, which here crosses the Seine, was formerly of much strategic importance. In mediaeval times it was walled and fortified and its citadel commanded the passage of the river. Charles the Bald had a

THE OLD BRIDGE AT PONT DE L'ARCHE.
(From a Lithograph.)

palace here in the middle of the ninth century, and it was the seat of the Ecclesiastical Councils of 862 and 869. That of 1310 which condemned the Templars was also held here. Pont de l'Arche was the first town to declare for Henri IV. who demolished its citadel. During the Hundred Years' War, and during that of the League, it was constantly taken and retaken. Its old bridge of twenty-two

arches was dismantled in the middle of the last century. In the Hôtel de Normandie may be seen a representation of this quaint structure on which are a couple of flour-mills overhanging the stream, driven by waterwheels, as at Poissy, and in the church

Old House at Pont de l'Arche.

is a painted window showing a number of persons, male and female, in the costume of the sixteenth century, towing barges through the centre arch.

The present town is a straggling little place of narrow, crooked, ill-paved streets, built on a slope, down which the water rushes like a torrent after

heavy rain. The old worm-eaten timbered houses in the Route de l'Abbaye Sans Toile are quaint, and in the street above there is a picturesque place with a wooden thirteenth-century porch supported by pillars. Hippolyte Langlois, the archaeologist, whose name has already been mentioned in connection with the antiquities of Rouen, was born at Pont de l'Arche, and there is a bronze bust of him near the centre of the town.

The most interesting object in Pont de l'Arche is the unfinished fifteenth-century church, standing on the rising ground above the river, and a notable feature in the view of the town as seen from the bridge or the stream. It is a good example of flamboyant Gothic with an elaborate south porch. Internally it consists of a nave and two aisles with some stall work from the Abbey of Bon Port. Its organ is said to have been given by Henri IV., and the arabesques on the font to have been the work of Jean Coujon, who seems to have been employed on almost every church in the district until he was killed in the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day. The stained glass is noteworthy. In the church is a memorial tablet to two ladies—mother and daughter—burnt to death in the terrible fire at the Charity Bazaar at Paris on May 4, 1897.

On the afternoon of the second day of our sojourn

at Pont de l'Arche the weather had so far improved that it seemed worth while to get out the motor-dinghy and explore the backwaters in the vicinity. So after tea we set off down the long, narrow Bras de Bon Port to see the remains of the old Abbey. There is very little current in the backwater. We

THE *FOUDROYANT*.

ran between steep banks lined with sedges and masses of purple loosestrife, great yellow mulleins in full flower, and overhanging willows, until we came to the *bac* between the Abbey farm and the Island of Bon Port, where we found a convenient landing-place.

The Abbey was founded in 1190 by Richard

Cœur de Lion in gratitude for his escape from drowning in the Seine when pursuing a stag. The story goes that on reaching the bank after a severe struggle with the current he called the spot *bon port*, and vowed to build a church. Nothing now remains of it beyond the pediments of the pillars of the nave, although the site is clearly indicated. We were allowed to look into the fine old refectory and kitchen. The Abbot's house has been largely restored and is used as a private residence.

On the other side of the island against which we were moored is a wide backwater formed by the river Eure, which here makes its way through a number of mouths, and over much shoal ground, into the Seine. The Eure is navigable for craft drawing not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet as far as Louviers, about 9 miles distant; there are three locks, each 110 feet long and 16 feet wide, viz. at Léry, Le Vaudreuil, and La Villette, near to Louviers; and six bridges with a least free height of about 12 feet. The section between Louviers and Le Vaudreuil is now very little used, and no attempt seems to be made to keep the channel free from weeds. As the Eure runs through pretty country and passes one or two interesting places out of the beaten track, a trip up the stream in fine weather forms a pleasant little excursion from Pont de l'Arche—best

by row-boat. During our stay at Pont de l'Arche there was a considerable body of water coming down the stream from the heavy rains of the previous two or three days, and the strength of the current would have made a row of 9 miles a some-

AT PONT DE L'ARCHE.

what arduous undertaking. Accordingly it was decided to make the attempt in the motor-dinghy; but the motor was "sulky" and refused, at first, to behave properly, the wet weather having apparently disturbed its internal economy. However, with a little coaxing the skipper and the engineer persuaded

it to make the effort. The entrance to the Eure lay through a narrow channel overhung by trees, to the east of the Ile St. Pierre and passing the little village of Les Damps. Up to Léry the river is of fairly uniform width, running between high banks lined with rushes, sedges, and a profusion of wild flowers, with here and there clumps of willows. At Léry the lock-gates were closed, and no sign of the lock-keeper could be found. A number of children gathered round to see the strange apparition of the English motor-boat, and at length one more intelligent than the rest volunteered to go in search of the lock-woman, who was somewhere in the village. Meanwhile we strolled round the little place and looked at the old twelfth-century church—close to the river-bank—and the few remains of the palace in which Queen Blanche, the wife of Philip of Valois, spent her widowhood. It was destroyed by fire in 1814, and the lower part of the walls of the Gothic portal alone exist.

According to M. Langlois, the church was probably built at the same time as the abbey-church of St. Georges de Boscherville. It is in the form of a cross, with a short square tower over the crossing. The spire is a modern addition. The east end is quite flat, and the transepts have no buttresses. Internally it is of an extraordinary

simplicity. A double row of pillars and arches separate the nave into two parts of unequal width. There are no mouldings on the arches, no ornamentation on the capitals, and no bases to the pillars, which are simply rounded piers of a diameter about two-thirds their height. The windows were formerly filled with painted glass representing scenes in the life of St. Louis. The church is of great interest as a type of early Romanesque work wholly free from Gothic influence. It is illustrated in Cotman's *Architectural Antiquities of Normandy.*

After some time the lock-woman appeared, hot, breathless, and apologetic, and with the help of the children she set to work on the sluices and succeeded in moving the creaking gates, which sadly needed repair. The next business was to clear away the accumulation of floating grass and weed which barred our exit, but by the efforts of a young man who came to our assistance, this was at length effected and we were able to proceed. The good woman was greatly excited at the unwonted spectacle of something passing through her lock, sympathised with us on the abundance of *les mauvaises herbes* in the stream, and promised to be on hand when we returned in the afternoon.

Léry is a picturesque place as seen from the river, the old mill and the church in the foreground

making a good "subject"—as the artists who frequent the neighbourhood of Pont de l'Arche have no doubt already discovered. A short cutting from the lock leads into the main stream—literally a brimming river, for its waters are almost level with the meadow-land through which it meanders between banks lined with willows and poplars. The cattle in the fields gaze with astonishment at the noisy little motor, and the women washing in

PASTURING COWS.

the stream stand with arms akimbo at such an extraordinary spectacle. Our main difficulty was to find the true channel, for the water had flooded much of the low-lying ground. Once we struck a submerged trunk and literally jumped over it, to the imminent risk of the propeller. The weed was a continual nuisance, and we had to stop occasionally to clear the screw.

As we approach Le Vaudreuil the country becomes still more beautiful, and more richly wooded, and we see a handsome chateau in park-like grounds.

Fredegonde had a castle in the neighbourhood to which she retired when things were too hot for her at Rouen. After the assassination of Pretextatus, the Archbishop of Rouen, the Frankish nobles determined that "the murderess must at last put a term to all her crimes," and rode to Le Vaudreuil to summon her to justice. "Her reply was even more rapid and fearless than usual. She handed the

BLANCHISSEUSES.

speaker a cup of honeyed wine, after the custom of his country; he drank the poison, and fell dead upon the spot."[1]

Fredegonde's stronghold became, during his boyhood, the home of William the Conqueror, when, by direction of his father, he was removed from the care of his mother, Arlette, and placed under guardians.

[1] Theodore Andrea Cook, *The Story of Rouen*.

Il naquit, cet illustre enfant,
D'une simple amourette.
Le hasard fait souvent les grands ;
Vive le fils d'Arlette !

William of Montgomery attempted to seize the boy, and one of his guardians, Thorold, was murdered in defending him, the young duke being carried off by his uncle Gontier and hidden in a cottage.

Le Vaudreuil was also the home of Queen Espriota, the widow of Richard the Fearless, when she took the miller Sperling as her second husband.

As we drew up to the little town, skirting orchards and gardens, the whole populace seemed to turn out to see us pass ; women with their babies and knitting rushed to the doors, and boys and girls scampered along the banks, hallooing and shouting to draw attention to the strange phenomenon. As we shot under the road-bridge the parapet was lined with spectators, and the lady of the lock beamed with delight as the little boat ran in between the opened gates. The Vaudreuil lock is in much better condition than that at Léry, and is bricked with sloping sides, but with old-fashioned sluices worked by overhead racks and wheels. The old dame bustled about, and soon had the lock filled, as there was not much fall.

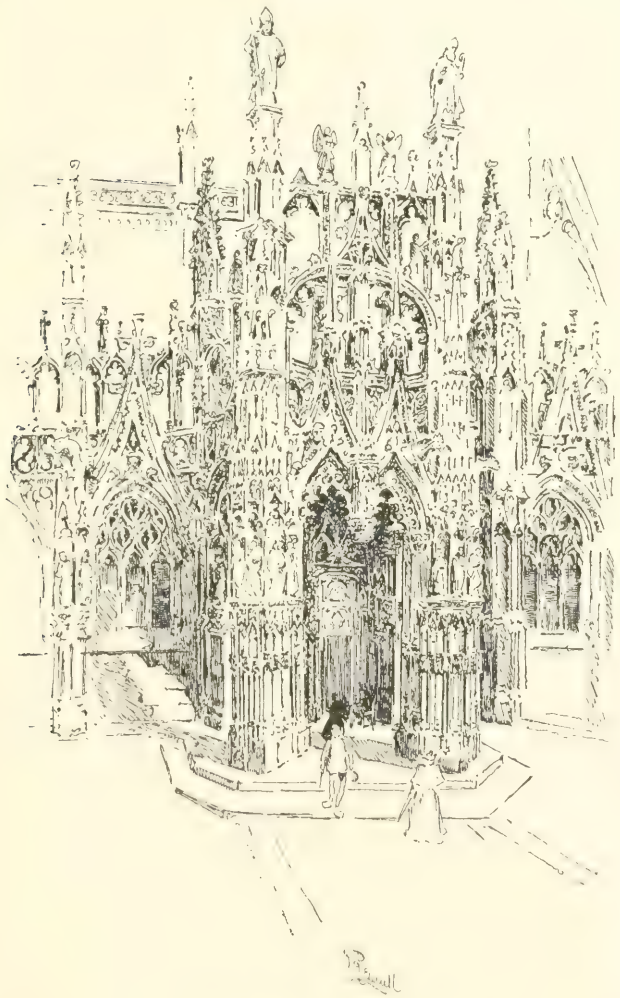
Although we could easily have got through with one gate open, she insisted on swinging both, so that we should emerge with proper dignity. We pushed on towards La Villette, struggling with the weeds and the current, but as we drew in sight of Louviers, it became more and more difficult to get through the floating tangle brought down by the flood-water, so we drew the boat alongside the bank, cleared the propeller, and prepared to return.

Louviers had been visited by rail from St. Pierre-du-Vauvray by one of us on two previous occasions. It is one of the oldest cities in Normandy, formerly a place of some importance and a walled town, prettily situated in a valley through which runs the Eure and the railway to Dreux and Chartres. It was taken and sacked by the English in 1346, and again in 1431 after a siege of six months, when the town was almost destroyed, with the exception of its churches and the twelfth-century house of the Templars. In 1591 it was surprised by Marshal Biron while its garrison was at dinner, which gained for the people of Louviers the sobriquet of *mangeurs de soupe*. In the fifteenth century Louviers was celebrated for its manufactories of cloth, and this has continued to be the staple industry of the town. There are still a few old timbered houses to be seen in its narrow streets, but its main object of interest is its Church

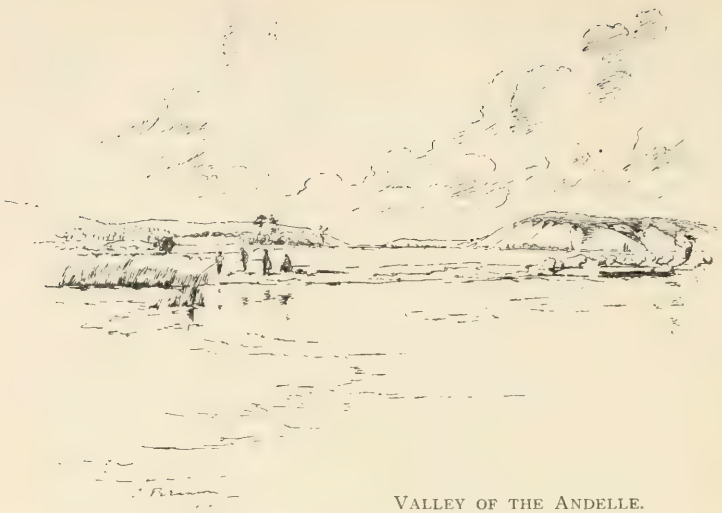
of Notre Dame—interesting if for nothing else than the *bizarrerie* of its architecture, and the extraordinary mixture of styles of which it is composed. We have lancet thirteenth-century windows and a thirteenth-century nave, a strong buttressed belfry of the fourteenth century, classical flying buttresses and pinnacles, and an astonishing south fifteenth-century porch in which flamboyant Gothic reaches the height of its extravagance. Nothing could exceed the richness and delicacy of its carving —lace-work solidified into stone. The interior is striking and imposing, and the stained glass beautiful. The central pillar in the double chapel shows St. Hubert and his stag; the tomb is that of the Sire d'Esternay, Governor of the Province, drowned in the Eure by command of Louis XI.

We left in the late afternoon, and ran rapidly down the river, aided by the strong current. Somehow we managed to keep clear of the long, ribbon-like weed, and the little *Foudroyant* simply romped along. A lad at the Vaudreuil lock, who helped the old dame with the sluices and gates, followed us to Léry by road on his bicycle; but we were at the lock before he turned up, evidently after a hard ride. The woman at Léry was ready for us, and we were quickly through the lock, the villagers turning out to see us depart. We soon rattled down to Les Damps, ran through the narrow gut into the Seine, and

rejoined the yacht in good time for dinner, after a most exhilarating and interesting time.



THE PORCH, LOUVIERS.
(By Joseph Pennell.)



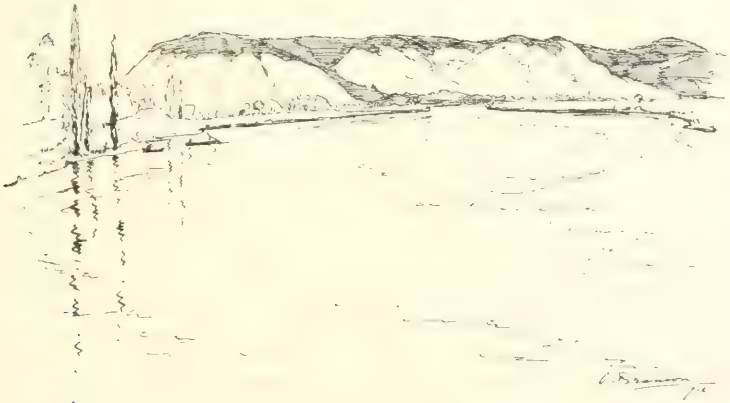
VALLEY OF THE ANDELLE.

CHAPTER X

LES ANDELYS—CHÂTEAU-GAILLARD

THE weather had been steadily improving during the previous forty-eight hours, and there was every prospect of a fine day when we took in the ropes and prepared to leave our snug anchorage below the Island of the Wrens. The sun and the strong west wind were gradually dispelling the grey canopy which had covered the distant hills and made the landscape dull and cheerless, and great masses of white cumuli were slowly forming against a background of blue. We run under the lattice-girder bridge at the thatched hamlet of Le Manoir, where the Paris line again crosses the Seine, and see in front

of us the high hills at the back of Amfreville, the Côte des Deux-Amants, and the pretty valley of the Andelle. We are again approaching the chalk cliffs, which here divert the course of the river, north and south, forming one of those great loops which are so characteristic of the Seine. There is still a considerable current from the rain of the last few days, and a fine fall of white water is rushing over the



CÔTE DES DEUX-AMANTS.

great barrage of Poses which is now in sight. At Poses is a lock with a rise of nearly 14 feet—one of the greatest on the river. As we are waiting for the signal to enter, Dulcie, who has been admiring the green hills in front, crowned with the Bois de Douville, is curious concerning the name Côte des Deux-Amants of the hill overlooking the little Andelle. She is referred to Janin, and she reads :—

Histoire bien connue et bien touchante. Un beau jeune homme est mort là-haut de fatigue, une belle fille est morte de douleur ; il était serf, elle était noble ! ils s'aimaient, ils moururent ensemble. Honnête amour ! De pareils souvenirs sont rares dans ces campagnes ; même quand ils sont dans toutes les mémoires, il ne faut pas les dédaigner : la poésie, c'est la consolation, c'est le charme du voyage, c'est le repos après tous ces récits de batailles et de châteaux forts.

"I daresay all that is very fine," exclaimed Dulcie, as she put down the book; "but the 'histoire' isn't 'bien connue'—at all events to me, even if it is in all the 'mémoires.' What *is* the story?"

"Well," said the master, "accounts vary. Of course I can't vouch for the accuracy of my version, but you shall have it for what it is worth. Anyhow, it has a happier ending than M. Janin's.

"Once upon a time, in the days of Long Long Ago, there dwelt a worthy seigneur in a castle built on the side of a steep hill, and known as the Pierre-Crochet aux Puits. He was, as I have said, a very worthy man, much respected in the province, and good fortune and his good lady had together endowed him with a quiverful of daughters with all manner of maidenly accomplishments. They could boil eggs, cook chops, make their own frocks, match wool, keep accounts that would nearly balance, take a hand at bridge; in short, they had

every marriageable attribute. Accordingly, suitors came from far and near, but their fond father was very loath to let them go, and put ingenious obstacles in the way of those who sought to deprive him of them. One knight-errant declared he would go to the Uttermost End of the Earth if he could only gain the lady of his choice. 'Then,' said the seigneur, who was a man of humour, 'if when you are at the Uttermost End of the Earth, you whistle for my daughter and she hears your whistle, she shall be yours.' So the young man went, and when he whistled the maiden picked up the very first note and all the succeeding ones at once, so the seigneur, who was a man of his word, was fain to let her go to the knight at the Uttermost End of the Earth; and they were married and lived happy ever afterwards.

"Now among his other daughters was one weighty with learning and weighty otherwise. So the seigneur, who, as I have said, was a man of humour, proclaimed that he who should win her must first carry her up the steep hill and deposit her on the door-steps of the Château Pierre-Crochet aux Puits. The suitors (from far and near) came, saw, and were conquered—at least the few who tried; for when they looked up the hill and then looked upon the lady, the greater number passed by on the other side. At length one young man,

more valiant or more venturesome than the others, determined on a bold attempt to win the lady. And she, nothing loath, seconded his efforts in every possible way. She cut down her consumption of *éclairs* to one a day, restricted her *sirops* to one a week, had hot-water in the morning, and dry toast for breakfast, abjured muffins at tea, took to conjugating French verbs, and went in for London Matriculation, Votes for Women, and other wearing and attenuating pursuits,—in a word, did everything that a strict regimen, strenuous physical exercise, and mental toil could do to lighten the severe muscular effort her sire's task would impose upon her suitor.

"Well, the eventful day came, and with it the young man in the very pink of condition. But, which is unusual in stories, the expected happened. With a great effort he lifted the lady, staggered manfully forward a couple of yards, when with a cry of pain he let her drop, and fell prostrate by her side. We draw a veil over the harrowing scene that followed. Nothing in the annals of fact or fiction could exceed in pathos the spectacle of the weeping, heart-stricken maiden vigorously rubbing the back of the young athlete as he lay writhing in the agony of his crick. A famous leech in those parts, the learned Maître Panel, was hurriedly sent for, and at once grasped the

serious nature of the case; but by a skilful application of opodeldoc, belladonna, cloudy ammonia, soap-liniment, and furniture-cream, the young man was eventually snatched from the jaws of that most lingering of all deaths—death by backache."

"How *very* dreadful! And what became of him?"

"After a tardy convalescence he solaced himself with a slimmer lady, and lived happy ever after."

"And the seigneur's daughter? Did she get her to a nunnery?"

"Oh no! She went on conjugating French verbs, and finding she had a talent that way, devoted the rest of her life to instructing the tender youth of both sexes in the rudiments of the Gallic tongue."

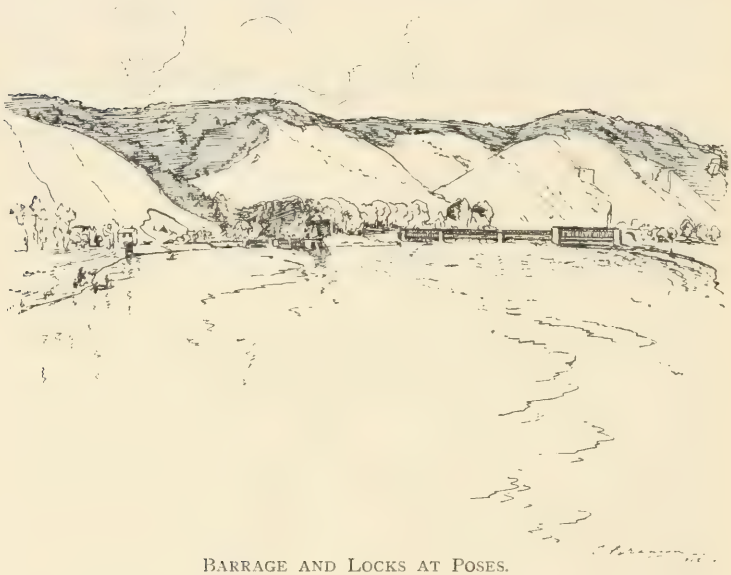
"What did you say the lady's name was?"

"I didn't say. Nor do I remember that Froissart mentions it. Perhaps Berengaria knows."

Berengaria did not know. But what she did know was that the whole story was a most ridiculous travesty of a beautiful legend.

Whilst the master was thus "yarning," instead of looking after his vessel as he ought to have done, the skipper had been manœuvring the yacht into position in the channel pending the opening of the lock-gates—a matter of some little difficulty owing to the high wind and the cross-currents from the

barrage; but by backing her under the bank into the quieter water at the mouth of the Andelle, she was got ready for the lock as soon as the gates were opened. To bring a steam-vessel into a lock and to place her cleverly alongside the wall in the precise position desired, requires a little skill and



BARRAGE AND LOCKS AT POSES.

some knowledge of the idiosyncrasy of the vessel, or, in other words, a knowledge of how her propeller when reversed will act with the helm in throwing her bow towards or from the wall. To the nautical eye it is a pleasure to see the ease and certainty with which the tug-masters on the river accomplish this little feat. To begin with, it is a good

example of what is known in mechanics as the resolution of forces. When the vessel runs in to the lock, on reversing her propeller she does not go back exactly on her line of direction, but tends to move at a certain angle to this direction depending upon conditions and the manner in which she is handled. If this is done cleverly, that is, by a proper adjustment of the forces acting upon her, she will sheer bodily in towards the lock-side and be brought up parallel with it, and at the precise spot most convenient for the ropes which hold her as the lock is filled or emptied.

The scenery round Poses is very pretty, and as the sun had now conquered the clouds, and the day was bright and warm, we saw it under the best conditions. On leaving the lock we passed down a cutting, about a couple of kilometres in length, lined, to our right, with poplars, and skirting the cliffs with their great rounded bosses of bare chalk. The little hamlet straggling up the hill-side, with its quaint old church perched midway on the rock, is Amfreville-sous-les Monts. As we emerge from the cutting we see the whole width of the river, which is here considerable; it is studded with numerous islands edged with sedges and bulrushes, and covered with poplars. Up to this point the course has been along the right bank. On sighting the village of Le Mesnil de Poses, on the left

bank, we make over to that side, leaving the long Ile de Tournedos, with its rich pastures, on the port hand. At Tournedos is a handsome chateau. The little Ile des Brosses in mid-stream seems to bar the passage. We leave it to starboard, and work into the narrow neck which connects the Ile de Tournedos with the Ile de Connelles, crossing again to the left bank and passing into a narrow channel by Port Pinché. We again emerge into the main stream, pass the village of Herqueville on the right bank with two or three handsome country-houses standing on the high land overlooking the river, backed by the forest crowning the hills. As we round the bend we come in sight of the road-bridge of St. Pierre du Vauvray, the lowest bridge on the river between Rouen and Paris, with a maximum height of a little less than 19 feet above the water-level under normal conditions. Shall we be able to pass under it? We required at least $17\frac{3}{4}$ feet to clear the funnel, and the wet season had made the river more full than usual. With such a margin we could not afford to take any risks. So the yacht was brought to an anchor in the passage between the Ile Bunel and the Ile du Bac over which the bridge passes. It was an anchorage we had used on previous occasions and can be well recommended; it is a pretty spot, well out of the fairway, and the depth of

water ($2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms) is ample. With this bridge in mind we had, before leaving home, provided ourselves with a bamboo pole about $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, which we had hitherto carried along the ridge-rope above the rail. The time had come to use it, so

St. Pierre du Vauvray.

the gig was swung out and lowered, and a couple of hands pulled the skipper and the rest of us to the bridge.

We slowed down under the arch, and the pole was then raised vertically, with its end touching the water. It was a fateful moment, for on it hung the possibility of reaching our goal—Paris. It

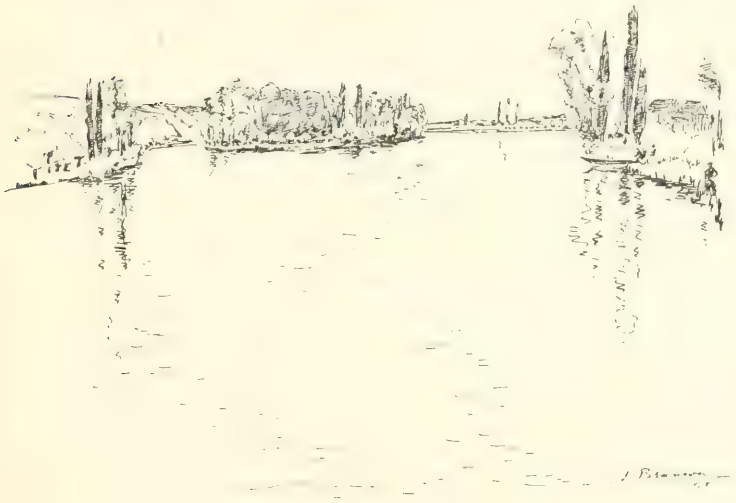
cleared the arch with at least 9 inches to spare! Whereat there was much rejoicing.

> Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> And the little less, and what worlds away!

Our doubts and fears thus settled we took a turn on shore, and strolled round the little town of St. Pierre du Vauvray. It is a station of the main line to Paris, with branches to Louviers and to Les Andelys, and that is practically all that can be said about it. It was the sacred hour of *déjeuner* and practically everybody was indoors. We climbed up to the little church on the hill-side, past the iron gate of a park in which stood a modern chateau, looked at the pretty view from above the town, and went back to lunch.

In the afternoon we weighed anchor, brought the yacht into the main stream, and headed her for the bridge. As we approached it the master rang down "dead slow," the skipper steadied his helm and brought the funnel exactly in line with the disc and along the centre of the arch. As we came up, it looked as if it were going to be a very near shave; but the skipper kept his head, and she came through all right on the other side. We ran round the bend at the base of the steep cliffs rising from the left bank, along which, for a short distance, is the Paris line, and passed under the

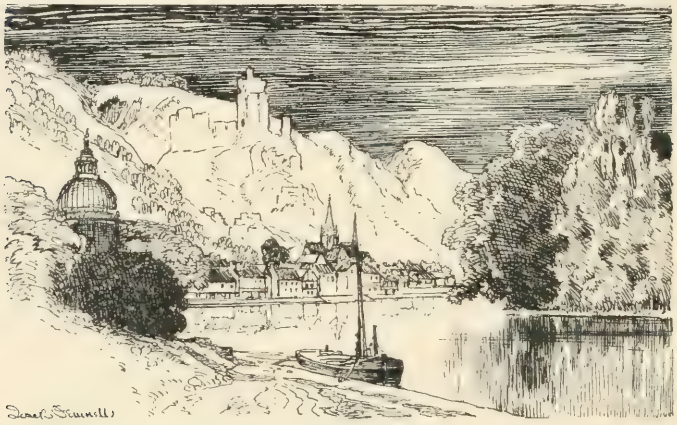
fine bridge carrying the railway to Les Andelys. We next made over to the right bank, so as to pass the Ile de Lormais to starboard. Lormais is a small group of thatched and red-roofed houses on the left bank, in a backwater behind its island. When nearly abreast of Muids, a picturesque place



Approaching Les Andelys.

with a quaint old mill, half-hidden by the trees on the banks, we again make over to the left bank and run along it for some distance, threading our way carefully through the shoals which stretch out into mid-stream, until, when abreast of Bernières, a small village some distance from the left bank, we cross over towards the densely-wooded Ile Motelle. The cliffs are now to the left of us—great chalk

masses of striking and even fantastic shapes—occasionally detached, as at La Roque. Below them runs the line to Les Andelys. As we enter the reach we catch sight of the ruins of Château-Gaillard—hardly to be distinguished at first from the grey rocks at its back. We pass La Vacherie and are soon abreast of Petit Andely. We move



LE PETIT ANDELY.
(By Joseph Pennell.)

slowly up along the right bank, in view of the town, leaving the Ile du Château to starboard, and rounding the bend beneath the grim old castle we pass under the road-bridge, and bring up well out of the fairway, in 2 fathoms of water, below the Ile Ratagambe. This is not the usual anchorage, and it has the disadvantage—*if* it is a disadvantage—of being some little distance from the town. The customary place at which to bring up is alongside

the little Ile Severac, or in the channel between the eyot and the Ile du Château, abreast of the Hôtel de Normandie; but the depth out of the fairway is very irregular, varying from 6 to 10 feet; and it would not be easy to pick up a proper berth with a vessel of *Cysne's* length. Moreover, the available space is more limited than formerly, since a small country-house has been built on the Ile du Château.

The etymology of the word Andely has puzzled philologists. It is probably of Celtic origin, and according to Brossard de Ruville, the historian of Andely, is derived from the fact that the place was a sort of frontier settlement between the districts inhabited respectively by the Velocasses and the Eburovics. Grand Andely or *Andelcium Vetus*, the larger of the two places, is by far the older, and its records go back to the sixth century. Indeed there is reason to believe, from remains which have been found, that it was originally a Gallic and eventually a Romano-Gallic town, destroyed during the invasions of the fourth or fifth century. Petit Andely or *Andelcium Novum* dates only from the twelfth century, and probably grew up beneath the shelter of the castle, which still seems to dominate it.

The earliest records of Andely begin with the foundation in Merovingian times by St. Clotilde of a convent for the education of girls. The Vener-

able Bede mentions its existence, and states that the Anglo-Saxon nobles were wont to send their daughters there to be educated, or dedicated to the service of the Church. In 884 King Carloman, who was mortally wounded while hunting in the Forest of Lyons, was carried there to die. The monastery

CHÂTEAU-GAILLARD.

was destroyed by the Northmen, and on its ruins was erected the College of Andely for the education of young priests. Its deans were members of the Échiquier de Normandie. The College was suppressed in 1790.

Andely first rose to importance at the beginning of the twelfth century by reason of its position on

the frontiers of France and Normandy. At this period it was part of the domain of the archbishops of Rouen. Through the treachery of the Governor, Ascelin, it was sold, in 1119, to Louis the Wide-awake, who took possession of the town, for which he was promptly excommunicated, with the rest of his troops, by Archbishop Geoffroy. From here he set out to attack Noyon-sur-Andelle, but was badly beaten by Henry I. of England, and retreated to Andely. It was restored in 1120 to the archbishopric of Rouen by the Treaty of Gisors. In 1167, during the war between Louis VII. and Henry II. of England, the French ravaged a part of the Vexin and set fire to Andely. From this time the possession of Andely was the constant object of one or other of the contending parties. By the Treaty of Louviers, made in 1196 between Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus, it was stipulated that Andely should belong to the archbishopric of Rouen, that it should not be fortified, and that neither king should exercise any rights of sovereignty over it.

Scarcely three months after signing the treaty Richard began the construction of the Château-Gaillard. The Archbishop protested in vain, and eventually the Pope arranged a compromise. The Archbishop was to cede to the King of England the manor of Andely, the new castle of La Roche,

and the forest and all the rights and privileges attached to the domain. In return the King was to give the Archbishop the mills on the Robec at Rouen, the towns of Dieppe and Bouteilles, the manor of Louviers with its revenues, and the forest of Aliermont. Meanwhile the fortress was rearing its head. Richard was his own engineer and architect, and he himself superintended the erection. Philippe Auguste was furious at this breach of faith. "I will take it," he cried, "if the walls were of iron!" "And I will hold it," retorted Richard, "were they of butter!"

It was built in an incredibly short space of time—some say a year; others in three years, which is more probable. But in either case the "Saucy Castle" well merited the proud boast of the Lion-Heart: "Qu'elle est belle, ma fille d'un an!"

Although as a stronghold not wholly well placed, since it could be commanded from the heights to the back, it was in an admirable position with regard to the two arms of the river and the entrance to the valley of the Gambon. Richard, who had a genius for war, promptly realised the natural strength of the situation, and there can be no reasonable doubt that he did the best that was possible to secure the most important of its advantages. It practically barred any advance from the French

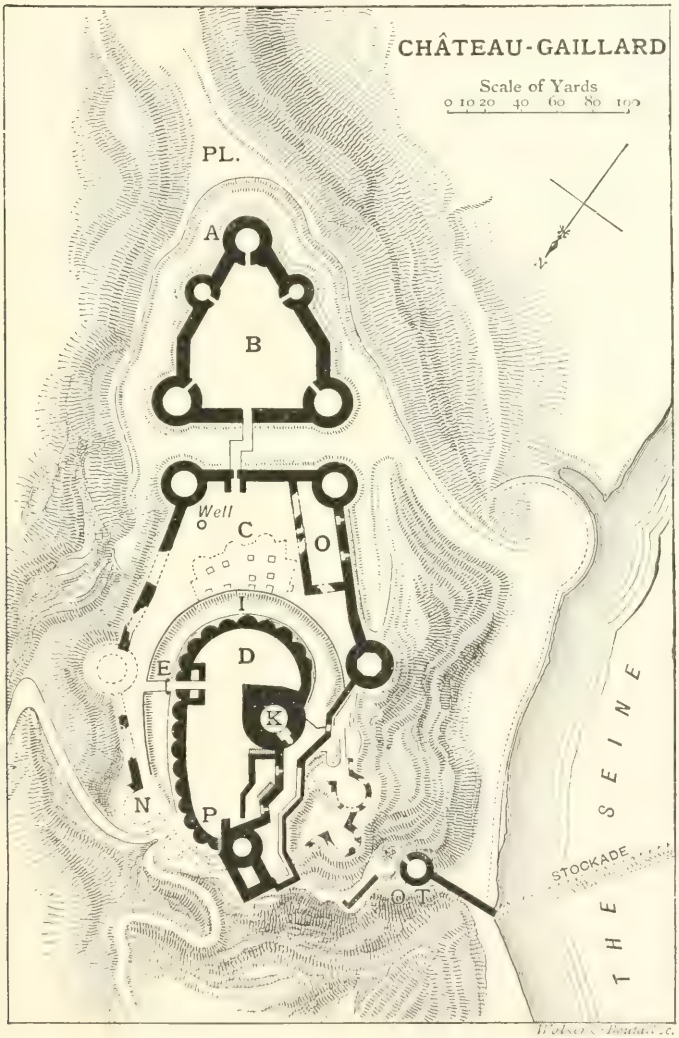
frontier upon Rouen, and so long as it could be held the conquest of Normandy was impossible.

For the accompanying description of Château-Gaillard, as it existed at the beginning of the thirteenth century, we are indebted to the account given by M. le Chanoine Porée, Inspecteur de la Société française d'Archéologie.

Château-Gaillard is built upon the brow of a steep chalk knoll containing intermingled bands of flint. It consists of an outer work, triangular in shape, surrounded by curtains, as that part of a rampart connecting the flanks of two bastions is called, and having five towers. The tower A (page 315) was of a considerable height, and overlooked the surrounding country. Fosses, nearly 15 yards in breadth, cut in the chalk, completely surrounded it. It was connected, by means of a wooden bridge, with the first enceinte, or rampart of the castle proper. In this inner court, or bailey, were placed the stables, the outbuildings, and the chapel O. In the area of the court at C caves, or *grottes*, were excavated, their roofs being supported by pillars of the rock left standing; these caves were lighted from the fosse and communicated externally by two passages cut in the rock. At E was the gateway. Here was a second rampart, elliptical in shape, consisting of a succession of semicircular towers, separated from each other by a couple of feet of

curtain. This bossed wall, nearly 10 feet in thickness, is a remarkable feature of Château-Gaillard, and, as it springs from the hewn rock, must have given the place a very formidable appearance. The living rooms of the Captain of the Castle were at the side of the escarpment. At P was a postern, well hidden and strongly protected. This postern opened only indirectly with the outside through a circular way connected with a second postern which was the only direct entrance to the castle. Overlooking the river rose the towers above the escarpment cut in the rock, and protected by parapets. A tower T, standing on the vertical rock, was connected with a high wall at the foot of the escarpment; this served to bar the way along the river-bank, and was joined to the stockade, or row of piles in the stream, in order to prevent the passage of boats. The wide fosse descended almost to the base of the escarpment. It served to cover a sortie of the garrison towards the river, and was in communication with the *grottes* at C by the subterranean passages already referred to. The donjon K, placed opposite the gateway E and enfilading it, was circular, about 25 feet wide internally, with walls nearly 15 feet thick. Towards the east it was strengthened by a buttress. Counterforts, larger at the top than at the base, were placed at the angles and connected together

by arches springing from corbels, making altogether



a most formidable system of machicolation. A loop-holed internal turret served for victualling the

defenders. The only communication between the three floors of the donjon was by wooden ladders, which, if necessary, could be thrown down.

The wary Philippe-Auguste hesitated for a time to attack Cœur de Lion in his den, but he began preparations by fortifying the castles of Vernon and Pacy, and by seizing Évreux, after which he declared war. The two armies met at Gamaches, and the French king was utterly routed and fled to Gisors, where he sued for peace. Richard then further strengthened Château-Gaillard, and built a second fort upon the island opposite the castle, of which the remains may still be traced.

The English king saw little more of his pet child. A few months afterwards he was struck by the arrow of Bertrand de Gordon, while directing the siege of Chalus, and Cœur de Lion met the soldier's death for which he may be said to have alone lived.

With the accession of John, Philippe-Auguste's opportunity came, and he at once declared war upon his quondam ally. In the summer of 1203 he moved his troops upon the tongue of land opposite Andely, so as to cut its communications with Rouen by Louviers and Pont de l'Arche. He next destroyed the bridge, captured the fort on the island, and broke through the stockade, whereby he was able to bring down his boats from Vernon. In

the meantime John marched out of Rouen to the succour of the beleaguered garrison under the command of Roger de Lacy, Constable of Chester; but his attempt to capture Philippe's flotilla and to drive him from the peninsula of Bernières failed, and he retreated to Rouen, and thence in December to Portsmouth, leaving Château-Gaillard to its fate.

In August 1203 Philippe-Auguste sat down before the castle, in the hope of starving it into submission. But when he learnt, in February 1204, that the castle was provisioned for at least another year, he determined to attempt to take it by assault, if possible by a breach at its most vulnerable point, the tower at A. He erected a wooden tower, or *beffroi*, on a levelled part of the highland to the back, from which his perriers and mangonels could hurl their projectiles into the outer court. Under cover of a rain of stones and arrows the pioneers filled the fosse near the foot of the tower with fascines, or bundles of brushwood, and clods of turf, and, protected by a small movable shed known as a "cat," dug away the masonry and rubble, shoring up the walls with timber as they made their sap. Into the large hole thus made a quantity of combustible material was thrust and ignited, when the pioneers retreated. The fire soon consumed the shoring beams and a portion of the masonry

fell, when Philippe's troops rushed into the outer court and captured it.

The defenders were now contained within the two baileys, but for a time all attempts to effect an entrance were defeated. A soldier named Bogis observed a small unprotected window in the basement or cellar below the chapel serving to light the latrines. He and a few others managed to get through the aperture, and, running into the court, they let fall the drawbridge; a body of the French troops rushed into the outer bailey and secured it. De Lacy and his men, now reduced to 180 in number, retreated to the inner bailey. Philippe redoubled his efforts. He placed a mangonel opposite the gateway E, and repeated the procedure by which he had captured the foreworks. Under cover of the "cat" his pioneers shattered the gate, and made a breach in the wall, through which the French troops entered. A fierce hand-to-hand fight followed; the garrison attempted to fight their way to the postern of the keep, but they were surrounded and forced to yield by sheer weight of numbers. Thus fell Château-Gaillard, and Philippe-Auguste's conquest of Normandy was assured. The victor was magnanimous enough to set Roger de Lacy at liberty, in recognition of his sturdy defence.

The siege lasted from August 1203 to March

1204. Of its horrors, and of the sufferings during the winter of the wretched men, women, and children of Petit Andely, who had been driven from the town by the French troops to the shelter of the castle, to be driven forth by the garrison and shot at by the enemy, hemmed in between the walls of the fortress and the lines of the besieging force, you may read in the *Philippide* of Guillaume le Breton. Some years ago there was exhibited at one of the salons in Paris one of those ghoulish pictures which a certain type of the French artistic mind seems to revel in. It represented, under the bright, cold moonlight of a winter's night, the snow-covered slopes of the little valley in which some 200 gaunt, starving wretches lay huddled together, without shelter, on the ground. Some of these, driven mad by hunger, were dismembering the limbs of a newly-born infant. It was horribly realistic, and, if we may believe the historian, only too true. More than half the number perished, until at length Philippe, touched with pity, fed the miserable remnant and let them pass through his lines.

For two hundred years the castle remained in the possession of the French, but after the victory of Azincourt it was retaken by the Duke of Gloucester, in 1419, and the English again set up their standard on its towers. It was visited in 1421

by Henry V., who strengthened its fortifications. It remained in the keeping of the English for a dozen years, when they were dislodged by Étienne de Vignoles, the famous La Hire, in 1431. The Duke of Bedford next managed to secure it ; but the English were eventually and finally driven out by Charles VII. in 1449, after his capture of Rouen.

In 1314, during the reign of Philippe le Bel, Château-Gaillard was the scene of a horrible tragedy. The two sons of Philippe, Louis X., known as Le Hutin, and Charles IV., caused their wives, Marguerite of Burgundy and Blanche, younger daughter of Otho IV., to be imprisoned in the castle, on the ground of infidelity. By order of her husband Le Hutin, Marguerite, after two years of captivity, was strangled in her cell. Blanche, after seven years of imprisonment, was liberated, and ended her days in the Abbey of Maubuisson. The reputed lovers of the two queens, Philippe and Gauthier d'Aulnay, were flayed alive, dragged to Maubuisson, and hanged by the arms.

In 1355 John the Good immured Charles the Wicked, Count of Évreux, within its walls. Philip, his brother, attempted a rescue ; but the people of Andely, with the Governor at their head, effectually checked the design, and Charles was shortly afterwards transferred to Paris.

In 1468 the castle was the place of imprisonment

of Charles, Comte de Melun, Governor of Paris and of the Bastille, who was suspected of treachery by Louis XI., and subsequently beheaded in the square of Petit Andely.

Antony of Bourbon, King of Navarre, father of Henri IV., who was wounded at the siege of Rouen, died at Andely on his way up to Paris.

During the religious wars Andely at first sided with the League, in spite of the favourable terms which Henri IV. promised to the town. In 1591 the Governor of Château-Gaillard, Moy de Richebourg, recognising that further resistance was hopeless in view of Henri's many victories in the province, sent to the king, who was then at Gaillon, and offered to surrender the castle. Henri at once occupied it, and its days as a fortress came to an end.

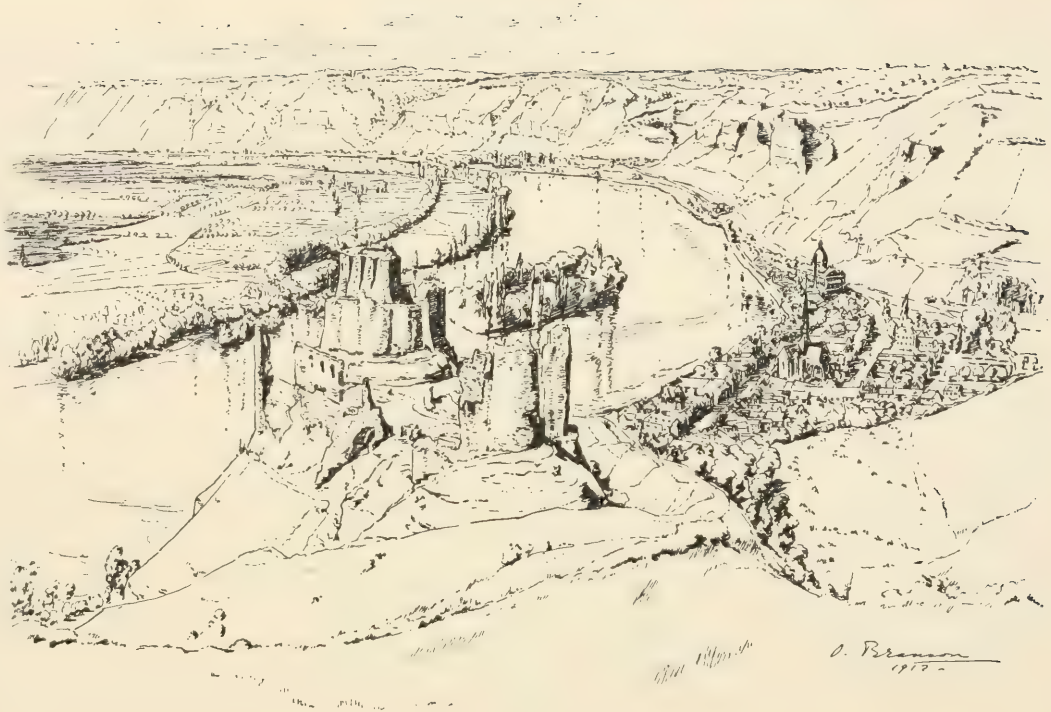
The wars of the League led to the gradual abandonment of many of the feudal strongholds, and Château-Gaillard, like many similar places in France, became the home of bands of brigands who infested the country. Accordingly, in 1598 the États de Normandie prayed the king to order the destruction of Château-Gaillard as well as the castle of Pont de l'Arche, and Henri IV. shortly afterwards gave permission to Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop of Rouen, to use the stones in erecting his castle at Gaillon, and the Chartreuse de Bourbon-

Gaillon. The work would appear to have been somewhat tardily done, as Louis XIII., in 1616, sent peremptory orders to the Parliament of Rouen to complete its demolition.

Richard's stronghold was a bone of contention to the end. In the days of its pride the object of strife among kings, in the time of its decadence it became the source of bickering and quarrels among the religious Orders that sought to employ its stones as building material; and the Capuchins of Grand Andely waged a lively war of words with the Penitents of Petit Andely for the possession of Cœur de Lion's child. Eventually a compromise was arranged, one result of which was to leave the place as it stands at present. But in the meantime the castle had proved a perfect quarry to the neighbourhood, and its stones are to be found in the houses of the town as well as in the walls of convents.

There is no difficulty in reaching the ruins of the old castle, and three or four obvious ways from the town may be taken to gain the well-trodden track up the hill on which it stands. The view from the rising ground at its back is superb. As we seat ourselves on the grassy slope dotted with stunted juniper, the thin flinty soil barely covering the chalk, which crops out here and there in patches of white, and on which grows a profusion of lime-

loving plants, some of them peculiar to the district—with clumps of purple marjoram, masses of musk-thistle, bluebells, and yellow flowers of bird's-foot trefoil—we have immediately in front of us the noble ruin, crowning the great knoll which dominates the river, and which on its western side seems, from our position, to drop down almost perpendicularly to it. Beyond winds the broad stream, divided by the wooded islands of Severac and St. Jacques. Looked at from above, these appear as one, the intervening channel being hidden by the tall poplars. On the curving right bank are seen the russet roofs of Petit Andely, the houses, with the surrounding greenery, appearing to line the very verge of the river's bank. In their midst stands Saint Sauveur, with its simple spirelet and grey-slated roof. Through the little town run two broad streets; that to the right leads past the red-brick Hospice of St. Jacques, which, with its large lead-coloured dome, seems to close up its western outlet. The white cliffs beyond rise to a height of some 400 feet. Their rounded shapes are broken in places by vertical masses of chalk, lined by horizontal streaks of flints, laid bare by the solvent action of rain. With a grand sweep the river gradually bends to the west, to be stopped apparently by the wall of rock above Heudeboville and St. Pierre du Vauvray, 10 miles away. The stream surrounds, as with a



CHÂTEAU-GAILLARD AND LE PETIT ANDELY.

silver band, the great flat plain of Bernières in front. The champaign is broken into parti-coloured patches of every shade of green and grey and brown. It is the time of harvest, and the fields are dotted with stooks of grain and cocks of aftermath. There are copses of trees; and long straight stretches of yellow sandy roads run to little hamlets and farm-steadings, their roofs half-hidden behind the poplars and fruit-trees encircling them. On the immediate right is the valley of the Gambon, and over the edge of the plantation to the north may be seen the roofs of Grand Andely and the towers of Notre Dame. Away to the left we look down upon the handsome bridge. Over it runs the road, passing Port Morin to Bernières and Venables. On the other side the river winds by Vézillon, Bouafles, and Tosny, past many islands and countless poplars, until it seems to be stopped by the high land about Le Roule and Gaillon.

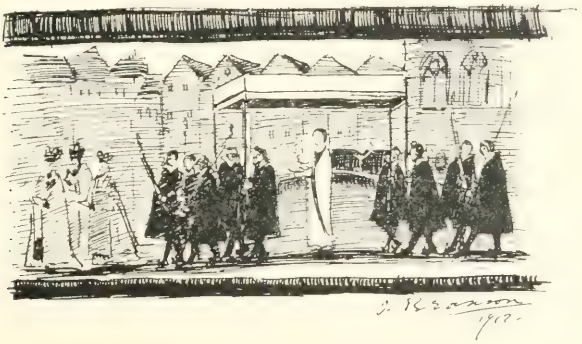
Bathed in the sunshine of an August afternoon, and seen under an azure sky flecked by masses of slowly drifting cumuli, casting broad, intermittent shadows on the escarpments of the white cliffs, and deepening the green of the verdant slopes which separate them—such a scene sinks into the soul, to be cherished and revivified until it becomes an ineffaceable memory.

If as you descend to the town you turn to the

right and follow a footpath through the wood, behind the cemetery, you will find, not far from a Calvary, the ruins of a chapel, demolished in 1825. It is the chapel of the Priory of St. Leonard, built in the middle of the thirteenth century.

St. Sauveur, the parish church of Petit Andely, was begun towards the end of the twelfth century, and was finished during the first half of the thirteenth century. It is comparatively small, as it served only a small congregation, but it is perfect as an example of the style of its period. Its form is that of a Greek cross—that is to say, the four sections are of equal length; the length from the apse to the porch and from one wall of the transept to the other is about 88 feet. Its admirable proportions and the beautiful simplicity of its external appearance, devoid of all attempts at florid ornamentation, constitute its charm. The same simplicity of treatment is seen in its interior. The windows in the nave are unsymmetrically placed, and an impression of height and quiet dignity has been secured by avoiding any indication of horizontal line. The capitals of the piers are crocketed, with a square abacus; the piers at the crossing are clustered. All the columns are cantoned, supporting the groined arches of the vaulting. The *Descent from the Cross* in the north transept is a feeble copy from Jouvenet. This side of the transept

serves as the chapel of the Fraternity of Charity of Petit Andely. The little painting on wood above the councillors' seat, made in the early years of the seventeenth century, represents a procession of Corpus Christi, preceded by the brethren, in the costume of the period, bearing their long candles, and the chaperon. The grand altar is of the time of Louis XIV., and originally belonged to the Abbey of



PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI, ST. SAUVEUR, PETIT ANDELY.

Mortemer-en-Lyons. The painting of the *Adoration of the Shepherds* is a copy of that by Philippe de Champaigne in the Chapel of the Virgin in the Cathedral at Rouen. The remarkable chandeliers are of the time of Louis XV., and formerly belonged to the Abbey of St. John of Andely.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the church is the round choir with its pillars, and the two arcades of the triforium and clearstory with a quatrefoil between each lancet window. The large

windows formerly contained fifteenth-century glass, traces of which may be seen; but the greater part is modern. The round ambulatory ends in a chevet, in which is the Lady Chapel. The organ formerly belonged to the Abbey of Trésor, and was placed here in 1793. The gallery is of the time of Louis XIV.

There are certain peculiarities in the construction of the church, apparently due to the character of the ground on which it stands. Although some distance above the normal level of the river, the ground, perhaps formerly more frequently than now, is subject to inundation. The flood of February 1910, one of the highest of recent years, ran into the church and covered its floor to a depth of a couple of feet, as may be seen from a plate on the wall. The *grandes eaux* caused much damage and inconvenience to the town, as well as to Vernon, and other places near the banks of the Seine.

As you pass out of the west porch into the little square you will notice a bronze tablet to the memory of Jean Pierre Blanchard, born at Petit Andely on July 4, 1753, as may be read on a house close by. Blanchard was a skilful mechanician who devoted

himself to aeronautics. He became one of the most celebrated of the earlier aeronauts, and, after making several ascents in England, crossed from Dover to Calais on January 7, 1785, with a Dr. Jeffries, an American physician. He fell while making an ascent in Holland, and died from his injuries in Paris in 1809.

The Hospice St. Jacques, which, with the round dome over the chapel, is so prominent an object as we approach Petit Andely by river, was built by the Duc de Penthiève, Seigneur of Andely, in 1785, on the foundation of a hospital of the same name which had existed since the thirteenth century. It is now both a civil and military hospital, and contains 100 beds.

Grand Andely is about twenty minutes' walk from its little neighbour, and, as its name would imply, is a more considerable place. It is situated in the valley of the Gambon, and the little river serves its many corn-mills and its tanneries. It was formerly fortified, and remains of its old wall may be seen to the north, along the Boulevard des Remparts; to the south it was protected by a deep trench, or fosse, into which the Gambon could be admitted. The town is mainly interesting on account of its beautiful church, its famous tavern—the Hôtel du Grand-Cerf—and its association with Ste. Clotilde and the painter Nicolas Poussin.

The Church of Our Lady of Andely differs from St. Sauveur at Petit Andely in many respects. In the first place, it is much larger and far more ornate. The charm of St. Sauveur depends upon its admirable proportions, its restraint and quiet simplicity, and perfect architectural coherence. There is no uniformity of style about Notre Dame, which was obviously built by a succession of master-masons who seem to have followed no definite or predetermined plan, but to have worked in conformity with the methods and in the spirit of their own particular epoch. Nevertheless, in spite of its incongruities, the church is unquestionably a beautiful example of Gothic art, and has, moreover, a special interest as showing how clever craftsmanship has succeeded in joining together its somewhat discrepant parts, so as to produce what is on the whole a noble and dignified structure.

According to Canon Porée, the greater part —that is, the façade, the nave, the choir, and the aisles—was probably built in the middle or latter half of the thirteenth century. At that period the body of the edifice conformed in general character to the basilicas of the time, that is, it was long and narrow, and the transepts did not extend beyond the walls of the aisles. In the fifteenth century a low tower was erected over the crossing, ornamented on its sides with sculptured bays, now

hidden by the roofs of the transepts. The south transept and the doorway at its end, known as the "Door of the Court of Rouen," would seem to have been built at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and, if we may judge from the armorial bearings on the piers and on the windows, at the expense of the seignories of the district. The south chapels were probably also built at the same time. The north door, or door of St. Nicholas, and the two adjoining chapels, together with the transept as far as the aisle, were built between 1550 and 1575. The upper portion of the north portal, the cupola above the crossing, and the remaining north chapels belong to the period of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.

By the middle of the last century the church had fallen into great disrepair, and indeed was menaced with total destruction. It was, however, restored, not altogether happily, in 1860.

The western doorway is divided by a pillar on which is a statue of the Virgin standing under a canopy, and on the spandrel above are sculptured representations of scenes in her life. The archivolt, richly ornamented, is supported by four short slender pillars surmounted by decorated caps and abaci. On either side of the porch are recessed arches or bays, with blind arcades, level with the flanking towers, corresponding with the aisles—similar in arrangement to that of the Cathedral of

Soissons. Over the porch is a parapet of sculptured quatrefoils, and above this a rose-window, reconstructed in the fifteenth century. Two large windows, placed side by side, serve to light the organ gallery.

On each side of the façade, and belonging to it, are two similar towers, flanked by flat buttresses; in these are staircases lighted by lancet windows. The north tower contains two bells; in the south tower is the great bell cast in 1636, and known as Croheult (Clotilde). Each tower is crowned by a parapet of quatrefoils and by a sloping slated roof.

There is a marked difference in the style of the two sides of the nave and choir on the north and south sides. As already stated, the north chapels were built in the first half of the seventeenth century. The semicircular surbased windows are divided by square mullions, with a circular spandrel. The buttresses are fluted Ionic pilasters; and a parapet, with Renaissance urns at the height of the buttresses, runs along the flagged footway over the vaulting. The chapels are contained within the spaces left by the original buttresses which now serve as partition walls. The large windows of the nave are *en tiers-point* with flamboyant tracery. They were nearly all rebuilt in the sixteenth century with the exception of three, dating from 1644, replacing the more pointed windows divided by

mullions, one of which may still be seen in the last bay of the choir near the vestry.

The south side is similarly arranged, but with this marked difference, that the chapels and the transept are of the most pronounced flamboyant Gothic. The buttresses end in finely sculptured finials; the chapel windows are surmounted by inflected gablets, highly ornamented with carved foliage, and grotesque figures beneath the parapet connecting the buttresses.

The apse contains a large Gothic window, divided by three mullions, with rose-windows in the spandrels. The lower part of the apse is somewhat hidden by the Lady Chapel—an unfortunate addition of the seventeenth century, of no architectural merit, and which it is intended shall be removed.

Another unfortunate addition is the slated lantern roof to the central tower. This was erected to replace an elegant lead-covered spire destroyed in the Revolution.

The north doorway, that of St. Nicholas, so called because it gives access to the Chapel of St. Nicholas—Ste. Clotilde—is noteworthy for the remains of the caryatides supporting the main arch and the arcades of the door. They belong to the school of Jean Goujon. They are admirably draped, but unfortunately have been greatly

mutilated. Statues formerly stood in the niches and in the spandrels, but these have mostly disappeared. To judge, however, from what remains, and from the chiselled work in connection with them, they must have been of great artistic merit.

The south door—the door of the court of Rouen—opened out upon a manor formerly belonging, as

Gargoyles on Our Lady of Andely.

far back indeed as the eleventh century, to the archbishops of Rouen; it is remarkable for its florid style—an embroidery in stone of foliage, birds, aquatic leaves, etc., exceedingly rich and elaborate.

The interior of the church is graceful and imposing. At first sight it seems almost entirely thirteenth-century work, but examination soon reveals the diversity of styles. The pillars and clustered columns, the capitals with their square

abaci and crocketed foliage, the lateral pointed arches with their fanciful carvings and mouldings, and the character of the triforium and vaulting, all are indicative of the transition from Romanesque to Gothic. The transept is pure early Gothic. The south portion is particularly beautiful, and, indeed, architecturally, perhaps the most perfect part of the structure. The choir consists of four bays ending in a flat apse. Such treatment of the apse is seen at Léry, and indeed is not infrequent in the smaller Norman churches, but is seldom met with in buildings of the size and importance of that of Andely. A wooden rood-screen, erected in 1682, formerly stood at the entrance to the choir, but was pulled down at the end of the last century: it replaced a far more ancient one which threatened to fall to pieces. A *grille* of forged iron now stands in front of the choir and round the vestry, in place of an eighteenth-century iron screen removed in 1876 to the entrance of the Presbytery yard.

The stalls are noteworthy, and possibly are the work of Nicholas Lechevalier, a native of Andely, who was called to Rouen in 1466 to finish the stalls of the Cathedral. The grand altar is modern.

One of the glories of Our Lady of Andely is the organ, the case of which was made in 1573 and is a beautiful example of Renaissance art. The fourteen panels of the gallery represent the Christian

virtues, the liberal arts and sciences, and mythological deities. Note the organist's seat and the panels in the organ case. The organ itself has been frequently renewed—once, in 1611, by Guillaume Lesselie of Rouen, otherwise William Leslie of Aberdeen; and again, in 1761, by Nicholas le Fèvre. It was completely reconstructed in 1892.

The fifteen chapels contain some features of interest. The largest, the Lady Chapel, has an altarpiece formerly belonging to the Chartreuse de Gaillon, and attributed to Jacques Stella. The painting in the first of the northern chapels is by Léger, a pupil of Jouvenet, who was born at Rouen in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The painted wooden altar of the next chapel also contains a picture by Léger, dated 1738. Other pictures in the same chapel were formerly in the old Abbey of the Benedictines of St. Jean d'Andely. The black marble tombstone is that of Nicolas Lavache, Sieur du Val St. Jean at Andely, who died in 1625. In the north transept, above the door, is a good copy, made in the seventeenth century, of a Last Supper by Poussin. To the left of the door are representations of the martyrdom of St. Clair. In the first the saint is waiting with joined hands for the blow which is to behead him; in the second he is seen carrying his head in his hands towards the chapel on the banks of the

Epte in which he was interred. Other episodes of his life are represented in the corners of the work. It is signed *Quintin Varin, inven. et pinx.* Varin, who was born at Beauvais towards 1575, came to Andely about 1610, and was the master of Nicolas Poussin. He painted a large number of religious pictures in France and Belgium, and was employed by Marie de Médicis in the decoration of the Luxembourg, and also by Anne of Austria. There is another painting by Varin in the next chapel, representing the martyrdom of St. Vincent, with scenes from his life. A third painting, in the sixth chapel, of Moses with the Tables of the Commandments, is also attributed to him. In the third chapel on the south side is a beautiful *Regina Cœli* by him, signed and dated "Jul. 1612." All these pictures are very curious, and merit careful study. Thomas Corneille is supposed to have been buried in this chapel in 1709, but no stone marks the place.

The sixth chapel contains the tombstone of Gabriel le Prévost, who died in 1694. It bears an inscription stating that the learned Doctor of Medicine, with Roland du Val, Sieur de Viennois, founded the College of Andely for instruction in the Latin and Greek tongues. At the external angle of this chapel stands the pedestal of an enormous wooden statue of St. Christopher, burnt

in 1793, and which tradition connects with Château-Gaillard.

The Entombment, near the south tower, resembles that at Caudebec; it formerly belonged to the Chartreuse de Gaillon, erected by the munificence of the Cardinal de Bourbon.

In the vestry is a chasuble of blue silk, with *appliqué* designs in red and pink, of the time of Henri IV.

The old stained glass of Notre Dame of Andely, although without pretensions to the exceptional merit of that of St. Vincent or St. Patrick at Rouen, is interesting as good Renaissance work. Several of the modern windows represent scenes in the life of Ste. Clotilde; in fact, every incident in her history seems to be here portrayed. Her cult, indeed, is especially connected with Andely. Not only has she a special chapel, but some of her relics are preserved in the sacristy of the church, and a fountain in the neighbourhood, the water of which she is reputed to have turned into wine for the benefit of the hot and thirsty workmen who were engaged in building the church, is closely associated with her memory. Each year, on June 2, pilgrims from far and near, of all ages and in all manner of costumes—from the Vexins, from Beauvoisis, from the country round Évreux, Roumis, and the Pays de Caux—sometimes to the number of 20,000, come

to visit this fountain and to make their devotions at her shrine.

At the time of the Revolution an attempt was made to suppress the worship of Ste. Clotilde; the fountain was closed, and all processions forbidden; but the worship of the sainted queen still retains its hold upon the peasantry, and even if the ceremonies have not now the importance of old, the 2nd of June still continues to be a great fête day in Andely. A new impulse was given to the festival by the curé of Ste. Clotilde at Paris, whose church was menaced in 1870 by Prussian bombs, and still more by the fury of the Communists. He vowed that, should it be preserved, he would lead his grateful parishioners each year in solemn procession to her shrine at Andely.

No description of Grand Andely would be complete without some reference to the Hôtel du Grand-Cerf—the old timber hostelry which stands near Notre Dame—made famous by the visits of Walter Scott ("Gauthier l'Éccossais"), Victor Hugo, Rosa Bonheur, and a host of lesser known personages. The house was constructed in the first half of the sixteenth century, and belonged to the family of Val du Viennois, one of whom, as already stated, was the founder, with Docteur Gabriel le Prévost, of the Andely College.

In 1749 the place was sold to a pastrycook, who

converted it into an inn under the sign of the Fleur de Lys, changed at the time of the Revolution into that of the Grand-Cerf. The house is a striking example of sixteenth-century domestic architecture, but with the exception of the remarkable fireplace in the restaurant, formerly the kitchen, and some old woodwork, and the picturesque courtyard, much of its ancient glory has departed. The large ground-floor room at one time contained a fine collection of Rouen faience, Delft, Moustiers and Strassburg pottery; old locks with carved keys, halberds of the time of Charles IX., Limoges enamels, old Flemish paintings, ivory statuettes, stained glass, etc. The walls of the staircase were lined with old French engravings and illuminated parchments. In the rooms above were Beauvais *haute-lisse* tapestries of the time of Louis XV., Flemish tapestries with armorial bearings of the period of Henri IV., two enormous four-post bedsteads, and a quantity of Delft and Rouen faience. These treasures had been accumulated during forty years by the old proprietor, at whose death, now some years ago, they were dispersed, when the house was sold. Unfortunately Andely was either too poor or not sufficiently public-spirited to acquire it and its treasures; together, they would have made one of the finest museums it could have possessed.

At Radeval, a short distance from Andely, there

formerly stood a remarkable manor-house, known locally as "Le Grand Maison," belonging to Jean Picart, Lord of Radeval, Councillor of Francis I. and Bailiff of Gisors, a drawing of which may be seen in the Town Hall. His portrait and arms are in one of the windows in the north aisle of Notre Dame. The house was also pictured by Cotman, and is described in Dawson Turner's *Tour in Normandy.* It had a beautiful oriel window porch and richly sculptured stones, and bore some resemblance to the Hôtel de Cluny at Paris, erected by the Benedictines of Cluny at the end of the fifteenth century, and still remarkable as showing the transition of late Gothic to Renaissance. The "Grand Maison" was sold in 1824 to Lord Stuart de Rothesay, then ambassador at Paris, and its stones were used in the building of Highcliffe, near Christchurch.

The Town Hall, erected about fifty years ago, occupies the site of the Maison Corneille—a large house which in the seventeenth century belonged to Mathieu Lampérière, the father-in-law of the two Corneilles, who were married at Andely. The old manor-house eventually descended to Marguerite, the wife of Thomas Corneille, when the couple spent the rest of their days here. Thomas died in 1709, aged eighty-four, and was buried in Notre Dame, although no stone or monument marks the

spot. The widow of Pierre Corneille also died at Andely, in 1694, at the age of seventy-six. The Maison Corneille ceased to belong to the family in 1774, and in 1858 the property came into the possession of the town, when unfortunately the old house, so rich in literary associations, was demolished, with the exception of the staircase in the tower which gives access to the museum and library of the present building.

Within the Town Hall is preserved one of Nicolas Poussin's latest works—*Coriolanus yielding to his Mother*, probably painted at Rome. It is a worthy example of his skill in composition and draughtsmanship, and is in a good state of preservation. There is also a copy of his *Diogenes* and of his portrait in the Louvre. There are papers relating to Poussin and his works in the library.

It is usually stated that Poussin was born at Andely. In reality his birthplace was Villers, a hamlet about a mile to the south-east of the town. The bronze statue of him in front of the Town Hall, erected in 1851, is by Brian.

The museum contains a few other objects of interest in connection with the history of Andely, viz. three large canvases formerly belonging to the Chapel of Ste. Clotilde; Aurelian handing Clotilde the ring of Clovis; the marriage of Clotilde and Clovis; a plan of the Church of Andely given

to Ste. Clotilde, the last signed *Ioannes Nicolle Lecoveriensis Pinxit anno Dei* 1647. There is also a collection of drawings and engravings relating to the aeronaut Blanchard; a view of Andely in the eighteenth century by Lequeu; a portrait and a number of engravings of his works, by Charles Chaplin, a painter of English descent, born at Andely in 1825, whose bust you may see on the boulevard leading to Petit Andely.

CHAPTER XI

VERNON

We left Les Andelys with regret. The grand old castle which inspired the genius of Turner and the work of a score of later painters is, doubtless, well known to many who have never actually seen it. The district in which it is placed vies with Caudebec as one of the beauty spots of the Seine, and, like it, is a happy hunting-ground of the budding artist. Fortunately the weather was gracious to us during our stay, and it was pleasant to sail the gig in the quiet sheltered waters above the bridge, and to work the dinghy in among the shady backwaters of the islands in front of the little town.

Having weighed anchor, shortly after breakfast, we backed out from behind Ile Ratagambe, and made over towards the buoy near the right bank which marks the entrance to the channel through which we were to pass. We leave it to port, as also a second buoy, a short distance beyond. We get a sight of Vézillon hidden away among the

From Château-Gaillard, looking South.

poplars on the right bank; and crossing over to the other side, to the south of the Ile Ronde, we pick our way among the shoals of the ancient *pêcherie*, past the hamlet of Bouafles on the flat ground below the green hills which rise to the forest of Andelys, and steer among the maze of islands and shoal places between Tosny and Roule. The channel here is somewhat intricate and needs care in navigation. It is partially buoyed, and a few perches mark the edges of the shoals. As we approach the bend opposite Mousseaux we see in front a number of black buoys in mid-stream. They mark the edge of the long stretch of shoal ground occupying the greater part of the river's bed. We leave them to port and keep close to the left bank. The navigable passage between the Ile de Mousseaux and the bank is very narrow. It is, in fact, one of the most "tricky" turnings on the river. At the Ile du Roule, at the bottom of the bend, we again see the Paris railway, which here emerges from a tunnel at Roule and runs along the left bank for a short distance. Before us is the handsome bridge of Courcelles, not unlike that at Les Andelys. Courcelles-sur-Seine is a small town, about a mile away from the right bank. Opposite it is Gaillon, a much larger place, at the base of a hill, and in a beautifully wooded district. Here formerly stood a chateau belonging to the archbishops of Rouen.

It was begun by Guillaume d'Estouteville in 1454, and its erection was continued during the sixteenth century by Cardinals Georges d'Amboise and Bourbon by the aid of a tribute levied on the Genoese by Louis XII. It was completed by Colbert. Practically every master-mason and sculptor of note during the Renaissance was

COURCELLES BRIDGE.

employed in its construction. The favourite residence of Francis I., its magnificence passed into a proverb. Little now remains of its glory. It was demolished in the Revolution, and much of it sold. There are still left the entrance gate, built by Georges d'Amboise; the clock-tower, and the tower of the chapel in which the Bishops met to condemn the *Maximes des Saints* of the

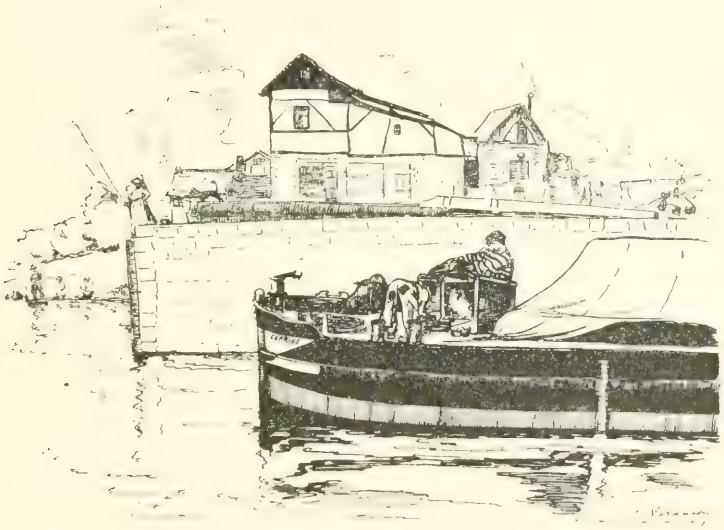
saintly Fénelon. The portico separating its two courts may be seen in the courtyard of the École des Beaux-Arts at Paris. The shell of the building has been converted into a prison. Marmontel, one of the Encyclopaedists, after the Revolution, which reduced him to poverty, retired to a cottage near

NOTRE DAME DE LA GARENNE.

Gaillon; here he wrote his *Mémoires*, and died on the last day of the eighteenth century, and was buried in a hillside cemetery at St. Aubin-sur-Gaillon.

After passing under the bridge the channel widens, and there is deep water close to both banks. The general trend as far as the lock of Notre Dame de la Garenne, which, with its fine barrage, is now

seen in front, is south-east, and a considerable current passes down. Here the river is very wide, and the weir, stretching over the greater part, is a striking object. The lock was soon ready for us, and in seven or eight minutes we were through it. As we leave the lock we enter a long



At Notre Dame de la Garenne.

cutting, the Bras du Goulet, running by the narrow flat island of St. Pierre-la-Garenne, more than two miles in length. On the other side of the island is Port Mort, a small place of a single street. In a cliff at the back of the village may be traced the remains of a small chapel in which Louis VIII., the son of Philippe-Auguste, married the imperious

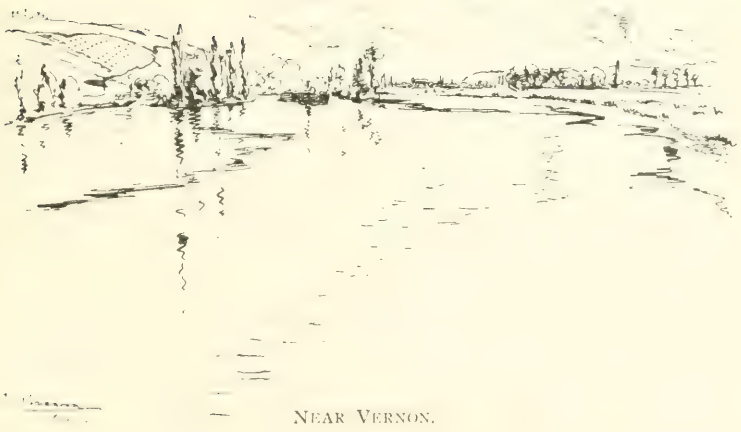
and masterful Blanche of Castile, France at that time being under an interdict.

Away on the left, seen over the Ile aux Bœufs, are the red roofs of the hamlet of Notre Dame de l'Isle. At Le Goulet, on the opposite side, where the little St. Ouen trickles into the Seine, the railway line and the road take up all the space below the rising ground to the south, thickly planted with fruit-trees amidst broad stretches of golden grain. We now enter a wide reach containing numerous islands. The little hamlet to our left is Pressagny-l'Orgueilleux, and near it is La Madeleine, where Casimir Delavigne, the author of the *Sicilian Vespers* and *La Parisienne*, lived some of the happiest years of his short life, and where he wrote the *Messéniennes*. The poet fell upon evil days and was compelled to part with this charming retreat.

Adieu, Madeleine chérie,
Qui te réfléchis dans les eaux
Comme une fleur de la prairie
Se mire au cristal des ruisseaux.
Ta colline, où j'ai vu paraître
Un beau jour qui s'est éclipsé,
J'ai rêvé que j'en étais maître ;
Adieu ! ce doux rêve est passé.

It is a beautifully wooded, undulating country, running up to the Forest of Vernon, with charming views over the river to the distant hills above Gaillon. As we round the curve, behind which is

the Vernon race-course, we see the roofs of the town and the turrets of Notre Dame, and immediately afterwards the lattice-girder bridge of the line running to Gisors. We pass a succession of islands, and just before we reach the road bridge we bring



NEAR VERNON.

the yacht over towards the right bank and drop anchor above the Ile St. Maurice, in about 3 fathoms, abreast of the ruins of the old bridge, and in sight of the Tourelles de Vernonnet, just as the fine-toned bell in the tower of Notre Dame is ringing the Angelus. Although the bottom is hard, and the chain is apt to grate, which is disturbing at

night, it is a safe anchorage, out of the main stream and clear of the fairway.

We are now close to the borders of the province, and Vernon owes much of its importance to the fact that it was a frontier town. It is a place of about 9000 inhabitants, and ranks third, after

Cysne II. at Vernon.

Évreux and Louviers, in the Department of the Eure. It probably dates its existence from the tenth century. There appears to be no evidence that it was a Roman station, and what is called "Caesar's Camp" on the hill of St. Michael, above Vernonnet, was probably a stronghold of the early Norman pirates, as from this spot they were able

to command two important positions overlooking the river, viz. the Pointe du Goulet and Jeufosse, on which two of their stations are known to have been established.

Vernon would seem to owe its origin to Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, who must have realised the value of a fortified position near the borders of the province he had secured, and on the waterway which had enabled him to gain it. A walled town was built, which by 920 had acquired sufficient importance to have a regular government, first under Rollo, and then, while he still lived, under his son and successor in the duchy, William Longsword, who was Governor of Vernon until his assassination by the Count of Flanders in 944. The governance then passed to Richard the Fearless, who, at the end of four years, transferred it to Osmont de Centvilles. He held it for twenty-eight years, when, having had the ill-fortune to kill one of the duke's servants in a duel, he was exiled, and the office transferred to his son, who retained it until his death in 987. The growing importance of Vernon, as a protection to Normandy from incursion by France on the east, may be inferred from the fact that successive dukes now retained the seigniory in their own hands. From 996 to 1027 the town was ruled by Richard the Good; from 1028 to 1032 by Richard III., who was

followed by his natural son Robert the Devil. Richard I. had succeeded in re-attaching the Norman Vexin to his duchy, and Robert the Devil further obtained the French Vexin, as far as Pontoise, as recompense for the aid he rendered Henri in securing the throne of France. It was during this war that Robert met Arlette, the tanner's daughter, of Falaise, who became the mother of William the Conqueror.

William succeeded his father as Duke of Normandy and Governor of Vernon in 1035. He shortly afterwards appointed his cousin-german, Guy de Bourgogne, to the lordship of Vernon and Brionne, which together were made into a countship. Guy proceeded to enlarge and strengthen the fortifications of Vernon and Brionne, and then, as the son of Alix, the legitimate daughter of Richard the Good, laid claim to the Duchy of Normandy. This claim he attempted to enforce with the aid of certain seigneurs of Cotentin, but was signally defeated by William at the battle of Val-des-Dunes, near Caen, in 1047, and his army cut to pieces. He took refuge in Brionne, which he managed to hold for three years, when famine compelled him to surrender. Vernon capitulated at the same time and the lordship was ceded to Hugh de Reviers, a descendant of Osmont de Centvilles, and a dozen years later it was given to his son, William I. of Vernon.

Guy had constructed the castle at Vernon, not only as an additional protection to the place, but also to enable him to hold it in case of rebellion. The castle was built in the form of an oval and was surrounded by a wide and deep fosse. There was a donjon in the centre, and the entrance was flanked by two short towers and the enceinte strengthened by eight semicircular towers.

In 1066 William the Conqueror gave the town to Richard, one of the sons of John de Vernon, who had accompanied him in his invasion of England. From this Richard de Vernon springs the English family of that name.

In 1086 the place was seized by Philip I., King of France, but it soon fell into the hands of the English. In 1123 Henry I. of England strengthened the fortifications and built the tower which still remains—the *Tour des Archives*, so called because it formerly contained the Archives of the town. Its imposing mass—it is about 70 feet high and 30 feet wide, and its walls are 10 feet thick—makes it a striking feature of the place, and it is worth climbing its spiral staircase for the sake of the view from its *chemin de ronde*. The donjon is unfortunately surrounded by houses which greatly detract from its quiet dignified aspect. There is talk of prolonging the Avenue Victor Hugo and creating a square in which the grand old tower

should be the central object. This would greatly add to the amenity of the town, which, apart from its ancient church and its modern town hall, is not particularly rich in architectural interest.

Seven years after the erection of the tower the town came into the possession of William II. of Vernon, who held it until his death in 1160. Louis VII. besieged it in 1153 without success, and retired after burning the faubourgs and the village of Longueville—now known as St. Pierre d'Autils—to the west of the town. In the following year he returned and took the place after a ten days' siege, but ceded it to England for the sum of 2000 *marcs d'argent*. Between 1190 and 1195 the town was twice occupied by Philippe Auguste. After his defeat at Gamaches in 1198 he took refuge in Vernon. Richard de Vernon, who succeeded William II., renounced his rights over the town and its dependencies for the sum of 800 livres. He was the last Seigneur Castellan of Vernon.

After their marriage at Port-Mort in 1200, Louis VIII. and Blanche of Castile spent their honeymoon in the castle. With the conquest of Normandy in 1206, by Philippe Auguste, Vernon, after three centuries of separation, again became part of the kingdom of France.

Blanche of Castile, who had received the domain

of Vernon as part of her dowry, frequently visited the town in company with her son Louis IX. In the course of one of these visits he rebuilt the hospital of Vernon and richly endowed it. On another occasion the king happened to partake of some of the watercress which grew abundantly in the vicinity, and, in token of his appreciation of the salad, gave Vernon its present arms: *d'argent, à trois bottes de cresson de sinople, deux et un, au chef d'azur chargé de trois fleurs de lys d'or*, with the motto *Vernon semper viret.*

In 1305, Louis, the eldest son of Philippe-le-Bel, married Marguerite of Burgundy at Vernon. Ten years afterwards the unfortunate queen, as already stated, was strangled in the dungeons of Château-Gaillard. The Cordeliers of Vernon brought her body to the town and gave it honourable sepulture in their chapel, as we learn from Godefroy de Paris:

> A Vernon fu enseveli
> Son cors, chez les frères menors,
> Qui li firent assez d'onnors ;
> Sa sépulture noblement
> Firent et moult dévotement.

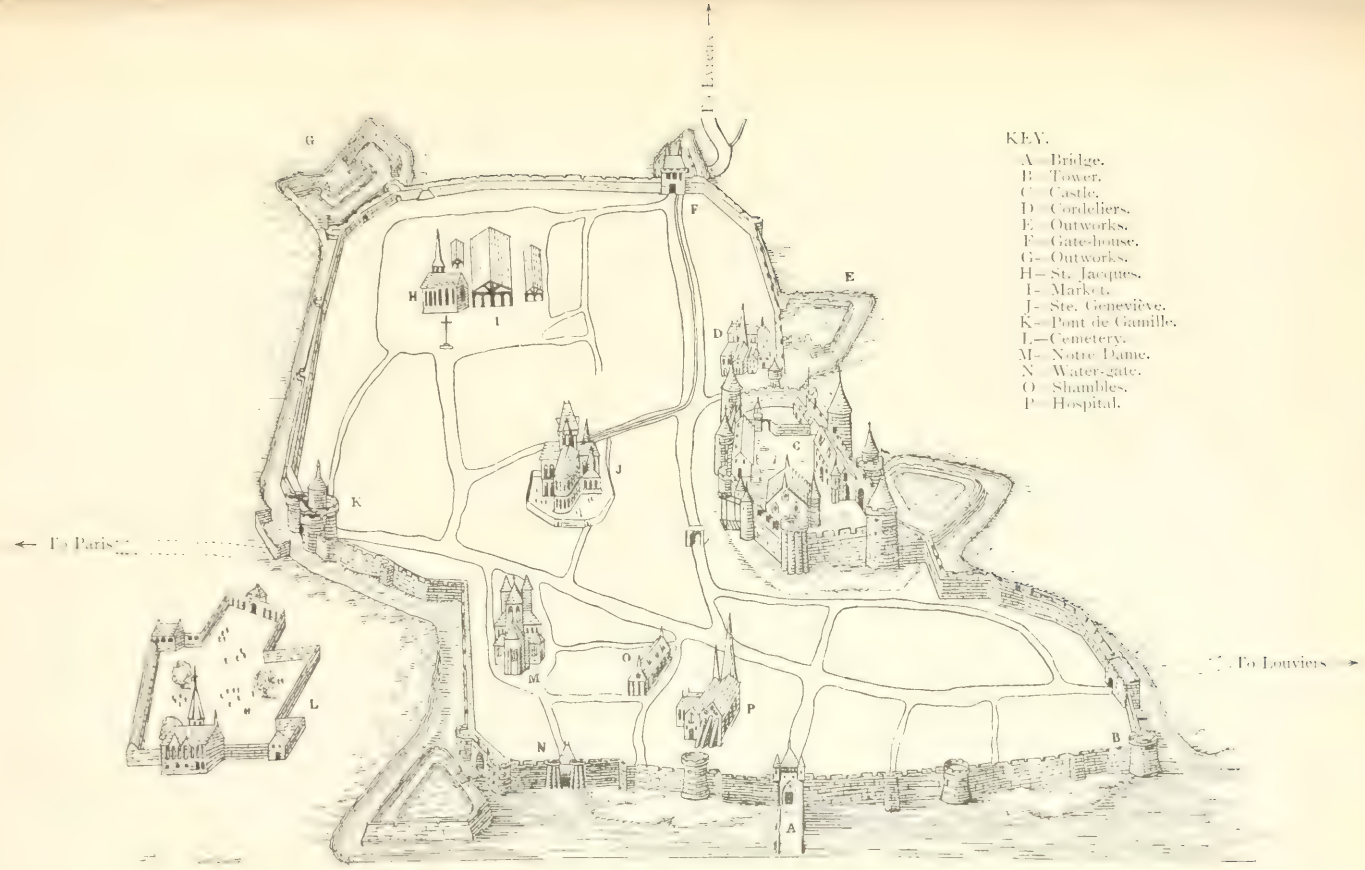
After nearly a century and a half of peace Vernon was again the scene of strife and bloodshed, and during the Hundred Years' War suffered severely. In 1346 the town was burnt by the army of Edward III., a few days after the battle of Crécy,

and ten years later was pillaged by the troops of the Duke of Lancaster.

The domain of Vernon was conveyed to Blanche, Queen of Navarre, the widow of Philippe IV. and sister of Charles the Wicked, but again became Crown property in 1398. After the battle of Cocherel, when Bertrand du Guesclin defeated the troops of Charles the Wicked, he conveyed his prisoners to Vernon. In 1419 it fell into the hands of the English, and remained in their possession for thirty years, when it was captured after several assaults by Dunois. After the battle of Formigny, which put an end to English rule in Normandy, Vernon again became subject to France, and the States of Normandy held their first meeting after the conquest in the town.

During the religious wars Vernon at first declared for the League, but two days after the battle of Ivry, March 16, 1590, it opened its gates to the White Plume of Navarre. Among Henri's gentlemen-at-arms was one Jean Poussin, who was quartered upon a certain Marie Delaisement, the widow of a lawyer. At the termination of the war he married her and settled down at her native place of Villers, near Andely; the fruit of this union was Nicolas Poussin the painter.

During the Fronde Louis XIV. ordered the Parliament of Rouen to hold its sittings in the



OLD VERNON: PLAN OF THE TOWN IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

See Page 358.

castle. This was the last important event in its history. It ceased to be inhabited and gradually fell into disrepair. The walls of the old town also slowly crumbled away, and, little by little, Vernon lost the martial aspect it had possessed for upwards of six centuries. It fell upon evil times in other ways. In 1694 famine and pestilence carried off a large proportion of its people. In 1775 the domain was inherited by the Duc de Bourbon-Penthièvre, whose name we have already learned to know in connection with the Hospice de St. Jacques at Petit Andely, and he retained it until his death, at his Castle of Bizy, close to Vernon, in 1793. He was a man of fortune and of great charity, and annually gave away large sums for the relief of the necessitous poor of the district. Vernon played no part in the Revolution. It was visited by Napoleon and Marie Louise in 1810. At that time a considerable number of English were being forcibly detained in Vernon. After the Peace of Amiens in 1802, many English—students, teachers, merchants, travellers, members of the aristocracy, and others—to whom the Continent had been closed for years, flocked to Paris and were residing there, when Napoleon, in 1803, suddenly resumed the offensive against this country. By one of those spiteful and vindictive acts which revealed the true Corsican, and by which the tyrant occasionally

showed his contempt for the conventions and decencies of international courtesy, he ordered these people to be sent to Vernon, on the plea that they might be required to serve in the English militia. Some of them may have witnessed his entry in the town, as nearly ten years had to elapse before they were allowed to depart.

Five years later Napoleon's career was ended,

VERNON IN 1845.

Marie Louise went back gladly enough to her own people, and Vernon was occupied for three months by Prussians. It was frequently visited by Louis Philippe during the eighteen years of his reign, and also by Louis Napoleon, who reviewed the National Guard here in 1849. During the twenty years which intervened before the disastrous year of 1870, Vernon experienced many changes in outward aspect, mainly under the administration of

M. d'Albufera, whose name is given to one of its principal thoroughfares. The present bridge was built over the Seine to replace the trembling structure which formerly spanned it, and of which the picturesque ruins, with the remains of the old mill, may still be seen on the Vernonnet side. New avenues were made and many of the narrow streets of the old town were swept away. Still as you ramble through it you will see, here and there, a reminiscence of mediaeval Vernon.

Old Mill at Vernonnet.

On October 6, 1870, the Prussians again occupied Vernon, but after having levied a contribution, ransacked the station, and carried off the cattle from Bizy, they retired towards Pacy. On October 14 one of the arches of the new bridge was blown up by the French, and on October 22 the Germans bom-

barded the town from the heights of Vernonnet, sending some 60 or 70 shells into the place. Meanwhile they had been checked by the *francs-tireurs* at Cravent and Villegats. French troops were brought up from Louviers and covered Vernon from the Forest of Bizy. The Germans were surrounded, but after a stiff fight got through with the loss of 150 men. Four days afterwards they reappeared in larger numbers, with four pieces of artillery, but they were again repulsed, losing about 200 men. When Rouen fell, Vernon also capitulated, as resistance was useless. The Germans occupied it until the end of February 1871. On December 28 the unfortunate town was required to pay a war contribution of 20,000 francs, "en raison de la conduite hostile des habitants envers les troupes." Five months afterwards the townspeople saw the last of their unwelcome guests, and the Prussian detachment which had occupied Vernonnet finally left the country. The bridge was repaired in 1872.

Old engravings by Chastillon, Perrelle, and Sylvestre of mediaeval Vernon show that the walled town possessed, relatively to its size, almost as many religious edifices as Rouen. In addition to Notre Dame there were the churches of Ste. Geneviève, St. Jacques, and of the Cordeliers, together with the convents of the Cordeliers and the Benedictines.

With the Revolution all these disappeared, with the exception of Notre Dame.

This church dates from the middle of the eleventh century, but it was only during the time of William II., Lord of Vernon, a century later, that it became important. The oldest part is the choir, of which

VERNON.

the lower portion still shows its Romanesque origin; the upper part, with its seven lancet windows, is fifteenth-century work. The clock-tower above the choir dates from the thirteenth century; it is composed of two sections surmounted by a slated roof on which is a weathercock; the upper section is the belfry, and is lighted on each of its three sides by twinned lancet windows separated by narrow

columns. The lower section, separated from the upper by richly carved stone-work, is treated in the same style, except that columns replace the openings.

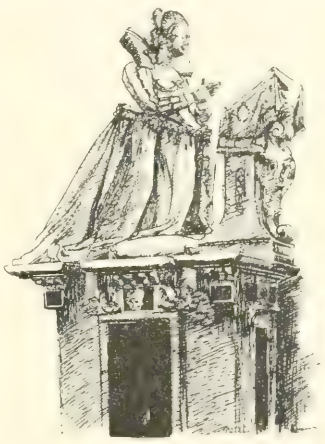
The façade dates from the fifteenth century, and is noteworthy for its Gothic porch, its large rose-

A Lady-in-Waiting, Vernon.

window, its two flanking octagonal towers, its parapets and gargoyles, and the florid character of its carved work. The statuettes in the niches have suffered the usual fate, that is, they have been greatly mutilated, more by wilful damage than by the action of time. The counterports and flying buttresses, and the long narrow windows of the

nave and chapels, are characteristic features of the outer structure.

Internally, the church contains a nave, aisles, transepts, and choir. The nave is very narrow for its height, and is divided into five bays of equal width, and a sixth somewhat smaller. The lower part is of the fourteenth century, the upper is sixteenth century; it was the gift of the Chapter of Évreux in recognition of the hospitality afforded to its members by the Canons of Notre Dame during the rebuilding of the Cathedral of Évreux after its destruction by fire in 1356. The aisles and the chapels were built in the times of Charles VII. and Louis XI.



Tomb of Marie Maignart.

The greater part of the stained glass is modern, the work of Duhamel-Marette, of Évreux. In the chapels are a couple of small pictures of the Flemish School, a portrait of the Duc de Bourbon-Penthièvre, a painting attributed to Annibal Caracchi, relics of St. Mauxe, patron of Vernon; and a tomb surmounted by a marble statue of Marie Maignart, the wife of Alphonse d'Arquency, president of the Cours des Aides de Normandie, who died in 1610.

In the baptistry is a picture of an incident in the life of St. Adjutor of Vernon. The little apsidal Lady Chapel is an interesting example of fourteenth-century art. The glass is noteworthy. In one window is a copy of a Holy Family by Murillo; in the other a representation of the martyrdom of St. Stephen.

TOURELLES DE VERNONNET.

The six tapestries in the church are Flemish work of the seventeenth century. The high altar of black and white marble, of the time of Louis XV., with its two reliquaries, one of which contains a glove of Thomas à Becket, was formerly in the chapel of the Chartreuse of Gaillon.

The Tourelles de Vernonnet on the right bank, near which we lay, is an old donjon which formerly commanded the entrance to the bridge, dismantled half a century ago, and was built at the same time as the Tour des Archives by Henry I. of England. It was part of a strong castle surrounded by water and fronting the Seine so as to command the river,

and was connected by means of a drawbridge with the bridge itself, which was fortified at each end as well as in the centre. It was strengthened, in 1346, against Edward III., who was unable to force the passage of the Seine, but, like Vernon, it fell later into the hands of the English, who held it so long as they were able to retain that town. The donjon managed to escape destruction, both in 1719 and in 1790, when the feudal strongholds of France were ordered to be razed. During the Revolution it served as a flour-store and magazine of supplies, and had to be defended by force of arms from the attacks of the starving peasantry. Latterly it was employed as a war prison, and in 1849 was sold to a private owner. Adjoining the modern church of St. Nicholas at Vernonnet are the remains of the fine Renaissance gateway of the old church.

One of the show-places of Vernon is the beautiful park of Bizy and its modern chateau; it is close to the town, and may be reached either by the plane-shaded Évreux road—the most direct—or by the Avenue des Capuchins. The domain of Bizy, formerly a marquisate, was bought in 1721 by Marshal de Belle-Isle, whose portrait you may see in the sacristy of Notre Dame. The famous Le-nôtre laid out the place, and it had the reputation of being one of the most beautiful parks in Normandy. It eventually came into possession of

the Duc de Bourbon-Penthièvre, who, as already stated, died there in 1793. It was confiscated and sold in the year VI. of the Republic, when the buildings, with the exception of the stables, were pulled down. Bizy was subsequently bought by General le Suir, who built a country house on the property. The Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe, then acquired it, and resided here until the citizen-king's abdication, when it reverted to the State. Ten years later it was sold to Baron Schickler, who built the present chateau in 1869 upon the model of an English mansion. During the summer the forest is a favourite resort of the Vernonnais. It abounds in beautiful walks, and from its terraces offers to "*amateurs de footing*" charming views of the valley of the Seine and of the surrounding country.

Vernon, although less attractive than Petit Andely as seen from the Seine, is a pleasant holiday retreat, especially to those who find their pleasure on the river and who are content with such fishing as it affords. Immediately opposite the town is a delightful maze of backwaters, and one may spend hours in the noontide heats drifting beneath the shade of willows and of overhanging branches of innumerable trees rising from the eyots among which the gentle current winds. A little distance above the town, on the Vernonnet side, the Epte

joins the Seine. This river was formerly the eastern boundary of Normandy, and still marks the division between the departments of the Eure and the Seine-et-Oise. The main stream is not navigable where it enters the Seine, as it falls over rocks, but a small boat may be pushed up its arms. One of these may be reached by taking the first opening, about a mile above the bridge, past the Ile Broutille; it passes the hamlet of Heurgival and the village of Giverny, where a colony of English and American artists have settled to worship at the shrine of Monet, who has fixed his residence there. Giverny is a pretty little place, with a southern aspect, at the base of the rising ground to the north of the river, and commands fine views of the high land above Port-Villez and Jeufosse.

THE GENTLE ART.

CHAPTER XII

LA ROCHE-GUYON. HAUTE-ILE. VÉTHEUIL

From Vernon to La Roche-Guyon — our next stopping-place—the distance by river is about 12 miles, and at a little less than a third of the way is the weir and lock of Port-Villez. The weather was still kind to us as we unmoored from the pleasant anchorage in front of the old Turrets of Vernonnet, and backed out into the channel, so as to get, in the language of the sea, a good sheer for the particular arch of the handsome road-bridge under which we were to pass. Once through, we steer so as to leave the wooded Ile Corday to port, as the water for some distance from the right bank is shoal. We pass the faubourg of Gamilly on the outskirts of Vernon, and as we approach Ile Broutille, off the right bank, we bring the vessel into mid-stream. As we open out the Grand Val running up into the forest of Bizy on the right, we move over to the left bank so as to avoid the shoal ground at the entrance of the Epte. Leaving the

Ile des Fourgons to port, we see on the right the church and houses of Port-Villez. Here the Paris and Rouen line runs on a high embankment, close to the river, at the base of the sloping ground rising to a height of 350 feet, and well wooded to its very top. On the summit are the remains of a

Barrage and Locks, Port-Villez.

camp, traditionally regarded as Roman, but more probably of the time of the Northmen. On rounding the bend by Port-Villez we see the whole width of the river, and, across it, the barrage and the locks to the right. The Seine here flows through a pretty district, and there is deep water everywhere. We are soon through the lock. As we leave it we

observe the little village of Villez on the left with its houses clustering round the church. When near the Ile de la Merville we make over to the right bank so as to leave it on the starboard hand. There is deep water close to it. Behind it is the village of Jeufosse, where the Northmen are known to have wintered in the course of one of their piratical excursions up the river. The Seine here makes a great curve and our course soon becomes north-east, almost at right angles to that we had hitherto followed from Port-Villez. We are now among a network of wooded islands and some care is needed to keep in the navigable channel. To the left we see the spire of Bennecourt, and on the other side the red roofs of Bonnières and the iron lattice bridge which connects it with the Grande Ile and the opposite bank. We cross over to the left bank, and, passing under the bridge, skirt the sloping ground on which the uninteresting-looking town stands. It is a station on the Paris and Rouen line, which here makes a sudden bend to the south and runs into the tunnel of Rolleboise, to emerge at the bottom of the other arm of the Seine. The length of the tunnel is about 2 miles; the distance round by water is about 13 miles. Although Bonnières has no charms for us, the river in its vicinity is most picturesque. We now enter a fairly long reach with deep water close to both

banks. On our right is the plain of Freneuse with acres of turnip-fields. On the left, at some little distance inland, rises the singular-looking chain of chalk cliffs which bend round the peninsula past La Roche-Guyon and as far as Vétheuil. The grey

NEAR BONNIÈRES.

houses to the left are those of Tripleval. As we pass it, a crowd of market-women in the ferry on their way to Freneuse are apparently much exercised at the sight of the yacht and her blue ensign. Near Clachaloze we see the evidences of the cave dwellings in the rocks. The course now gradually becomes easterly, and as we round the

curve on which stands the Forest of Moisson we see the keep of the old Castle of La Roche-Guyon, and the slated roof of the modern chateau, the white houses of the village, and the suspension bridge with its single tower in mid-stream. We pass by the town and bring up, just before lunch, in the entrance to the backwater behind the Ile de Moisson,

Approaching La Roche-Guyon.

fronting the hamlet of Haute-Ile, in 2 fathoms, with, as usual, the kedge astern and a line from the quarter to a willow-tree on shore.

Apart from the striking rock scenery in its neighbourhood and the charm of its many backwaters, the chief interest of La Roche-Guyon is in its castle. The old donjon on the hillside which looks down upon the palatial edifice at its feet, and upon the river which sweeps in an ample curve

round the Forest of Moisson, was built by a Guy de Guyon at the end of the tenth century. The keep is practically all that remains of a once formidable stronghold surrounded by thick walls and a triple enceinte. The structure has been studied by Viollet-le-Duc, who has shown with what skill its position was chosen, and how cleverly the building was arranged *en échelon* with the cliff, of which, indeed, it seems to form a part.

As may be surmised, a fortress of such strength and in such a position has a stormy history; it was constantly besieged, taken, and retaken during the wars which raged in France in the Middle Ages. In 1418 it was the scene of a spirited defence by Pierette de la Rivière, the daughter of Jean Bureau, Chamberlain of the King of France, and widow of Guy VI., who was killed at Azincourt. Summoned by the Earl of Warwick, after the fall of Mantes, to take the oath of allegiance to Henry V., King of England, the high-spirited widow stoutly refused, and declined to surrender the castle. She managed to hold out for two months, but eventually Warwick took it by assault, and deprived the lady of the seigniory and her lands. Charles VII. subsequently rewarded her fidelity by making her a lady of honour to the queen. It was, perhaps, in allusion to this circumstance that Henri IV., who was received here after the victory of Ivry, paid his

tribute to the "noble et pudique réserve" of the Duchesse de Guercheville: "Eh bien, Madame, puisque vous êtes véritablement dame d'honneur,

La Roche-Guyon.

vous le serez de la reine." The present castle, which was almost entirely reconstructed in the fifteenth century, contains a few remains of the older structure, such as a postern gate of the thirteenth century, and the large subterranean

cellars. The principal façade, somewhat bizarre in style, is flanked by imposing feudal turrets, and decorated in the middle by a large peristyle, the Doric columns of which support a triangular pediment and entablature. The interior contains a fine staircase and handsome rooms. The *Salle des Gardes* is filled with armour, and on the walls are portraits by Rigaut, Mignard, De Tray, Nattier, and others. The reception-rooms are lined with Gobelin tapestries, the gift of Louis XIV., representing the story of Esther. There is beautiful needlework, much of it the work of successive duchesses, rich carpets, velvet of Gênes, and furniture of Boule, painted mirrors by Boucher, and a host of other treasures, including the "copy" of La Rochefoucauld's *Maximes*, and of Lamartine's *La Semaine Sainte à la Roche-Guyon*, works composed here — the former when the unlucky Prince de Marcillac was "exiled" by Richelieu, that is, ordered to retire to his country estates; the latter when Lamartine assisted at the ceremonies following on the restoration of the beautiful fourteenth-century chapel associated with the memory of St. Nicaise. In the Chambre de Henri IV. are preserved the king's bed and his writing-table. Unfortunately we had to content ourselves with looking at photographic representations of these treasures as we were unprovided with the

customary "order to view," and the *gardienne* was *désolée* that she was unable to admit us without such permission.

The modern castle communicates with the keep by subterranean passages and steps and ladders. Below it is a reservoir of running water, capable of holding nearly 80,000 gallons, the overflow passing down to a fountain in the square below the entrance gate of the chateau, erected for the benefit of the faubourg by Alexandre, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, in 1717.

François de Silly.

In the neighbouring fifteenth-century church is the tomb and marble statue of François de Silly, Duc de la Roche-Guyon, in court costume, kneeling before the dead body of a child; and in the vaults are the remains of members of the families of former owners of La Roche-Guyon—De Montmorency, De Rohan, and La Rochefoucauld. Inscriptions in their honour cover the walls of the chapels.

La Roche-Guyon was a favourite residence of Francis I., who was fond of hunting in the woods in its neighbourhood. François de Bourbon, the victor of Cérisolles, was killed here by a snowball.

One of the lords of Roche-Guyon was murdered in the old castle by his father-in-law, together with his wife, who had striven to shield him from the rage of her parent.

ROCK-CHAPEL, HAUTE-ILE.

At Haute-Ile, near to our anchorage, and close to the main road, is one of the three or four rock-chapels which are to be found along the banks of the Seine. Like that at St. Adrien, it is hewn out of the cliff, but it is not so ancient, nor is it other-

wise so interesting as that of Ste. Barbara, which we visited from Rouen. In the vicinity of Haute-Ile and La Roche-Guyon are numerous remains of cliff dwellings, some of which are still in use.

FERRY, HAUTE-ILE.

The reaches of the river in the neighbourhood of La Roche-Guyon are excellent for small boat sailing, and as we seldom wanted for wind we kept the gig pretty busy under her foresail and mizen, so long as we remained there. On one occasion

we ran before a fine breeze to Vétheuil in order to have a look at the town and the old church, bringing the boat up to a little landing-stage which serves the pleasure craft of the small country houses near the shore and on the neighbouring islands.

Vétheuil is a sort of Sleepy Hollow prettily situated at the entrance to two charming valleys. It consists practically of a single street, paved

VÉTHEUIL.

with sets, with two narrow footpaths, and gutters of running water. A short, narrow, undulating passage-way runs at right angles to the main street, at the top of which, on a small plateau, reached by a flight of steps, is the old church, the principal feature of interest in the place. In feudal times Vétheuil was commanded by a strong castle, a formidable rival of La Roche-Guyon and Rolleboise, remains of which may still be seen. Its church,

one of the most noteworthy in the district, was begun in the twelfth century. The choir belongs to the time of Henry of England; the clock-tower to that of Charles le Bel; a part of the nave to the time of Francis the First, and the other part, together with the sacristy and porch, to that of Henri II. of France. The principal façade, with its pilasters, niches, corbels, medallions, and carved work, its richly sculptured doorways, its beautiful figure of the Virgin on the pier of the porch, and its external gallery along the aisles, is a masterpiece of Renaissance work. The southern porch, richly carved, with figures and monograms of Henri II. and Catherine de Médicis, is hardly less remarkable. According to M. Régnier (*La Renaissance dans le Vexin*), the greater part of this work was done by the Grappins of Gisors, a talented family of master-masons, father and sons, who worked together in the middle years of the sixteenth century. M. Palustre states that it was mainly executed between 1552 and 1558 at the expense of Louis de Silly and his wife Anne de Laval, seigneurs of La Roche-Guyon and Vétheuil.

The pillars of the nave and the ornamentation of their bases are remarkable. In their niches is a series of statues. The stained glass is mostly modern and of no special merit. There are some curious mural paintings. In the chapel there is

a fine "Ecce Homo," a copy from the Italian School, probably Guido; a recumbent Christ in stone—horribly dead-like; and an altarpiece of the fifteenth century, of Flemish origin, representing the last scenes of the Passion and Resurrection, all in high relief—Arabs in turbans and knights in armour, and women in mediaeval head-dresses attending the Descent and Entombment. Very quaint too is the representation of the Resurrection, with the sleepy, yawning soldiery, one with a cross-bow, surrounding the tomb. The baptismal fonts are plainly Romanesque, and probably of the twelfth century. The soft stone-work throughout is very much worn, and the nave has to be supported by strong baulks of timber between the piers to shore up the columns supporting the roof.

AT VÉTHEUIL.

But the main attraction of Vétheuil is in its backwaters, and in the network of umbrageous solitudes which lie behind the long succession of wooded islands along the right bank of the river, from Haute-Ile on the west to nearly as far as St. Martin la Garenne on the other arm of the stream. It is delightful to paddle among the sinuous waterways, and to follow the windings of

the gentle current as it curves among the many eyots and under overhanging branches and masses of trembling foliage through which the sunshine struggles, illumining the whole with an endless range of shades of tender green; here and there streaks of bright light shoot athwart the water, and in the warm beams dragon-flies play, and now and again a kingfisher darts across, his bright plumage lightening up in the gleam like the flash of an emerald. It is such scenes as these which constitute the wonderful charm and fascination of the Seine. We rightly cherish our little backwaters on the Thames — they are among the sweetest memories of that sylvan stream—but in extent and variety, in the richness and character of their vegetation, the backwaters of the Thames are not to be compared with those of the French river.

CHAPTER XIII

ROLLEBOISE. ROSNY

We could have spent many more pleasurable days in exploring the country round La Roche-Guyon and along the valley of the Epte, and in rambling over the high lands to the back of Haute-Ile. But more than a month had now elapsed since we left Havre, and September was approaching, and with it the chances of broken weather and high winds for the Channel-crossing to our home on the south Devon coast.

It was a dull, cloudy, and rather chilly morning when we left our snug anchorage by the Ile de Moisson and backed out into the main stream on our way to Mantes, which was to be our next stopping-place. The strong west wind of the previous two or three days had almost died down, and there were ominous signs of impending rain before we reached Moisson, a small village along the left bank of the river which gives its name to the forest on the tongue of land in front of Haute-Ile. The forest

stands on flat, marshy ground, covered with rank grass and sparsely cultivated. The most prominent feature in the landscape behind Moisson is the large red *hangar*, for the district is well known to aviators as an excellent practice ground, where

> wide waving wings expanded bear
> The flying-chariot through the field of air.

Women were tending tethered cows along the bank, and we passed a few boats, moored among the water-lilies, and from which some girls were fishing. Behind the Ile de la Bouche we see the chimneys of the cement-works of M. Lassalle. What led the great singer to abandon his triumphs at the very summit of his fame, and to relinquish his commanding position at the opera for the prosaic business of making cement, is one of the mysteries of the artistic world.

The river here is of a considerable width, but much of its bed is occupied by the many islands along the right bank, and by the shoal ground in front of them. Opposite Vétheuil the navigable channel is narrow, and becomes still narrower as we round the bend by Lavacourt and pass between the long Ile St. Martin and the left bank. At Lavacourt the telegraph is carried across the Seine suspended from high masts on the banks. As we turn to the south-west we see the village of St. Martin la Garenne on the sloping ground to the

left. The hillsides behind it are highly cultivated and bear heavy crops of fruit and grain. For a time the river is now somewhat uninteresting as the bank along the narrow canal-like stretch is high, but as we come to the end of the island the stream widens and we make over towards the right bank to avoid the shoal ground off what was formerly the Ile de Mousseaux.

As we enter the reach we see the high land beyond Méricourt—Rolleboise and the forest of Rosny. We pass the russet roofs of Mousseaux, nestling up to the very edge of the chalk cliffs. The hamlet on the opposite bank is Sandrancourt. The telegraph is here again carried across the stream by tall masts, and more "cave dwellings" can be seen in the rocks. We next pass Méricourt on the right, the houses running along both sides of its single street, which ascends to the high ground —350 feet high—through which runs the Rolleboise tunnel. On turning the bend it is seen that the left bank is dyked up to the fine barrage and locks of Méricourt. We are quickly through the lock and enter a beautiful reach of the river. Our way lies to the left of the wooded Ile de la Sablière and curves round the base of the fine cliffs of Rolleboise. Up the steep sides and on the summit are a number of country houses, one of which, we notice, is flying the Union Jack. Rolleboise is very prettily situated,

with a little landing-stage and terraced gardens, and a picturesquely placed church with a short *flèche*, perched on the brow of a projecting knoll. As a stronghold it is obviously of great natural strength, and there formerly existed here a castle on the escarpment of a cliff overlooking the river. It was at one time held by a company of the marauding brigands brought by Duguesclin to the support of Henry of Trastamare, and was eventually destroyed by Charles V. We round the great bend on which is Guernes, and our course becomes due east. The high land on the right gradually recedes from the river, and there is a flat wooded stretch before us on which is Rosny and its forest. Through an opening in the trees we see the red-brick chateau with its tall windows, gables, and high dormer roof. It is situated in a park on a level plain, not many feet above the level of the river, and must have been severely tried during the great floods of 1910.

Rosny stands on the site of a Roman settlement, as attested by numerous Romano-Gallic remains which have been found there, such as cinerary urns, and coins of Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine. The domain was long possessed by the Mauvoisin family, descending from father to son during upwards of three centuries. From 1529 to 1719 it was held by the Sullys, of whom the most

illustrious member was Maximilian de Bethune, duc de Sully, who, as he himself tells us, on the title-page of his memoirs, was "*l'un des plus confidans, familiers, et utiles soldats et serviteurs du Grand Mars des François* (Henri IV.)."

The celebrated minister was born in 1559, not in the present chateau, but in a far less pretentious building known as the Château de Beuron, situated on the plateau of that name and hidden away in the

ROSNY.

forest. Here the jovial young King of Navarre rested and made merry after two of his great victories, coming there with Sully, who was seriously wounded at Ivry, to receive the submission of Mantes.

The present chateau was erected by Sully on the site of the old fortified castle of the Mauvoisins, destroyed by the English in 1435. According to the Abbé Thomas, the original plan was a vast quadrilateral containing a central building of three floors, flanked by two pavilions surmounted by a

long pointed roof, with two wings terminated equally by two other square pavilions. At the height of the first floor and between the wings ran a gallery, in the middle of which was a postern, connected with a drawbridge, and giving access to the entrance hall or court of honour. The remains of this postern—massive doors of carved oak—are still to be seen in the church. Round the building was a deep, wide fosse.

The surly, faithful Sully never finished the place. After the assassination of Henri in 1610 his sorrowing minister lost all interest in its further construction, and what was then completed was covered in. He no longer concerned himself with State affairs, but lived the life of a country gentleman at Rosny, occupying his leisure in dictating and printing his memoirs, two folio volumes of which appeared in 1634, and the others some years after his death.

In the first quarter of the last century Rosny came into the possession of the unfortunate Duchess of Berri, whose husband, the younger son of Charles X., had been assassinated in 1820. She completed the building, with, however, some departures from Sully's plan, which to some extent destroyed the lightness and elegance characteristic of the style of its original design. All the same it is a noble mansion, and everything about it bespeaks

the *grand seigneur*, from the beautiful forged iron gates at the entrance to the broad walks and spacious lawns, the gay parterres, the wide terrace along the river-bank, and the long shady avenue of majestic trees leading to the forest at the back, much of which was cut down by the faithful Sully to pay his master's debts. The Duchesse de Berri owned Rosny until her final expulsion from France on her betrayal and imprisonment after her fruitless attempt to secure the throne for her son, the Duke of Bordeaux. Her memory is still cherished in the district, and the orphanage she founded and endowed is evidence of her charity and benevolence. In the little oratory she erected close to the river-bank, in 1822, was a cenotaph in which was placed the heart of the murdered duke, together with the clothes he was wearing at the time of his death. The heart was removed in 1830 when Charles X. left France, but the garments are still preserved in an oaken chest under a stone behind the altar. The life-size statue in the chapel represents St. Charles, the patron saint of the murdered duke.

The present proprietor of Rosny, M. Lebaudy, maintains the interior of the chateau in much the state in which it was left by the Duchess. It is richly furnished, and contains much fine tapestry and many notable pictures.

One of us had an opportunity of visiting Rosny

during a previous journey up the Seine, when the greater part of a fine afternoon was spent in seeing its treasures and in rambling over its park. We should have been glad of the chance to renew the experience. But the weather on this occasion was the reverse of fine. Shortly after leaving Rolleboise the rain came down in torrents, and so continued, with slight intermissions, for the rest of the day.

After passing Rosny the direction of the river is nearly east and west. It flows through a broad stretch of flat country not many feet above the level of the water. Everywhere the land is well cultivated. To the south it gradually rises to the wooded slopes of La Butte Verte. The true right bank of the stream is behind the long islands of Guernes and Rosny—flat, marshy ground, covered with osiers. As we turn the corner by the end of the Grande Ile de Rosny we see in front of us the high ground above Dennemont, and on its summit the Tour Duval. The channel here is wide, and there is deep water close to both banks. Over to the right we perceive the towers of the Cathedral of Mantes and St. Maclou, and, in the foreground, a little distance inland, the Romanesque Church of Gassicourt. We pass a large cement-works on the rising ground to the left, and then make over towards Dennemont, a picturesque little place with a restaurant, and a boat-landing at the entrance to

the deep backwater behind the Ile de Gassicourt, where we proposed to remain at anchor during our stay at Mantes. The actual entrance to the backwater is somewhat constricted, and there is shoal ground off the island and also opposite Dennemont. But it was easy to pick a way through with the aid of the lead and the few perches which we saw at the edge of the shoals, and there was no sounding of less than 2 fathoms. We moved slowly along the channel behind the islands until we passed the *pêcherie* opposite the Faubourg St. Roch, when, as usual, we flung the kedge over the stern and anchored, in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, close to the Ile de la Ville and in front of the main Limay bridge. It was an excellent anchorage, of which we had already experience, out of the fairway and remote from all traffic and the attentions of the curious, but with convenient access to the two towns of Limay and Mantes.

FISHERMEN, MANTES.

CHAPTER XIV

MANTES. LIMAY. ST. SAUVEUR. GASSICOURT

MANTES, or Mantes-la-Jolie, as we must not forget to call it in deference to established custom, earns its appellative more by reason of its situation and aspect, as seen from the river, than from any architectural beauties the town itself possesses, that is, apart from its handsome Gothic church. Viewed from the Seine, or better still, from the high ground above its right bank, Mantes, a town of some 8000 inhabitants, with its several towers, is picturesquely placed on ground rising gently upwards towards the south, and at the entrance to a small valley down which runs the little Vaucouleurs. The country at its back and towards the east is finely wooded, and it is mainly from the sylvan charm of its setting that the claim of the town to be called "pretty" may be allowed.

As might be surmised from its position, the origin of Mantes is lost in the mists of antiquity. It was a place of importance to the Celtic tribes

who inhabited this part of the Vexin, and the numerous discoveries of Romano-Gallic remains—medals, coins, tokens, vases, tombs, foundations—which have been made on the site of the town and in its neighbourhood would appear to indicate that a considerable settlement existed here in the beginning of the present era. Until the Northmen permanently settled in Normandy under the rule of Rollo, the district was frequently overrun by bands of marauding pirates, and the town was constantly plundered and occasionally almost destroyed by the ruthless hordes who carried away in their galleys the spoils of their raids. Although the settlement of Normandy, and the creation of its duchy, protected Mantes from external enemies, it was too near the frontiers of the Ile de France and Normandy to escape internal troubles. Much of its history since the eleventh century down to the sixteenth, or even the seventeenth century, is concerned with its misfortunes during the many civil wars to which France was subjected during that interval. Under the dukes of France and under Hugh Capet, the first real king of France, who claimed the lordship of the Seine, Mantes was a part of their domain. But the weak feudal kings of France—Robert the Débonnaire, Henry I., and the dissolute Philip—were no match for the grim, strong-willed dukes of Normandy—Richard the Fearless, Robert the

Devil, and the all-powerful William the Conqueror—who, if they ruled their province with a rod of iron, made her at least prosperous and contented and everywhere feared and respected. A cause of constant strife was the possession of the Vexin—a sort of "buffer" district between the two provinces, and the scene of frequent incursions on the part of the feudal seigneurs whose allegiance to the Kingdom of France was only nominal. To put an end to this state of unrest, William demanded the cession of the Vexin, which indeed had at one period been in the possession of the Normans, including Pontoise, Chaumont, and Mantes. Philip gave no definite reply, but ventured an ill-timed jest upon the stoutness of the great burly duke, who at the moment was ill at Rouen. "Sur ma foi," said the King, "ce gros homme est bien long à faire ses couches ; il y aura sans doute grande fête à ses relevailles." William was a dangerous man to jest with when the jest was personal. The town that ventured to hang hides on its walls, in allusion to his mother's origin, suffered a terrible retribution for its temerity. When Philip's sneer came to his ears, the sick man exclaimed: "Le roi Philippe verra la fin de mes couches trop tôt à son gré ; car, par la splendeur et la naissance de Dieu, j'irai faire mes relevailles à Notre-Dame de Paris, avec dix mille lances en guise de cierges."

Mantes soon felt the force of William's resentment. He suddenly appeared before its walls, broke through its gates, and carried the town by assault. He gave no quarter and ordered the place to be burnt, and hundreds were slaughtered or perished in the flames. This was the answer to Philip's jibe about the candles at the churching. In galloping through the streets his horse stepped on some glowing embers, stumbled, and the heavy corpulent man was thrown violently against the saddle-bow. He was seriously injured, and was removed to Rouen and thence to the Priory of St. Gervais, where, after six weeks of suffering, his last hour came on September 9, 1087. This is how Freeman describes the scene :—

> On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying King. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for the prime in the church of Our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words : "To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that by Her Holy prayers She may reconcile me to Her dear Son our Lord Jesus Christ." He prayed and his soul passed away.

In the Salles de Peinture at Rouen is a painting by Ch. Lefebvre of the dead monarch as he lay, fallen from his couch, half-naked and alone, plundered

and stripped by his servants and forsaken by his retainers, until Herlwin—

> faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he,

embalmed his body and transported it through the burning streets of Rouen, to float it down the Seine to Caen. By his will, William sought to make restitution to Mantes by sending money to rebuild the church he had wantonly destroyed, and a nobler Notre Dame now rose from its ashes.

It did not take long in those days to rebuild a town, for the houses were mostly of wood, and Mantes soon recovered its prosperity. But now the son of Philip the First—Louis the Fat—had to fight the son of the Conqueror—the Red William—and the train of French barons, led by Robert of Meulan and Guy de la Roche, who attached themselves to the Norman cause. But, thanks to the aid of the *Communes*, who were faithful to the French king, Mantes was saved to the crown, and to reward its fidelity Louis VI. granted it municipal autonomy. During the reign of Philippe-Auguste it became the headquarters of the army which, after many reverses, succeeded in reducing Château-Gaillard, and other fortresses and towns in Normandy, Aquitaine, and Poitou, and in annexing these provinces to France. Philippe-Auguste ended his long reign of forty-three years at Mantes on

July 14, 1223. His faithful chronicler, Guillaume le Breton, who was himself educated at Mantes, describes the grief of the town when his death was announced: "On n'entend qu'un cri de deuil dans toute la ville ; il n'est pas une maison, pas une place, pas un coin de rue qui ne soient assourdis par les gémissements et tout trempés de larmes." His heart and entrails were buried in two leaden coffins in the cathedral we see to-day, to the erection of which he largely contributed. Louis IX. and his mother, Blanche of Castile, also gave largely to its cost, and the arms of the great queen are to be found in one of its stained-glass windows.

During the Hundred Years' War Mantes was taken by Edward III. of England, but was re-captured by Duguesclin, by the usual ruse of upsetting a cart by soldiers dressed as vine-dressers on the drawbridge of the Porte aux Saints. Its fortifications, remains of which may still be traced, were greatly strengthened by Charles V. During the reign of the unhappy Charles VI. and his sons, Mantes, for a time, was sorely tried. In the midst of the blood-feud between the Armagnacs and the Burgundians it fell into the hands of the victor of Azincourt, and remained in English possession from 1416 to 1449. During this period the city suffered much from the iron hand of the Duke of Bedford, the regent of the English king, who

punished with merciless severity all attempts to throw off the foreign yoke. Under the successes inspired by the heroism of Jeanne d'Arc, English hold on this part of France became gradually weaker, and eventually Dunois, with the aid of the burghers who forced the English troops to capitulate and to open the gates, recaptured the town.

Mantes is inseparably connected with the name of Henri IV., to whom it transferred its allegiance soon after the victories of Arques and Ivry. It was at that time under the government of Sully, the brother of the Minister, and Henri, who had a great liking for the place, was frequently in the town—"Je vais à Mantes jouer à la paume," he cried to Sully. But there were other attractions than tennis in Mantes, and not the least of them was the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées. Before a reunited France called him to Paris, Henri made Mantes practically his capital. For three years he transacted affairs of State here, and always cherished a warm regard for it. In one of his visits he said to the queen when walking with her in the garden of the castle: "Madame, si vous saviez combien cette ville m'est chère! Mantes a été autrefois mon Paris, ce château mon Louvre, et ce jardin mes Tuileries, où je pris de fort bonnes resolutions."

In saying this Henri all unconsciously gave the reason for the fate which has overtaken much of

the municipal history of France. With the rise and growth of Paris, the life, vigour, and independence of the towns in her vicinity decayed, or rather they became more and more absorbed in the capital. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there is not much of interest to chronicle concerning Mantes. Marie de Médicis demolished its citadel in 1615 in order to use its stones in the erection of the church and convent of the Capucins she founded at Limay. It was visited by Louis XIII., and judicially plundered by Richelieu. The young Louis XIV. spent a few days here with his mother, Anne of Austria. It fell from grace during the troubles of the Fronde, but welcomed Louis XVI. in 1786 with an effusive loyalty. The sanguinary times of the Revolution passed over Mantes without greatly troubling it. Very little blood was shed, but the decrees of the Convention were duly executed; the landed gentry were driven forth, convents and churches destroyed or secularised, and hymns to Reason were everywhere sung. But the men of the Vexin are not made of the stuff that breeds anarchy or glories in bloodshed.

The chief objects of interest in Mantes are its Cathedral, the tower of St. Maclou, the Tribunal or Auditory, the Renaissance Fountain, its ancient gateways, the remains of its fortifications, and some of its old houses and streets.

No matter how Mantes is approached its Cathedral is the first thing to attract attention, for it seems to dominate the town. As we cross the

NOTRE DAME, MANTES.

handsome bridge from the Limay side we see it standing well above the cluster of houses which lie between it and the river-bank—its stately towers and noble chevet, its flying buttresses and lofty nave, seeming to reduce everything around it to

insignificance. We ascend the gentle slope of the main street leading from the bridge, and turning down the little ill-paved Rue de la Chausseterie, in which, according to tradition, the Conqueror received his death-wound, we enter the Parvis and are in front of the majestic façade and porch of Notre Dame, with its lofty towers and parapets, its large rose-window, its peristyle and flying buttresses.

There are doubtless many churches surpassing that of Mantes in grandeur of plan, in loftiness, and in richness of ornamentation. But it would be difficult to name a building where grace and strength, beauty of design, dignity and sobriety of decoration are more happily blended. According to Viollet-le-Duc, the style and much of the work is of the second half of the twelfth century. This, indeed, is evident from an inspection of the north door, the arches of the sub-basement, the character of the decorative work on the piers, cornices, and that round the oculi; the large modillions, and the style of ornamentation under the eaves. Perhaps the best general view of the exterior is to be obtained from the side of the Place du Château, and near the Ruelle aux Prêtres. We thus see the graceful curve of the chapels, the parapets, the oculi of the triforium, the abutments of the apse, and, at the side, the high windows under the

roof, and the elegant towers—reminding one of Notre Dame of Paris, which was built subsequently to that of Mantes, and possibly by the same master-masons.

The Church of Mantes suffered greatly in the Revolution, and nowhere is this more obvious than in the main doorways. The statues in the niches were destroyed—it is said by order of the mayor—and the spandrels and arches were wantonly defaced. The central door is divided into two bays by a pier carrying a statue of the Virgin; in the spandrels were carved representations of her death and ascent, and on the arches were rows of figures representing her ancestors—David and the kings of Judah—the mystic dove with outspread wings, and other symbols of the Trinity. The same designs are repeated in the north doorway. From the appearance and character of the figures, and the costumes of the soldiery, which are those of the Bayeux tapestry, there is some reason to believe that the spandrels may have been actually part of the original church destroyed by William the Conqueror. According to Viollet-le-Duc, the central rose-window dates from 1170, which would seem to fix approximately the date of the greater part of the façade, as well as much else of the structure. The south door, so different in character from the others, would appear to have been added towards the end of the thirteenth

or at the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is stated to have served as the model for the well-known Portail de la Calende of the Cathedral at Rouen. The spandrels represent scenes in the life of the Virgin, the Resurrection and the Last Judgment. On the arches are figures of the apostles and martyrs—St. Denis kneeling, St. Laurence, St. Vincent, St. Eustace with the signs of his martyrdom, St. George, St. Maurice in military dress, etc.

Seven lancet windows—two double windows for the aisles and the three central ones for the nave—serve to light the interior. The rose-window is, with the possible exception of that of Notre Dame at Paris, one of the earliest of its kind. It is about 25 feet in diameter and is remarkable for the character of its design, showing the transition of Romanesque ornamentation into that of early Gothic. The two main towers are connected by a gallery of exquisitely light columns surmounting the façade, and both crowning and relieving it. Equally graceful are the towers themselves, with their long slight columns, the crockets at their corners and the narrow pointed roofs at the north and south angles.

Entering the church, one is at once impressed by the boldness and unity of the plan. Standing near the main entrance, the whole of the nave is seen

at a glance, in all its length and loftiness, together with the curving lines of the sanctuary, through the arcades of which comes the subdued light from the apsidal chapels. The two aisles are separated from the nave by stout cylindrical columns; above is the triforium and gallery, opening on to the interior by triple arches, supported on thin columns, and lighted by circular Romanesque windows. The high windows above throw too strong a light into the nave. They were formerly filled with old stained glass representing the Apostles in more than life-size. These were sold in 1810, and are said to be in England. From the summit of the vaulting, clustered columns descend between each bay, down to the massive pillars below.

The total internal length of the edifice is about 183 feet; from the nave to the choir, about 75 feet; extreme width at the height of the first bay in the nave, about 75 feet. The external dimensions are: from the steps of the porch to the end buttress of the chevet, about 233 feet; width along the façade, 85 feet. The total height from the pavement to the extreme summit of the turrets is nearly 200 feet.

In the aisles we see evidence—it may be detected, indeed, in the treatment of the columns of the nave —of the transition from the simplicity of the early Norman work to Gothic. It is obvious in the first chapel to the right, originally dedicated to

St. Nicholas—now to the Guardian Angel—with its large windows and thin mullions. Up to 1280 the collegiate church of Mantes preserved its primitive character. The aisles and apse were at that time lighted by windows without mullions.

The Chapel of Navarre, one of the most noteworthy additions to the main structure, is a beautiful example of early fourteenth-century art. It contains four graceful statuettes, believed to represent Jeanne de France, Jeanne de Navarre, Blanche de Navarre, and Marguerite d'Évreux—Princesse Donatrice—holding models of the chapel against their breasts. A striking view of the interior of the church may be gained from near the central pillar of this chapel, and another no less striking from that of St. Roch. The Chapel of the Virgin was built about 1280: its altar is a copy of an ancient model at St. Denis. The marble statue is by Bonnassieux.

The construction of the apse is remarkable; its grace and the daring originality of its plan have been frequently commented upon. A legend, which attributes the construction of the Cathedral to Eudes de Montreuil, relates that when the time came to remove the timbering supporting the vaulting of the apse, Eudes was so apprehensive of the stability of the structure his daring genius had designed, that he had not the courage to witness

the removal, but sent his nephew instead. When the latter returned to tell how perfectly the vaulting held, the great master-mason fell on his knees and thanked God for this new triumph.

The tombstone attached to the wall in one of the aisles is that of the learned and devout Doctor Robert Guériteau: it was formerly part of the pavement of the apse.

From the screen of the choir a good view may be obtained of the picture on the west wall of St. Paul preaching at Athens. The carved oak panel ascribed to Chambors under the organ clock is a fine piece of work of the best period of Louis XIV.

To see the triforium and the upper part of the building it is necessary to apply to the sacristan. The view along the row of flying buttresses is most striking, and the splendid panorama from the colonnade, or better still from the platform of the towers, well repays the effort of mounting the 308 steps required to gain it. The colonnade is a forest of slender pillars through which is seen, under the flying buttresses, the roofs of the chapels, including that of Navarre. Over the chevet is a charming peep of the Seine and its islands, the quay of the Cordeliers, and beyond, the hills behind Mézières and Épône. From the middle of the colonnade the whole of the town is seen below, the convent of the Benedictines and

the Hôtel Dieu with its little belfry, the plain of Soindres and Mantes-la-Ville at the entrance of the valley of the Vaucouleurs. To the west is the Hôtel de Ville, the line of the Havre railway, the tower of St. Maclou, the fields of Gassicourt, formerly covered with vines, its little village and eleventh-century church, the forest and park of Rosny, and beyond, the hills of Rolleboise and distant Vernon. To the north is the Seine, running by green islands past the hills of Dennemont to those of Issou and Gargenville, backed by the high ground about Saint-Sauveur, the hill of the Celestins, Limay, and fields of golden grain and fruitful orchards.

If on leaving the Cathedral you retrace your steps along the Rue de la Chausseterie, cross the Rue Thiers, and proceed down the Rue Mercerie, you arrive at the Place de la République, in which stands a fountain, constructed about 1520 by a Mantais master-mason, Nicholas Delabrosse, who is said to have been employed also on the Cathedral. It is a striking example of Renaissance art, admirable in design and of charming proportions. The lower basin in which it now stands, possibly to protect it, is not part of the original structure, and detracts from its elegance and harmony. The fountain has been greatly defaced by time, but enough remains to show its beautiful

character. It consists of an octagonal pillar, supporting a large basin, and surrounded by dolphins, arabesques, fantastic animals, leaves, and birds, and it is crowned by a wreath of acanthus leaves. The under side of the large vase is similarly richly carved.

On its frieze are four human heads, and from their mouths the water is delivered to the basin below. In each segment are finely sculptured female figures—sirens, bearing shields on which are the town's arms, originally coloured in blue and gold. From the lower vase springs a charming baluster, supporting the upper and smaller vase, carved with arabesques, small figures of dolphins, birds, and leaves. Round the frieze of the upper vase, corresponding in position with the human heads below, are four dog's heads which throw the water down to the lower vase. These dog's heads are supposed to refer to the badge of the Corporation of Arquebusiers of Mantes. Just as Meaux had its cats, Étampes its crayfish, and Limay its wolves, so Mantes had its dogs. It was in allusion to this circumstance that, when the burghers of Mantes after the battle of Ivry brought the keys of the town to Henri IV. at Rosny, the jovial king, who was never at a loss for a *jeu d'esprit*, said, "Messieurs, je n'étais pas inquiet de vous: bons chiens reviennent toujours à leur maître."

At the head of the square is the quaint entrance

to the Auditory or Tribunal, commenced in 1410, in the reign of Charles VI. It bears the arms of France and Milan, and was obviously some considerable time in building, probably owing to the English occupation of the town. The escutcheons carrying the arms of France and Brittany belong to the time of Louis XII., this king having married Anne of Brittany, the widow of Charles VIII. The little niche above the doorway formerly held a statue of St. Yves, the patron of advocates and men of law:

> Saint Yves était Breton,
> Avocat, point fripon:
> Quel miracle! dit-on.

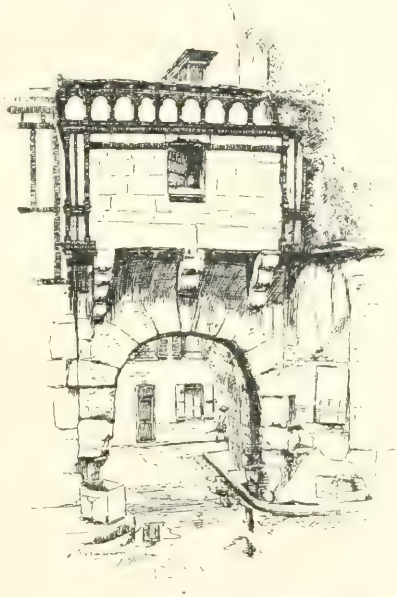
There is little of interest in the building beyond the staircase and the cells below, where the prisoners seemed to have mainly occupied themselves in drawing on the walls and in writing out Biblical texts.

As you pass down the Rue Thiers, towards the river, you will see a house on the right, at the angle with the Rue Nationale, with sculptured ornamentation over the large windows and a sculptured doorway. This is said to have been the Hôtel of Gabrielle d'Estrées. The ground floor is now occupied by a pharmacy, and on the other side of the doorway is a ladies' hat-shop filled with the latest Paris "creations." The fair Gabrielle would

have been amused could she have seen the vast umbrella-like erections of an astonishing circumference on view next to her front door.

Turning up the Rue de la Boulangerie you come to the Tower of St. Maclou, the sole remnant of a church said to have existed there since the eleventh century. It fell into disrepair, and was pulled down in 1792, with the exception of the tower, which was saved on account of its architectural merit. It dates from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and according to tradition was erected in one year from the fines exacted from boatmen who contravened the regulations by towing their vessels under the bridge on Sundays and feast-days. From which it would appear that Sunday at Mantes must have been almost as busy as at Boulter's Lock during the boating season. Near the square formerly stood the Priory of St. George, and in its neighbourhood were the houses of the quality, as you may see from the character of the doorways and carved wooden doors still remaining. At No. 1 Rue Baudin is the former Hôtel Mornay, where the young Louis XIV. resided when he came to Mantes with his mother. Near here was one of the old gates of the town—the Porte Chante à l'Oie —opening towards Rosny. Ramparts formerly ran along the river in what is now the Faubourg St. Roch: they are now converted into terraces of fruit

trees and flower gardens. This part was strongly fortified by Charles the Wicked, but only traces of the old works are left. Near it was the practice ground of the Arquebusiers. Continuing on the river-bank along the Quai des Cordeliers, past the Cathedral, you will come to the best preserved of the old gates, the "Porte aux Prêtres"; pass through and look at the postern giving access to the roundway along the walls. This gateway opened nearly upon the old bridge of Mantes, destroyed in 1765; it was defended by a barbican of four large square towers, surmounted by turrets, like those at Vernonnet. If you go through the gateway and turn to the left you will come to the old tanneries, passing along a street which is one of the most curious and picturesque "bits" of ancient Mantes, dating from the eleventh century. In their vicinity formerly stood the castle and the



MANTES: PORTE AUX PRÊTRES.

citadel, of which nothing is left but a few walls.

At the end of the Quai des Cordeliers are to be seen a few columns and some stone-work, all that remains of a convent belonging to the Order of St. Francis, in which St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure are said to have resided.

Mantes, in its old age, has settled down to a somewhat sleepy existence. It does a little manufacturing at Mantes-la-Ville, but its fête-days and its markets are its chief sources of excitement. On market-day, when the cattle and the grain are brought in and Limay sends its grapes and peas, Guernes its asparagus, Freneuse its sweet turnips, and the country-folk flock in and bustle about the booths in the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, or beneath the shadow of St. Maclou, Mantes bestirs itself for a few hours: there is life and movement in the town, and much chaffering in the shops, and more chatter in the streets. But it all calms down with the meridional sun, and Mantes once more relapses into somnolency until the next market-day.

As we descend the Rue Nationale to make our way over the bridge to the shady Ile-aux-Dames, a favourite promenade of the town, near which the yacht is anchored, we linger on the Pont Neuf, as it is called to distinguish it from the old bridge, in order to admire its proportions and the beautiful

curve of its wide arches. Its construction occupied from 1757 to 1765, and when finished it was considered one of the finest works of its time. It was designed and built by Perronet, the builder of the bridge at Neuilly, who employed a new method of arching invented by Robert Pitrou, a native of Mantes. Pitrou, who was born in 1684, was the son of a master-mason of Mantes, and was a self-taught genius who enjoyed a considerable reputation in his day as a civil engineer. It is said that he was solicited by the English Ambassador of the time at Paris to undertake the erection of a bridge over the Thames. One of the Mantes arches was destroyed during the war of 1870, to prevent the passage of the German troops.

Perronet's original plan contemplated the prolongation of the bridge to Limay: this was not carried out until 1845, the old bridge across the backwater being used until that time.

Limay, an old town on the right bank of the Seine, opposite Mantes, has much the same history as its neighbour, with the same good and evil fortune. Its bridge, dating from the twelfth century, was often more or less destroyed in times of war, and was largely rebuilt in the seventeenth century. The pointed arch near the Mantes side is the sole remnant of the original structure of thirty-seven arches. At each extremity and in the middle were

fortresses and strong gates, and projecting over some of the arches were mills, as at Pont de l'Arche and Poissy. The last of these fell in 1870. The ancient house at the head of the bridge on the Limay side was constructed at the same time as the

OLD BRIDGE AT LIMAY.

actual platform with the stones of the piles. The old weather-worn bridge is a picturesque object, with ferns and moss and other parasitic vegetation growing within the joints of its stones.

The Church of Limay was built in the twelfth century, but contains much fifteenth-century work. Its clock-tower is Romanesque and its porch Gothic.

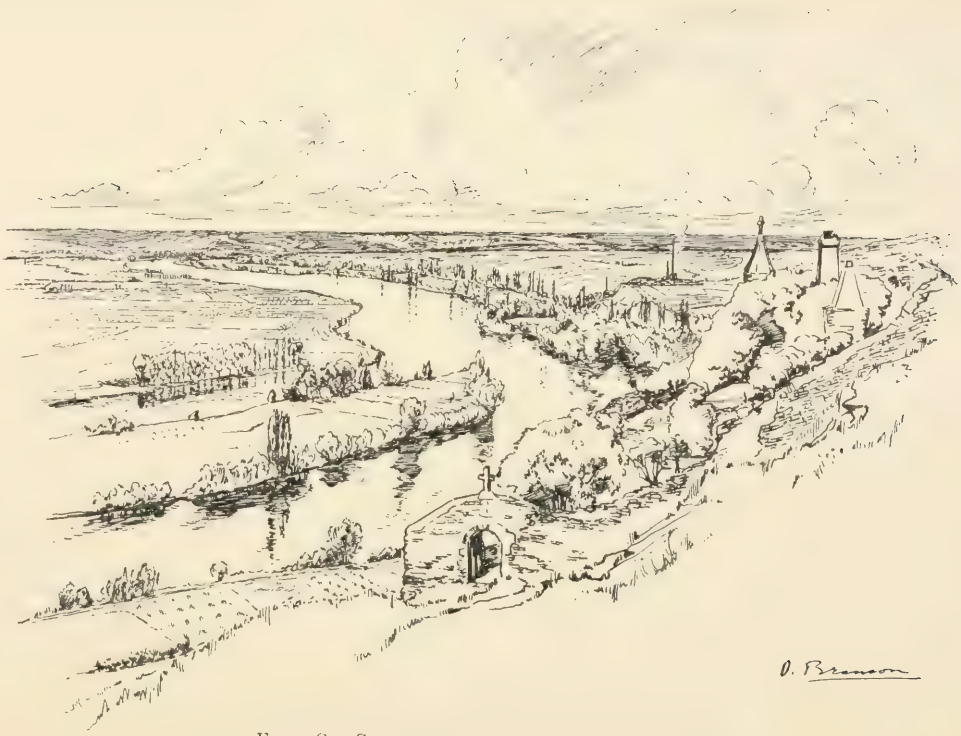
It has a richly sculptured baptismal font of the thirteenth century. Near the entrance door, and to the right, is a tombstone bearing a Hebrew inscription to the memory of the rabbi Mayer, son of a rabbi, who died in the year 5101 of the Creation. It dates from the twelfth century, and such a singular archaeological rarity in a Catholic church is almost unique. Another remarkable monument is the sarcophagus of the "*noble home Jean de Chenut, grand escuyer du roi Charles V, et illustre dame Jeanne de Guizy.*" The pair are shown lying on the tomb, their heads on a cushion, with their hands joined; the man in full armour, the wife with her head covered and in a long robe with a rosary over her arm. On the sides of the tomb are figures of their patron saints, St. Anthony and Ste. Catherine, together with their coats-of-arms.

A pleasant excursion may be made from Limay along the high ground of the right bank of the Seine to the little Hermitage of St. Sauveur, which we saw on the hillside as we came from Rosny. To reach it, take the first street to the right as you turn away from the church, and having safely crossed the Rue Nationale, along which rush the hooting motors, in spite of all the notices to *ralentir*, you will, after one or two turns, find yourself opposite a high wall; it is that of the cloister of the old Capuchin Convent constructed in 1615 with the

stones of the citadel of Mantes. Its ruins are now part of a farm. Keeping this wall to the right you reach the Rue des Moussets, when you will observe the road up to the Hermitage. It is steep and stony—as is the way to salvation. As you ascend, you see below you the broad river with its wooded islands, their tall poplars mirrored in the stream. On the opposite bank is Mantes, with its towers, girdled by green hills, up which run the valleys of the Vaucouleur and the Mauldre. In the distance, away to the west, is the great plain through which the river flows until it is turned towards the north by the high land above Rolleboise. Leaving the remains of the old Calvary, near the summit of the hill, to the right, you will notice the entrance door to the little court before the chapel. As at St. Adrien and Haute-Ile, the chapel is formed out of a cave or grotto, but, unlike those places, its earliest associations are evil. In the fourteenth century it was the haunt of a gang of highwaymen, who made their way into the cave by a hole still to be seen amongst the brambles. They were at length surprised and hanged by the soldiers of Charles V. The grotto then became the abode of a hermit, who, replacing the gibbet by the cross, and combining business with piety, signalled the approach of vessels to the bridge-master at Mantes whilst praying for a happy ending to their voyage. The

sixteenth-century Entombment in the chapel was a thank-offering from Rouen for the holy man's good offices. The place is full of *ex-voto* offerings, statues, rosaries, pictures, and other religious objects, many of them from neighbouring churches and secularised convents. Built in the wall is a fourteenth-century statue of Thomas de Tourneur, Archdeacon of Tournay and a canon of a number of cathedrals; he was secretary to Charles V., died in 1384, and was interred in the church of the Celestins.

The view from the base of the ruined Calvary at the edge of the pine wood, above the Hermitage, is one of the most striking of the many panoramas which the Seine affords, and is only exceeded in charm by that at Les Andelys. As at that place, the river here makes a great curve, bending round from Mézieres on the east to Rosny and Rolleboise on the west. The ground in front falls rapidly in grassy slopes to the highroad to Dennemont and La Roche-Guyon, and to the fields which lie along the backwater in which the yacht is moored. On the other side of it is the long island of Gassicourt, a rich pasturage, in which are seen the red roofs of the byres; it lies in the middle of the stream, the main waterway being along the left bank. Beyond it is a flat plain, through which runs the sandy road to Gassicourt and Rosny, and the Paris and Rouen

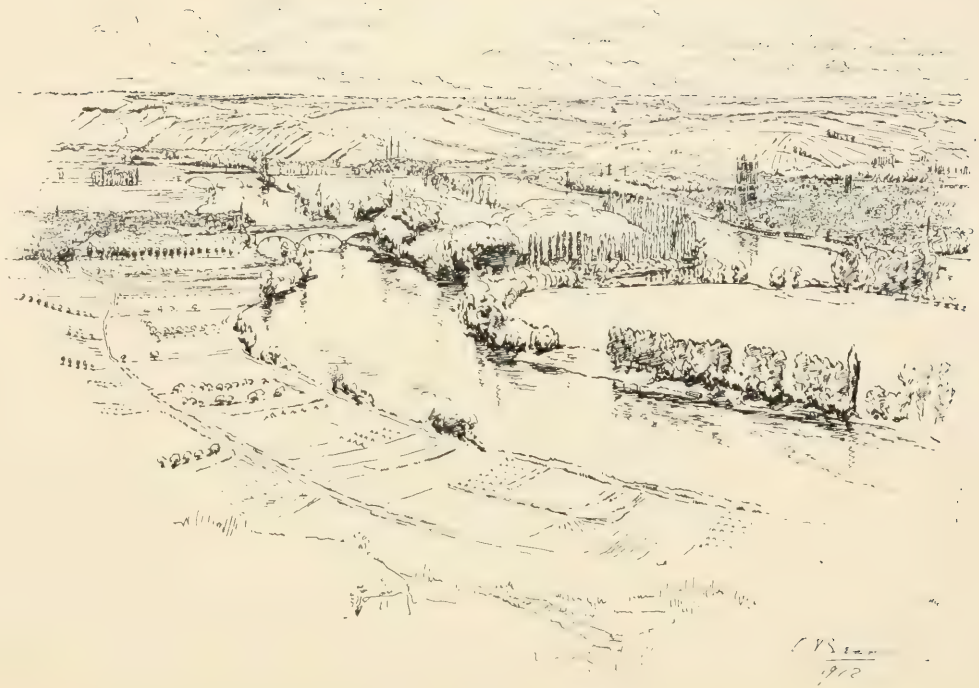


FROM ST. SAUVEUR, LOOKING TOWARDS ROSNY.

railway. In the distance, to the east, are seen the graceful arches of the bridge over which passes the line to Argenteuil, and beyond it the rising ground behind Meulan. To the west, over the ridge in front, are the few houses of Dennemont and the little town of Guernes surrounded by green meadows and fields of yellow grain. In the centre of the whole lies Mantes-la-Jolie, and as we look down upon her, with her noble towers rising above the broken outline of her grey houses, we realise how completely she has earned her endearing sobriquet.

In one of our exploratory trips up and down the river in the *Foudroyant* we brought her up to a small wharf where men belonging to some paper-works to the west of the town were unloading barges. Leaving the dinghy in charge of one of the yacht's company, we walked across the fields and by the little village which has sprung up in the neighbourhood of the factory, in order to see the old church of Gassicourt. On the way we passed a *crèche*, and the ladies must needs rush in to visit the babies. But, as it happened, it was a Saturday, when most of the mothers were at home with their offspring, "redding up" as they say in Scotland, and the amiable intentions of the ladies could not be gratified.

Gaci-Curia, as it is called in old charters, is a very ancient place. There was a monastery here of



MANTES FROM ST. SAUVEUR.

regular canons as far back as 1049, who were replaced in the thirteenth century by Benedictines. Situated in a rich agricultural district, its revenues were considerable, and these were enjoyed by Bossuet until his death in 1704. Bossuet was much too fine and fashionable a preacher to waste his eloquence on the dozen clodhoppers who formed the only parishioners, and it may be doubted if he ever saw the place. The cloisteral buildings were destroyed in 1740.

The church was built in the eleventh century and is of considerable archaeological interest. It is in the form of a Latin cross. Its large quadrangular tower, covered with a low-pitched saddle-roof, is pierced on each face with three Romanesque arches surmounted by a row of grimacing heads. The apse and the transepts, according to Viollet-le-Duc, were built in the thirteenth century, and in their large pointed windows, elegant mullions, and in the character of their decoration are in strong contrast with the severe simplicity of the rest of the structure. The main doorway, a perfect specimen of Romanesque work, has been reverently restored, unfortunately in stone too soft to last. Above it is an oculus, or round window, surrounded by a boldly chiselled torus, and supported by two little figures. This, with two narrow round-headed windows on each side of it, serves to light the

nave. The same treatment, on a smaller scale, is continued in the gable.

In the interior it is seen that the low aisles, lighted by narrow round-headed windows, extend up to the transepts, and are separated from the nave by five large round pillars, resting on the floor, with curiously and boldly carved capitals, and square abaci from which spring the round arches. One of the side aisles shows the character of roof timbering employed in the original structure. The stalls and panelling belong to the fifteenth century and are most interesting specimens of wood-carving, in a remarkably good state of preservation. The walls were originally covered with frescoes, remains of which may still be seen, especially in the chapel on the right, where there is a representation of the Last Judgment, in which monks and kings, angels and demons, are mixed up in a most admirable disorder. Near one of the piscinas is a wooden statue of the Virgin and Child of the thirteenth century, "more respected by time than by men," as the chronicler says, and of which a copy may be seen in the Trocadero Museum: local tradition insists that it represents Blanche of Castile and St. Louis. In the sanctuary is a tombstone, piously restored in 1885 by a former curé; on it may be read: *Ici gist frère Thoumas Debreinne, prieur de Gassicourt qui trespassa en l'an de grâce 1278 priez pour l'âme de li.*

The stained glass in the two high windows was the gift of Blanche of Castile and her son. It is interesting as a representation of contemporary costume, especially of ecclesiastical attire, the foot-gear, the gloves, the rich and ample chasubles, magnificently lined, the embroidered and jewelled stoles, the albs and ephods—surely Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these proud prelates. A detailed description of these beautiful windows would occupy more space than can be afforded here. They have been scheduled, together with the church itself, among the historical monuments of France, and their care devolves upon the State. Gassicourt lies off the beaten track, and most people are ignorant of its archaeological treasures, but any visitor to Mantes with the slightest interest in ecclesiological matters will be amply rewarded by walking out along the river-bank to see the place.

To reach the yacht, we took the motor-dinghy round by Dennemont, a little hamlet hidden among the foliage of its islands and backwaters, with an old mill picturesquely placed between the mainland and one of the aits. It is a favourite resort of the Mantais in summer-time, and the restaurant behind the boat-landing and the shady arbours in the garden no doubt does a brisk business on fête days. At the time of our visit it was in the possession of a band of holiday-makers in brown

holland smocks and turned-up straw hats, decked with the tricolor, whose idea of enjoyment was horseplay and as much noise as possible; so after a brief stay we turned and fled.

To the boating man the neighbourhood of Mantes has many attractions. Even the very names of the islands among its long backwaters — Ile Paradis, Ile Purgatoire, Ile Enfer—tempt exploration, and one can spend hours among their winding channels beneath the cool shade of the willows,

> With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
> To lie and read in.

A Backwater at Mantes.

CHAPTER XV

MEULAN. TRIEL. MÉDAN

Our next port of call was to be Meulan, some 13 miles away. So after lunch we cleared out of the backwater behind the Ile aux Dames, and rounding the western end of the Island of Gassicourt by Dennemont, we passed back into the main channel. We ran under the Mantes bridge, by the long Island of Limay, and under the handsome stone bridge which carries the line to Argenteuil, when, after passing the Ile de Gilliers, the last of the succession of islands which lie in mid-stream above Mantes, we made over towards the right bank, so as to pass between Porcheville and the little eyot which fronts it. The small place on our right is Mézières, a garrison town; and beyond it, Epône, with a station on the Paris line. Epône, a village of a thousand inhabitants, is only a few minutes' railway ride from Mantes, and is an interesting old place on the site of a Romano-Gallic settlement in which not only coins, pottery, etc.,

have been discovered, but also large quantities of flint implements, bones, and other prehistoric remains. In a field between the village and the river is a remarkable dolmen. Near the village are the remains of the old feudal manor of Créquy. St. Germain is known to have visited Epône in the sixth century, and in the ninth century it was the scene of a meeting between Charles the Bald and Abélard. It was formerly a walled town, and was carried by assault by the English in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Certain local names—Rue de la Brèche, Trou aux Anglais—have reference to this circumstance. Its Romanesque church dates from the twelfth century.

Porcheville is a little place whose chief industry, apparently, is to take in the washing of the neighbouring country-houses. The bed of the river is here mainly occupied by the Ile de Montalet; there is a passage on either side, but the usual channel is along the narrow Bras des Fermettes and under the iron arched bridge of Rangiport, a small village, about a kilometre distant, straggling along the right bank. A turn of the river now reveals a pretty reach, the ground gently rising to the left to the high land above Juziers. As we approach the Ile de Juziers we pass over towards the left bank and run along to the south of the island, when we are in sight of the barrage of

Mureaux and, to the right of it, the locks. Juziers-la-ville is a pleasantly situated place with a southern aspect, built on sloping ground, amidst orchards and gardens and fields of grain. Very pretty, too, is Mézy, also on the north side of the river. At Mureaux the two locks are separated by an island,

NEAR PORCHEVILLE.

the smaller of which is close to the barrage, but for some reason or other the sluice men preferred to work us through the large lock, which, however, has only a comparatively small fall. Once through, our main anxiety was the bridge connecting Les Mureaux with Meulan. It is a stone bridge with numerous arches, none of them very wide, and all of them rather low. However, we got safely

through, with about 2 feet to spare. We passed over towards the Ilette on the Meulan side and anchored in 2 fathoms, in the usual yacht anchorage, not far from the Pointe à Thuvin, and immediately opposite the club-house of the Cercle

Barrage and Locks, Meulan.

de la Voile de Paris. The anchorage is well out of the fairway and convenient of access to Meulan.

Meulan combines the amenities of Maidenhead with the charms and advantages of Cookham and Bourne End. It is a favourite summer retreat of the Parisians, and in its fine villas, trim lawns, and gay gardens, now bright with begonias and pelar-

goniums and other bedded-out plants, sloping down to the edge of the river-bank, behind the Ilette and the Ile Notre Dame, it rivals anything the Berkshire town can show. The fine broad reach of the river stretching past Vaux and nearly down to Triel,

Club-house at Meulan.

upwards of 4 miles in length, is one of the best regatta courses anywhere in Europe, the paradise of the small-boat sailor, and when the "Cercle" holds its meetings the river is alive with dainty little raters. It is also the practice-ground for the hydroplanes which are installed in the chantiers near the club-house; one of these machines made

several flights in the early mornings during our stay. We were permitted to see over the club-house, which is well placed so as to command a view of the river; it has all the appointments of a well-ordered yacht club, with the usual pictures and

Boat-yards, Meulan.

models of notable craft which have done battle for the honour of the club, records of their performances and photographs of their trophies, etc.—everything, in fact, to stimulate the enthusiasm and quicken the spirit of emulation of that small but growing portion of the gilded youth of France that takes pleasure in yacht-racing.

There is not much to detain one in Meulan beyond the charms of the river. It was formerly the seat of an independent countship, which sometimes sided with France, at other times with Normandy, as advantage and the fortune of war determined. It was eventually united to the crown of France by Philippe-Auguste in 1203. There

REGATTA COURSE, MEULAN.

are a few old houses in the town, and a secularised chapel, built by Philippe de Valois in 1356 after a victory. The Church of St. Nicholas, standing over the tunnel of the Argenteuil line, has no particular interest beyond its twelfth-century ambulatory. On the island in mid-stream, over which runs the road to Les Mureaux, are the remains of a castle taken by Duguesclin from the

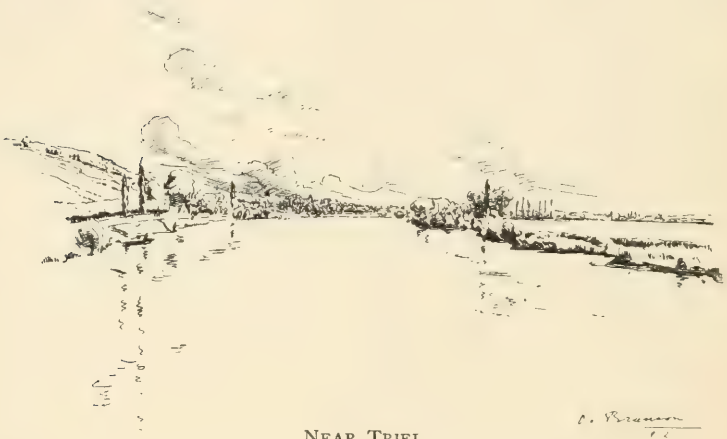
troops of Charles the Wicked, and of a fifteenth-century chapel dedicated to St. Jacques. There are pretty walks in the outskirts of Meulan, and some interesting objects in its neighbourhood. At Vigny, about 4 miles to the north, is a fine Gothic chateau built in 1505 by Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, and in the farm La Muette at Ecquevilly is a striking Renaissance doorway worthy of a more dignified setting than in its present position.

Of course, we were not unmindful of the opportunities afforded by the noble stretch of the river in front of us to try the paces of the gig, and her red sails were an object of some interest and curiosity to the foot-passengers on the bridge, who lined the parapet to watch her beating down-stream against the brave west wind; and equally, of course, we prowled round all the backwaters where the townsfolk seemed to spend much of the day in the placid contemplation of quill-floats. We came across two nice old ladies in a beautiful mahogany-built boat and white kid gloves, attended by a faithful servitor, presumably to put the bait on and to take off any little victim of their piscatorial skill; but the

sport was not sufficiently exciting to keep him awake. A little farther on were two priests engaged in the same arduous pursuit; one was reading aloud whilst the other was charged to watch if by any chance a float should bob down. We know that fish are occasionally caught, and Rangiport prides itself on its skill in frying them; but although we saw many fishers we seldom had the good fortune to see them catch anything.

From Meulan we proceeded to Poissy, about 10 miles farther up the river, in fine sunny weather with a strong south-west breeze to put a little curl on the gently flowing water in the long broad reach. It is a beautiful district through which the river now flows. On the right bank, in a rolling park, we see the white Château de Thun, the little hamlet of La Rive, and the village of Evecquemont clambering up the hillside. In front of us is Vaux, ranged along the highroad to Triel. Its church has a Romanesque tower and transept and a semicircular pointed chevet and fourteenth-century nave. The river now bends to the south-east and the channel lies along the left bank. The hillsides are clothed with orchards, for the aspect and the soil combine to make it an excellent fruit-growing country. On our right the land is flat, with a belt of forest trees to the back. Passing Port Morand, we notice the ruins of a monastery close to the

bank. As we round the curve we see Triel on the right bank, and in front of us the suspension bridge —with about 20 feet of head-room below it. Triel is a small town of pleasant houses and gardens, with a thirteenth-century cruciform church, well placed above the river, built on two hills, with the road running under the choir. On the opposite



NEAR TRIEL.

side of the stream are Verneuil and Vernouillet, with a station on the Paris line between them. Each has a small Romanesque church. Triel is a small yachting centre, and we see a number of pleasure craft moored along the left bank. The land now slopes more gently towards the river, and we enter a wide well-wooded plain. Triel passed, the course is almost due south, and the channel becomes comparatively narrow as it passes the Ile

de la Motte des Braies. A quiet anchorage was formerly to be found on the east side of the island, which we used on a prior occasion when visiting Triel, but the backwater has now been dredged and there is a good through-way on that side. Accidents by collision were formerly not infrequent

NEAR MÉDAN.

here owing to the quick curves in the contracted channel. That there is now a navigable way on either side of the island is indicated by the usual parti-coloured buoy. After passing the island, the channel runs along the left bank and past a succession of beautifully wooded eyots. Indeed, everywhere on the left bank there is an abundance of trees clothing the steep sides of the hills above Médan. Émile Zola

formerly had a small house here, now turned into a children's hospital. At the end of the island opposite Médan we get a peep down a lovely backwater, with

POISSY: THE BRIDGE.

the quaint old bridge of Villennes in the distance. We cross over to the right bank, leaving the long Ile Villennes on the starboard hand. We soon see the high land behind Poissy, rising to the Forest of St. Germain, and pass along the Ile de Poissy, covered

with trees, boring against the strong current which runs down the navigable channel at this spot. Gradually turning to the east, we sight the towers of Poissy. We pass to the right of the Ile des Dames and close to the bank and under the iron span of the many-arched stone Pont de Poissy, and coming out into the wide space above the bridge, make over towards the left bank, where we pick up an anchorage, well out of the fairway, in 3 fathoms of water, ahead of the rows of mooring poles and perches in the stream where the fishers congregate.

Restaurant, Poissy.

CHAPTER XVI

POISSY

If Meulan be the Maidenhead of the Seine and St. Germain its Richmond, Poissy is its Kingston. In its ill-paved streets, its mean-looking shops and commonplace architecture, modern Poissy affords few indications that it was once a royal city, renowned as one of the most picturesque towns of the Middle Ages. To-day most people know of it only as a place where noyau is made, or where, after a day's fishing, one can dine more or less well at one of its numerous riverside restaurants. In reality Poissy's chief interest lies in its past history. It is a very old town—how old it is impossible to say, for no

place along the Seine valley is richer in prehistoric discoveries and in the remains of early settlements —Celtic, Gallic, Romano-Gallic, and Merovingian— as a glance at the collections in the Museum of National Antiquities at St. Germain will serve to

Poissy.

show. In old charters it is variously named Pinciacum, Pissiacum, Pisciacum, or Poissiacum, by which is meant the *lieu de pêche*, a derivation to which one willingly subscribes when one looks down from the bridge upon the rows of fishing-punts moored in mid-stream.

But another reason for the early settlements in this place is to be found in the great forests which

existed in its neighbourhood. The present forests of Alluets de Marly, St. Germain, and Rambouillet are simply the remains of the vast woods which formerly clothed the hills and extended down to the banks of the river—sheltering abundance of game, boars, and wild cattle, and affording both food and sport to the Gauls and their successors the Franks, whose main occupation was either warfare or the chase. As far back as the seventh century the

The Joys of Summer.

Merovingian lords had houses here, and it was frequently the residence of their kings. Pépin in 752 gave the monks of St. Denis certain rights in the district; Charlemagne in 802, and Charles the Bald in 862, 864, and 868, assembled the prelates here to discuss the troubles of the kingdom. Robert the Débonnair, otherwise Robert the Pious—he was excommunicated by Pope Gregory V. for sending away his first wife Rosala in order to marry his cousin Bertha—made Poissy his chief residence. Subsequently Poissy became a feudal countship and

much of the domain was held in fief by nobles, abbots, and priors. It was eventually "annexed" by Philippe-Auguste, who gave it communal rights and in 1221 ordered it to be walled and fortified. These fortifications remained almost intact down to the eighteenth century, and fragments of them may still be traced. Philippe-Auguste, like many of his predecessors, had his marital troubles, and these brought him into conflict with Innocent III.; he had sent his wife Ingeborg back to her father, Canute VI. of Denmark, shortly after her marriage, when he espoused the beautiful Agnes of Meran. Accordingly the Pope put France under an interdict and excommunicated Philippe-Auguste, and the king, strong-willed as he was, had to give way; Ingeborg was reinstated, to lead a wretched life, and Agnes died of grief in the Castle of Poissy.

Poissy at this period had become one of the most important towns of Northern France, the seat of manufactures and commerce, and rich enough to be a valuable possession. In 1209 it was given by Philippe to his son Louis the Lion, afterwards Louis VIII., as a wedding gift, on the occasion of his marriage with Blanche of Castile in the little church of Port Mort. On April 25, 1214, the queen gave birth to the future St. Louis, Louis IX. or Louis of Poissy, as he was wont to style himself—one of the most accomplished and best-beloved princes of his

epoch. The day of his birth was the Feast of St. Mark—the day of the Black Crosses, so named because on that occasion it was the practice to carry a cross draped in mourning in memory of the plague which had visited the capital of Christendom. The story goes that when the news of the prince's birth was announced the customary ringing of the bells in honour of St. Mark was suddenly stopped.

"Why this great silence?" asked the queen; "is it not a day of joy?"

"The monks do not wish to disturb your repose by so much noise," replied her attendants.

"Let them ring a joyful carillon," said the happy mother, "and set all the bells pealing! We should rejoice and thank God that He hath given us a son!"

The Castle of Poissy in which St. Louis was born occupied the space, now planted with plane trees, before the Roman tower of Notre Dame de Poissy—the church in which he was baptized. Louis IX. during his reign of forty-four years conferred many marks of his royal favour on his native town. He instituted its famous cattle-market, and gave it its coat-of-arms: *Un écu d'azur ayant au milieu un poisson d'argent et en chef une fleur de lis d'or, une autre en pointe et la troisième vis-à-vis la bouche du poisson.*

In 1304 the royal Castle of Poissy was the scene of a meeting between Edward III. and Philippe-le-Bel to renew the ancient treaty of peace between France and England. It was here that Philippe decreed the suppression of the Templars. He died in 1314, and his heart was interred in the Monastery of Poissy. On the breaking out of the Hundred Years' War, Edward III., having taken Rouen, ravaged the Vexin, and on August 14, 1346, established his camp in Poissy. In 1360 the town was restored to the crown of France, and Charles V. ordered the demolition of its castle, giving its stones, lead, iron, windows, etc., to the convent of St. Loys de Poissy in consideration of the losses the monks had sustained during the English occupation. In 1419 the English again appeared before Poissy, having previously seized Vernon and pillaged Mantes. After his betrothal to the daughter of Charles VI., Katharine, "*la plus belle Catharine du monde*," as Shakespeare makes him term her, Henry V. of England stayed several days at Poissy and was fêted by the town. On the death of the English king in 1422, Poissy once more reverted to France, but in 1441 it was again taken and almost destroyed by the English under Talbot. On the death of Talbot at the battle of Castillon, in 1453, the English were finally expelled from Poissy and from France.

Louis XI., the successor of Charles VII., gave the castellary of Poissy to his physician, Jacques Coictier.

In 1561 the celebrated Conference of Poissy took place between the Catholics and the Calvinists. The only result of the wordy wrangle was the War of the League, in which Poissy suffered severely, being constantly taken and retaken. On the breaking out of hostilities, the town had been garrisoned by the duc de Mayenne, but was carried by assault by the duc de Longueil, with great slaughter. The "dark" Mayenne, who was at Meulan, at once raised the siege of that place, and retook Poissy, which he once more garrisoned. It was next attacked by Biron, who scaled its walls and captured the town. Mayenne, who had returned to Meulan, again hastened to its relief, but was repulsed by Biron, in spite of assistance from the town, and to cover his retreat Mayenne destroyed two arches of the bridge. Biron took summary vengeance on the unfortunate citizens by hanging a number of them and plundering the place. Again Mayenne appeared, and with the help of the Spaniards took it once more, and Poissy remained in the possession of the League until Henry IV. assaulted it. The principal burghers, weary of the incessant struggle, offered him the keys, and with his entry peace once more came to

the harassed town, and with the peace came also the end of its troubled story.

Poissy, a town of about 7000 inhabitants, has three notable monuments: the remains of its royal monastery, its church, and its bridge.

The first owes its existence to Philippe-le-Bel, who, wishing to honour the memory of his ancestor, canonised by Benedict VIII. in 1298, erected and endowed a priory, for which, in laying the first stone, he invoked the patronage of St. Louis. It was to be inhabited by nuns of the Order of St. Dominic, and was dedicated, in 1330, by Philippe VI. with great pomp. Of the monastery little is left beyond the round towers and gateway, and the long massive walls which enclosed its beautiful buildings and spacious gardens. Detailed accounts of it, with plans and drawings, are, however, in existence. Many of the princesses of the blood and daughters of the nobles of France were educated here, and some of them—for example, Margaret, daughter of the King John who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince at Poitiers, and Mary, daughter of Charles VI.—took the veil. The royal family of France had sumptuous quarters in the building, and their queens were occasionally resident for long periods. Its prioresses were always women of distinguished birth, and their election was, as might be surmised, not in-

frequently the occasion of much intrigue and squabbling among the sisters. What came to be known as the War of Succession of Poissy, in the time of Louis XIV., when the community rose in open and flat rebellion after Mazarin had sent them a *congé d'élire* in favour of a Benedictine, Madame de Cossé-Brissac, greatly shocked the social and religious world of France. From this time the fame and fortunes of the monastery steadily declined. Under the government of Charlotte de Chaulnes it got hopelessly into debt, and to add to its troubles, its beautiful church was struck by lightning and almost entirely destroyed by fire. Its crowning misfortune came when Louis XIV., on the death of Madame de Chaulnes, appointed one of his cast-off mistresses as its head. At her initiation the sisters, as was customary, filed before her, but all were in tears and refused to salute her, nor would they sign the act of installation, and despite "des menaces foudroyantes" of the king, they would only sign the minutes, adding "obéir au roi." During the nine years of her reign this prioress was only three times in the house.

By a decree of the Convention, in 1791, the Monastery of Poissy was suppressed, the few remaining nuns were driven out, and the buildings sold. Most of its treasures were stolen or

destroyed; its tombs were broken open, and its statues thrown down by the fury of the revolutionary mob. In 1808 the government resolved that Poissy was not of sufficient importance to have two churches, and offered the curé his choice of St. Louis or of Notre Dame; and with the assent of the municipal authorities he chose the latter. The work of demolition recommenced, the paintings and the frescoes were destroyed for the sake of the gold and the lapis-lazuli they contained, and the inhabitants were summoned by roll of drum to witness the blowing-up of the towers of the great porch. In what estimation the fair fame of the *religieuses* of Poissy came to be held may be gathered from the *Contes drôlatiques* of Balzac.

The famous Conference of Poissy of 1561 was held in the magnificent refectory of the monastery before the young Charles IX. and his mother, Catherine de Médicis, in presence of the King and Queen of Navarre, the whole of the princes of the blood, and the Cardinals of Tournon, Lorraine, Bourbon, Châtillon, d'Armagnac, Guise, and thirty-six bishops and a large gathering of theological doctors. It began on September 9, and continued until the 26th, when it was resumed at St. Germain, and on October 1 the Calvinists retired. All that came of the furious recriminations of the contending parties was anger, hatred, and uncharitableness.

There is evidence that Catherine de Médicis was sincerely desirous to put an end to the religious bickerings and disputes which had led up to the conference. She had enough political sagacity to see that the Reformation at bottom was quite as much an economic revolution as one of religion, and, as Regent, she was anxious, under the wise guidance of her Chancellor, L'Hôpital, to control and shape its course with as little political disturbance as possible; true to the guiding principle of every great French ruler, she was disposed to subordinate her religious feelings to her political interests. But the forces of discord were beyond her control. So far from settling anything, the conference merely accentuated sectarian hate and engendered passion. The massacre of Vassy let loose the dogs of war, and France was torn and distracted by a succession of wars lasting for more than thirty years, and ending only when Henri IV. followed Catherine in subordinating such religious principles as he had to his political exigencies.

The collegiate church of Poissy is built on the site of a monastery of the tenth century, dedicated to the Virgin, of which the buttressed Romanesque tower surmounted by a belfry, at the western end of the edifice, is the sole remnant. In it was a porch with a rounded arch, opening on to the road, and at its side a doorway communicated by a passage with

the royal castle, which formerly stood in the square now occupied by Frémiet's statue of Meissonier the painter, who lived for thirty years in Poissy, and whose house was in the grounds of the old monastery. The original church was built in the time of Robert the Pious by Guillaume de Sens,

NOTRE DAME, POISSY.

the architect of Canterbury. To the right of the Romanesque tower are the two arches of a Gothic porch, richly sculptured, on which may be seen the arms of the church. Of the statues not a trace remains; what the iconoclasts left time has destroyed. The porch is lighted by a lancet window, and is surmounted by a parapet: its pinnacles and ornamental niches, much defaced and deprived of their

statues, are all that is left of this beautiful example of sixteenth-century art. In its carved wooden doors the Renaissance artist has allowed his fancy full play in his rendering of the town's arms in the several panels. In this respect, however, he has been excelled by the licence of the thirteenth-century masons in their extraordinary treatment of the gargoyles.

The church was frequently mutilated, and occasionally almost destroyed, in the many sieges and assaults to which the town was subjected. The nave was reconstructed at least three times. To this fact is to be attributed, in part, the mixture of styles which the building shows.

The interior is striking in its majestic simplicity. It has no transepts. The arches of its lofty nave are carried on stout piers flanked by thin columns, crowned by sculptured capitals from which springs the fine groined vaulting. It will be seen that the two sides are differently treated. The twin arches of the triforium and the ambulatory and the stilted vaulting of the apsidal chapels are worthy of notice. In one of the chapels are the remains of the font which served for the baptism of St. Louis; it has been nearly scraped away, from the belief that its dust, drunk in water, was a cure for fever. Near it is a baptismal font erected in 1601 by Nicholas Mercier, in gratitude for his recovery from fever,

and a modillion on which there is an inscription in Latin setting forth the miraculous virtue of the dust, and calling on Nature to observe and admire now that the order of things is disturbed, in that stone should possess the virtue of water and extinguish flame. The chapel formerly possessed a stained-glass window representing scenes in the life of St. Louis, even from the time of his birth, and below were paintings of the font with an inscription:

> Saint Louis fut enfant de Poissy
> Et baptisé en la présente église
> Les fonts en sont gardés encore ici
> Et honorés comme relique exquise.

Some of the statuary of the church is remarkable for its *naïveté*, and is of no mean antiquarian interest.

Against the wall near one of the doors of the porch is a tombstone on which may be read an inscription stating that underneath is the body of Remy Hainau, who was twice living and twice dead. Left for dead, he was placed in his tomb, when his son brought him back to life, partly by human aid, but more especially by the help of Ste. Geneviève. The new Lazarus was known as "le Ressuscité." His son, also named Remy, each year ordained special worship of the saint, and was eventually buried with his father.

The church was restored and partially rebuilt by Viollet-le-Duc in the style of the latter half of the twelfth century, and is now scheduled among the historic monuments of France.

The bridge of Poissy has a special interest from the circumstance that it is one of the finest and most complete of the old bridges of France. From the medals and arms which have been found among its piles we may infer that it was probably erected on the site of a previous bridge built by the Romans. In former times the bed of the river at Poissy extended as far as the present roadway to Triel, and its waters washed the foot-walls of the church. It is recorded that in 845 the Northmen, in 120 galleys, passed under the arches of its bridge on their way to Paris, having pillaged Mantes, Meulan, and other villages on the borders of the Seine on their way up the river. In 885 they made a second, but this time unsuccessful, attempt on Paris. In 865 Charles the Bald placed two fortified towers on the bridge and garrisoned them. Many of the mediaeval bridges on the Seine were constructed of wooden ways placed upon stone piles; this enabled them to be quickly broken down, if necessary, for defence, and readily re-established when the danger was past. An old print of Vernon shows that it possessed one of these so-called "trembling bridges," and the bridge at Poissy was

originally, and down to the seventeenth century, of the same kind. It was also furnished with a drawbridge, as shown in an old engraving by Sylvestre. The bridges were subject to tolls both above and below, and the mills erected in the eleventh century on that of Poissy paid rent to the royal monastery, which also enjoyed the fishery rights. The last of these mills, built in 1230 and rebuilt in 1850, was demolished in 1892. It was known as the "Petit Moulin de la Reine Blanche," from the fact that it was moved from its old site, in the present Rue des Tanneries, on to the bridge, by command of the queen, as its noise disturbed the castle. The wooden piles supporting the structure still remain, and are a picturesque feature in the river.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, when it became necessary to reconstruct part of the bridge, the fishery rights, together with the tolls, were leased to provide payment of the cost.

The river gave regular employment to the men of Poissy. The fishers were constituted as a guild, and its boatmen were frequently pressed into the service of the king. There was a considerable passenger traffic up and down the Seine by means of galleys towed by horses. Some of these vessels carried as many as 150 persons.

After the downfall of Napoleon, Poissy was again occupied by the English for a short time, in spite

of the fact that the three middle arches of the bridge were blown up. In 1870 it was seized by the Prussians, who demanded a ransom of 200,000 francs, and threatened to bombard the town unless two of their number, who had been taken prisoners in a reconnaissance, were liberated.

There is not much of interest in the way of

THE OLD BRIDGE AT POISSY.

domestic architecture in Poissy, and the old houses that remain are of no special merit or character. Its streets have few charms; some of them, indeed, are among the worst paved of any town on the Seine, and the Rue de Paris must be a terror to the cyclist. We went up through the old Grande Rue and into the Forest of Saint-Germain, which of course, like all forests, has its merits. But the main attractions of Poissy, apart from its monuments,

are to be found on its river. Its long backwaters, stretching down to Villennes, are, in summer, a never-ending joy. In one of the many *canots de promenade* to be found at the various garages along the shady avenues in the direction of Villiers and Mignaux,

Le Sport.

you may spend a delightful time exploring the numerous channels through which the river finds its way along the left bank, beneath the grateful shade of innumerable poplars and gnarled willows. It is a favourite summer retreat of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, who seem to spend their waking existence in

attempts to lure the wary roach in the pools along their riverside gardens. It is a solitude broken only by the shouts of happy children, or by the shrill commands of the admonishing *maman*, checking the venturesome energy of her offspring in pushing his boat among the overhanging boughs or over the shallows in attempts to reach the water-lilies.

Villennes is a charming little spot—not unlike Bray in some respects, but with a wealth of luxuriant vegetation and a picturesqueness to which even Bray cannot aspire.

CHAPTER XVII

ANDRESY. CONFLANS. MAISONS. SAINT GERMAIN. MARLY

Poissy is within the environs of Paris: as the crow flies, the capital is barely 12 miles away. Many sights and scenes in the town make that fact obvious: the nature of the vehicles in the streets and the character of their occupants; the many strange motor-cars; the frequent passage of expresses through the station—everything shows that we are about to be drawn into the vortex which seems to attract all France. Indeed, by changing at St. Germain, 3 miles away, you can readily get to Paris from Poissy by tram. But the river is in no hurry to take us there, for, with that strange reluctance the Seine has to leave the land of its birth, it twists and turns, doubles and redoubles on itself so many times, that we have still 40 miles to travel before we reach our mooring place under the trees of the Bois de Boulogne.

We got away from our comfortable anchorage

above the old bridge shortly after breakfast and made over towards the right bank, so as to leave the island of St. Louis on the starboard hand. At the head of the short reach are the locks of Carrières: here we are kept waiting for a time to allow a tug and a train of barges to pass through.

CARRIÈRES-SOUS-POISSY.

The lock is at the southern end of an island with the singular name of Ile de la Dérivation de Carrières—Carrières-sous-Poissy being the collection of red-roofed houses, surrounding the red-roofed church with a short slated tower, which we see on the left of us. At the other end of the island is an older lock and the barrage. Our way

now lies along a canal-like channel of deep water, past Denouval, Trélan, and Andresy, small places, and practically continuous, on the sloping wooded hills which lie to the west. The landscape here is pretty, with many summer-houses in fine gardens, surrounded by trees, their leaves beginning to take on the tints of autumn, and with the grounds coming down almost to the river-bank. As we passed up it was a beautiful morning, calm and peaceful, and with the promise of a warm day. People leaning over the garden walls to take the cool morning air look upon the unwonted apparition of an English steam-yacht, and marvel at her blue ensign. Andresy has a thirteenth-century church, surmounted by a clock-tower, of lightness and beauty. At the confines of the town we see the remains of a gateway and of the walls by which it was once surrounded. Its ramparts have now been converted into a shady boulevard of plane trees. As we turn to the east and round the end of the Ile Nancy we see the broad barrage of Andresy to the right, and on our left the entrance to the river Oise, and before us the lattice-girder bridge of the railway to Pontoise. The river is here fairly wide, with deep water everywhere. Alongside the banks are numerous barges, many of them from Belgium and the coal-fields of the Pas-de-Calais, with dozens of the powerful handy little tugs, known as

Guêpes, ready to take them in charge. It is a busy spot, but the river is broad and there is ample passage-way. We run under the road bridge of Conflans—the second lowest bridge on the river —with about 19 feet of head-room, or 18 inches

ANDRESY.

more than we require. We approach it very gingerly, but as it is a continuous lattice-girder bridge of 112 feet span, with deep water close to the piers, we need take no special care to hit the middle of the opening. We pass under all right, and are now abreast of Conflans-Ste. Honorine, so named from its position at the confluence of the

Seine and the Oise, and from the fact that its twelfth-century church of St. Maclou contains the shrine of Ste. Honorine, brought from Graville during the Norman incursion of 898. It is the burial-place of the seigneurs of Montmorency, who

NEAR CONFLANS.

formerly had great possessions in its neighbourhood. Perched on high ground above the river, Conflans, with its whitewashed houses, walls, square towers, and terraces, has quite an Eastern look as seen from the water. As we approach Gaillon, a small hamlet of half a dozen houses close to the bank, the course curves slightly to the south-east, and then resumes its easterly direction as it passes the

Ile d'Herblay. Herblay itself is a large village in a valley to the north of the river, with a finely-placed twelfth-century church, containing old frescoes, and surmounted by a massive clock-tower. The high ground over the right bank is sparsely planted with vines. From their aspect one would imagine that these slopes might be turned to greater account for the cultivation of fruit. We are now at the summit of the bend, close to the northern boundary of the Forest of Saint-Germain, and the course becomes nearly south. The little village along the road on the right bank is La Frette, and on the crest of the hill behind it is the fort of Cormeil, placed so as to defend Argenteuil and the approach to Paris from the north. More vineyards are seen as we draw near to Sartrouville, with its Romanesque church and central octagon tower. Behind the willows and poplars which line the left bank are the white rails and stands of the race-course of Maisons-Lafitte, and beyond it is the park. In front are the road- and railway-bridges, the latter the loftiest bridge on the river, with a clear space of about 38 feet below its arch. Over it runs the Paris and Havre line. The stream at this spot is fairly strong, and the *Guêpes* drag their barge-trains close to the left bank in order to cheat the current. When clear of the road-bridge we have a good view of the turreted high-roofed

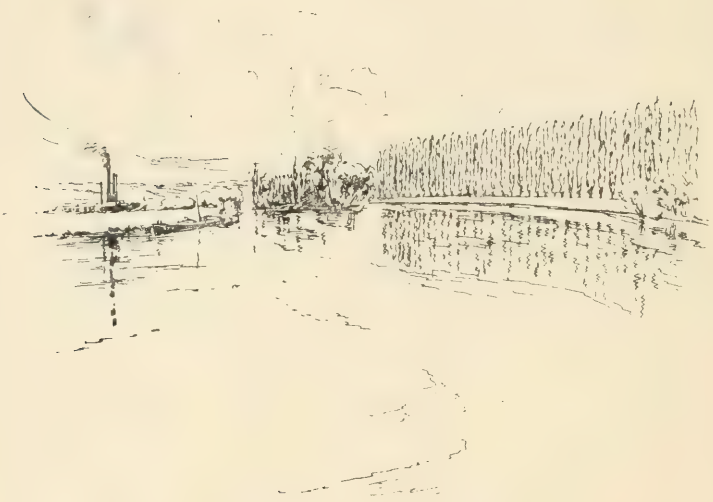
chateau, a handsome edifice in the Italian style, and one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood of Paris. It was built by François Mansard in 1658 for René de Longueil. Here Voltaire wrote *Zaïre*, and here also he nearly died of smallpox, his room and the adjoining chambers being effectually disinfected subsequently by inadvertently setting

NEAR MAISONS-LAFITTE.

them on fire. Prior to the Revolution Maisons belonged to the Comte d'Artois, and was given by Napoleon to Marshal Lannes. Its present name is due to the circumstance that it was at one time owned by Lafitte, the banker and minister of Louis-Philippe.

The river now runs through a flat stretch of well-wooded country. In front are the low hills

on which is the Forest of Saint-Germain. The stream is broad and gentle in its flow, and the banks are lined with willows. Our course is now changed to south-west, and we see the houses of St. Germain, and over the river the continuous lattice-girder bridge of the St. Germain and Paris



PORT MARYL.

railway crossing the Ile Corbière, and immediately beyond it the road bridge of Le Pecq. We have a choice of ways round the Corbière, but we take that on the Saint-Germain side, and keeping close to the right bank as we pass Le Pecq—an unattractive-looking place and the haunt of the Seine bargees—we move on towards Port Marly,

and pick up a berth between a small eyot and the long Ile de Loge below Bougival, clear of the main fairway. It was a quiet spot in front of a long row of Lombardy poplars, at the entrance to the backwater running up to Port Marly

Machine de Marly, Port Marly.

and to the celebrated *Machine de Marly*, nearly midway between Bougival and St. Germain-en-Laye, and conveniently placed for visiting St. Germain, La Malmaison, Rueil, and Versailles, all of which may be reached from Port Marly by tram.

It is unnecessary to describe these places here.

They are among the "sights" which every visitor to Paris makes a point of seeing. St. Germain, as we have already said, is the Richmond of the Seine —and like it a royal town, with memories of Louis the Fat, Francis I., Henri IV., and Louis XIV., with a famous park and gardens, and a still more famous terrace, affording magnificent views of the river and the surrounding country. Here our exiled James II. lived and died, and was buried in the church opposite the old chateau—now turned into a museum of national antiquities.

It happened to be the time of the *Fête des Loges* when we were at St. Germain. The fair is held in the forest, about a couple of miles from the town, on a lawn opposite the country house of Les Loges, erected by Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV. The house is now known as the Maison Nationale, and is converted into a school for daughters of members of the Legion of Honour. St. Germain was of course filled with holiday-makers from Paris and the neighbourhood, and the owners of the *chars à banc* and *fiacres* did, in the literal sense of the word, a *roaring* trade in driving out such portion of the crowd as their vociferous entreaties succeeded in capturing. As a form of entertainment, the fête, however, was a thing to have done and not to do—a rather commonplace sort of bank-holiday gathering, with the usual

accompaniments of shows, merry-go-rounds, stalls of sweetmeats and toys, lotteries, and fortune-tellers. Unfortunately the weather was not as gracious as it might have been, and the bunting and the paper flowers had a somewhat bedraggled look. But a French holiday crowd never takes its pleasures sadly, even in a persistent drizzle.

Far more interesting and more edifying was the visit to Malmaison, with its many souvenirs of Napoleon and Josephine. No one can walk through the unpretending chateau—its living-rooms, its bed-chambers, its library—or stroll through its gardens and remain wholly unmoved by its mementos of one of the most extraordinary human careers the world has ever witnessed. Here Napoleon came, a fugitive after Waterloo, and from here, on the approach of Blücher's cavalry, the hunted man fled, never to return. The mere sight of the little, mean-looking iron bedstead on which the fallen Emperor breathed his last is one of the most eloquent of commentaries on the mutability of human greatness. The whole district, indeed, is steeped in historical associations, and sermons in stones abound on every hand. At Rueil, Richelieu had a splendid house, and in its Renaissance church, decorated with a porch erected at the cost of the Cardinal, is the tomb of the Empress Josephine. Her kneeling effigy is the

gift of her children, Eugène and Hortense the mother of Napoleon III. At Bougival, near our anchorage, Louis Napoleon lived for a time, and the old brick chateau on the right bank opposite was formerly occupied by Gabrielle d'Estrées. Marly le Roi, with its associations of Louis XIV., is beautifully situated, surrounded by woods, with charming walks and extensive views over a broad undulating stretch of country.

A House-boat.

CHAPTER XVIII

PARIS—AND BACK FROM THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE TO BOLT HEAD

Our next stopping-place was to be our goal—Paris. As we backed out into the main stream from the channel leading up to the Machine de Marly, the great pumping-station which still serves to lift the water to the fountains of Versailles, we saw in front of us, as we approached the locks of Bougival, the high land culminating in Mont Valérien, on which stands the strong fort which serves to protect the capital from the west. The heights above Bougival are dotted with country houses, half hidden among the trees which cover the slopes. The locks at Bougival are amongst the largest and most heavily worked on the river, but the small lock is luckily available, and we are quickly put through it. Our way now

Lock-keeper at Bougival.

lies along the narrow passage between the left bank and the Grande Ile de la Chaussé, 5 miles in length, which lies in the middle of the stream as far as Bezons. As we leave the lock the channel turns sharply to the left, and for some distance we run parallel with the main road to Paris, at the side of which is the tramway to Port Maillot, shaded by plane trees. We pass under the low girder bridge of Bougival with barely 2 feet to spare above the funnel. The river curves until the course is north-east. It is a pleasant reach with many pretty houses and gay gardens along the banks, and until the traffic became too great was a favourite boating-place of the Parisians. The channel is deep, and although not very wide we find we can travel at a fair rate of speed without causing much wash upon the banks. We pass a succession of places on the right bank running one into the other—Croissy, Chatou, with a fine country house behind a terrace overlooking the backwater on the other side of the Ile du Chiard, and a twelfth-century church with a handsome clock-tower; and Carrières Saint-Denis, with the remains of a strong castle in an ancient royal manor, formerly occupied by Philippe le Bel and Philippe de Valois. On the right bank is Port Rueil, and not far from it Nanterre, birthplace of Ste. Geneviève, patron saint of Paris, who, according to tradition, preserved it by her prayers from the

invasion of Attila. We run under a couple of iron-arched bridges, and under a girder bridge carrying the Paris and Rouen railway towards Asnières. The river now rapidly loses its charm. We enter a region of market-gardens, the produce of which goes to feed the hungry maw of Paris. Tall chimneys of gas-works and condensing towers of chemical factories take the place of poplars; and barges moored beneath huge cranes on wooden wharfs are discharging cargoes of fuel, lime, and bricks. The appearance, too, of the water changes; and the air is charged with odours that betoken we are approaching the great manufacturing district which lies to the north of Paris. At the end of the Ile St. Martin we see the barrage of Bezons, and run under one of the narrow arches of its iron road bridge, built to replace that destroyed in 1815 on the approach of the Allies. Near it was a castle, with a park designed by Lenôtre. The land on both sides of the river is flat and uninteresting, and the skyline broken only by the roofs and chimneys of factories. As the river widens we are glad to quicken the pace of the yacht. We run under the wide arch of the Bridge of Colombes —one of the most graceful on the river. Hidden behind the boulevards and gardens which line the right bank is Argenteuil, a place with a more romantic history than its present appearance would

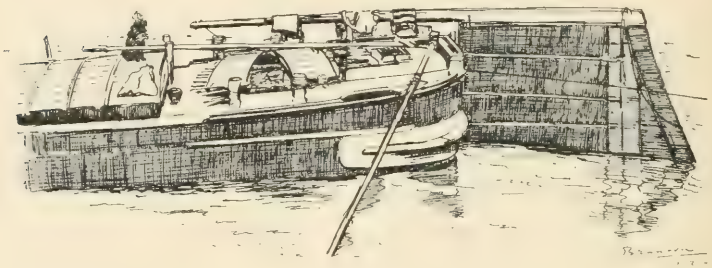
seem to indicate. Here formerly was a convent, of which the sister of Charlemagne was Abbess in 824, and here the beautiful Héloïse took refuge after her parting from Abelard, to be subsequently united to him in the Paraclete and in the tomb at Père Lachaise. Argenteuil was formerly a

NEAR BEZONS.

strongly fortified walled town, and suffered much in the wars of religion. The English here received a check in their advance on Paris in 1815. Bridges now follow each other in quick succession, and we see hydroplane and motor works, with names notable in an industry which owes much to France. After leaving Argenteuil the land behind the right

bank rises in gentle slopes, and on them are built numerous good-looking houses with terraced gardens. As we pass the western end of the long island of St. Denis we leave the departments of the Seine-et-Oise and enter that of the Seine. Approaching Épinay, we steer for the right bank so as to leave the Ile St. Denis to starboard. We pass under the new stone railway bridge, and then under the Épinay road bridge. Country houses with trim gardens stand on the rising ground to the left, with a somewhat dreary outlook over the flat land of the irrigation works of Gennevilliers. As we round the bend towards the south we see a forest of factory chimneys. We are approaching St. Denis, a manufacturing suburb of Paris, grimy and sordid-looking, but famous withal as the burial-place of the kings of France. It is the chief port of the fluvial section of the Seine, and the banks on either side are lined with barges, moored five and six deep. As the channel is much contracted and there is continual movement among the craft, navigation becomes a little intricate, and we have to slow down and occasionally stop as we thread our way through the crowd of tugs and trains of barges. We see the entrance locks to the canal of St. Denis, and having passed under the road bridge we draw up to a friendly barge moored against the right bank, make fast, and go ashore to spend an hour

or so in the Église Abbatiale de Saint-Denis, the famous Basilica, the Westminster Abbey of France, the creation of Suger, the most renowned of the abbots of St. Denis. Here are buried many whose names have been mentioned in the course of this narrative —Fredegonde, Dagobert, Pépin, Philippe-le-Bel, Louis-le-Hutin, Robert the Pious, Louis the Fat, Henri II. and Catherine de Médicis, Francis I. and Claudia, Charles VI., Du Guesclin, and many



On Guard.

of the Bourbons. The Basilica has suffered the vicissitudes of good and evil fortune; its contents have been mutilated and destroyed by the impious rage of revolutionaries, roused by such creatures as Barère, and the edifice itself defaced by iconoclasts, and partially destroyed by fire. In spite of all it still remains a noble pile, interesting as marking the gradual transition of Romanesque to early Gothic.

We rejoined our floating home in the late after-

noon, and went slowly through the narrow channel which separates the Ile Saint-Denis from St. Ouen, past more factories, among them one of the great electrical generating stations of Paris, with enormous high chimneys, rivalling the famous "lums" of Glasgow. Opposite the end of the island are the docks of St. Ouen. The channel is fairly straight and the course nearly west, through a somewhat dreary district. We pass between two islands, Ile de Robinson and Ile des Ravageurs, lying between Clichy and Asnières, and under the railway bridge destroyed by the Insurgents in 1848, and by the French troops in 1870, where we see the last of the Havre railway line. As we approach the Ile de la Grande Jatte we notice the remains of an old weir on the right bank, and we have to steer carefully through the channel to avoid a sunken barge carrying a crane. We run under the fine bridge of Courbevoie, and then under that of Neuilly, over which is the tram-line from St. Germain to Port Maillot. A short distance beyond is the bridge of Puteaux, and farther on we see the Suresnes barrage, and, to its right, the two locks—the last through which we have to pass. It is a busy place, and we are a little delayed by a string of barges in the narrow channel. However, the welcome semaphore is dropped at last, and we enter the long lock. It is furnished with inter-

mediate gates, which practically halve its length and therefore its content. Once through we make over to the opposite bank just below the Suresnes bridge and anchor, clear of the shoal ground at the edge, with our bow and stern ropes made fast to the mooring pawls along the walk under the trees of the Bois de Boulogne. We are at length

Lock at Suresnes.

at Paris—forty days out from Havre, and in nice time for dinner.

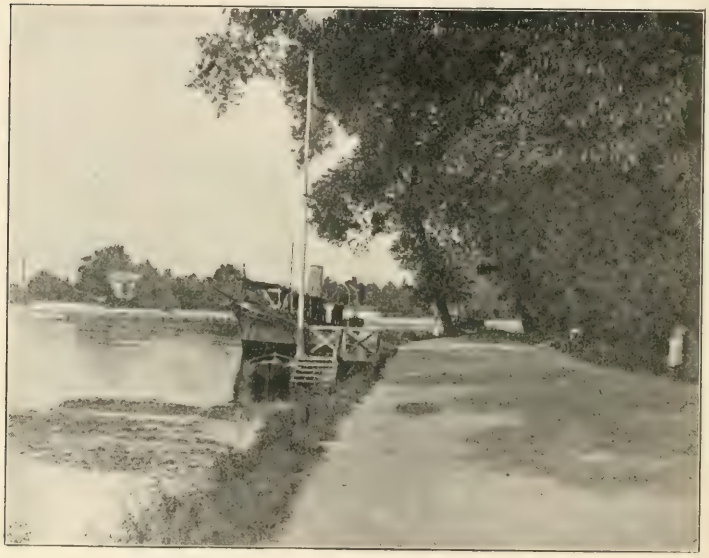
The position we had taken up was already well known to us, as we had occupied it in previous journeys up the river. There is much to recommend it as a yacht station. It is in an interesting part of the river, sufficiently removed from the too curious attention of the loafer, but close to a broad

walk of the Bois de Boulogne, overhung by trees which throw a grateful shade during the noonday heats. You may step on shore to ramble for miles down shady avenues, round the Course de Longchamps, and by the many lakes of the beautiful park. The heart of Paris is readily reached from

YACHT STATION, BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.

Suresnes, across the bridge in front, by one of the many little *Mouches* that ply up and down the river; or, more quickly, by the electric trams from the *halte* behind the trees, not a couple of minutes away. The outlook towards Suresnes is not unpleasing, with the wooded height of Mont Valérien in front, and the verdant hills above St. Cloud

breaking the skyline towards the south-west. The main drawback is the smoke of the works' chimneys near the left bank. The coal of the Pas de Calais and of the Belgian coal-field is nasty fuliginous stuff, and the briquettes made from its dust are even worse. Any considerable inconvenience is



Cygne II. at Paris.

only experienced during a northerly or north-westerly wind, not the most frequent of winds, but still occurring sufficiently often to make the smoke and sulphur products a menace to the foliage of the Bois. It is to be hoped that the public opinion of Paris may soon be roused to the risk which their beautiful park suffers from the proximity of

factories, which, by careless stoking or the absence of proper mechanical appliances, fail to consume their own smoke.

It is unnecessary to say much of our doings during our short stay in Paris, even if there had been much to say. On the morning after our arrival, Berengaria astonished us by the unwonted magnificence of her attire, and by her evident determination to brighten up the drab purlieus of the Champs Élysées, the Rue de Rivoli, the Louvre, and the various cake-shops she meant to patronise. It was, no doubt, a compliment to Paris, and we hope was duly appreciated. But the gay capital was not unknown to most of us. The main object of our journey after all was not to see it, but to show how it might be reached in, perhaps, the most delightful and leisurely of ways. Friends, whom we were glad to see, looked us up, and were pleased to be interested in the simple tale of our long but unarduous voyage up the river —perhaps the longest and least arduous of any on record since the time of the Northmen.

The time had at length arrived to set our faces homewards. An early autumn was upon us and there were ominous signs that the weather was about to break, and tidings from England told of high winds and rough seas in the Channel. Modern meteorology has disproved the existence of

equinoctial gales, but modern meteorology is powerless to shake the rooted convictions of those who go down to the sea in ships, or the fixed beliefs of their women-folk at home.

The heavens were hung with black as we moved off from our pleasant quarters under the trees and whistled for the lock. It was still early morning; even the grateful cup of tea had not roused the ladies sufficiently to come on deck, and there was much waving of arms through open ports to friendly bargees as we passed out of the lock into the main stream. We ran rapidly with the gentle current down to the bend at St. Denis and round by Bezons and Bougival. We were soon through the lock and had a clear course to Carrières, where we were detained a short time by one of the Paris and London steamers. The morning had been chilly and sunless with occasional slight showers, but towards noon the weather became brighter. We met very little traffic, and quickly overhauled what was in front of us. Dulcie, a born timoneer, came up from time to time for a spell at the wheel, when the skipper, who usually steered, had to be relieved. She happened to be doing her trick when the yacht entered the long channel running by the Ile de Limay towards Mantes. Ahead of us was a randan gig beating down under a lug-sail much too large for her in the gusty wind that

was blowing. Dulcie was about to ask the master on which side she was to pass, when the boat seemed to disappear, apparently in a moment—

> The Spanish fleet thou canst not see,
> Because—it is not

there. In other words, the boat had gone under—capsized in one of the puffs. The yacht was promptly stopped, the gig swung out, and the skipper and a deck-hand went to the rescue of the unlucky youths who were clinging to the submerged boat; they were safely put on shore and their craft run up on the shelving bank. It was a smart piece of work, but as a form of excitement it was beginning to be a little stale, for we had already picked up, under similar circumstances, a too venturesome youth who had rashly attempted to manage a sailing canoe. We shall not soon forget the spectacle of his fair companion on the bank, in white stockings and a pink frock, struggling to run for succour in a skirt of which the circumference was in inverse proportion to the diameter of her hat.

We came to, in the late afternoon, in the beautiful reach of the river by Rolleboise, where we anchored for the night, out of the fair-way, behind the Ile de la Sablière. After tea we went on shore and climbed the steep and stony ascent to the old church which looks down upon the river. It is a

quaint, poverty-stricken little place surrounded by a mass of tangled growth running riot among the tombstones. The spot overlooks a wide stretch of country, and over both arms of the river, as far as Rosny on the one hand, and towards Vétheuil and

THE BOW ROPE.

the Forest of Moisson on the other, with the flat land about Guernes in front.

We left our anchorage and passed through the Méricourt locks next day shortly after seven. It was a beautiful autumn morning, with bright sunshine, and only a faint air to stir the willows. We ran rapidly down the stream past La Roche-Guyon and Bonnières to Port-Villez, where we

grievously offended the irascible lock-master by sketching in the lock. He was a fiery, impulsive little man with the manner of a *sous-officier*, which probably he had been, and screamed at us, to the amusement of the other men, that it was strictly *défendu* by the *Règlements de Police* to make drawings of the locks. When the sketch, here illustrated, was held up, the amusement of the men grew to a roar of laughter, and even the grim lock-master was fain to relax. As for the old dame, she beamed with delight.

COQUETTE.

We were lucky in hitting the tide at St. Aubin, the last lock on the river, and soon ran down on the ebb to Rouen. We spent a day and a half there, and, late in the afternoon, went on to Duclair, where we came to for the night close to the left bank, as our former berth alongside the wharf was occupied by a tug and some barges. We awoke next morning to find a thick fog on the river, but as we were anxious to take advantage of the ebb then running, we got under way, going dead slow, and sounding the siren at intervals. For a time it was impossible

to see either side until we were close to it, but by keeping the right bank on board, as they say at sea, we crept down the long reach past Le Mesnil in safety. Luckily the course was straight and almost due south, and the water was deep close to the bank. As the sun rose over the flat land to the east, the mist was gradually dispersed, and by the time we reached the bend below Jumièges, it was bright and clear, with every prospect of a perfect day. Near La Mailleraye we met the Bore. It happened to be the highest Bore of the year—"coefficient 111°, and due at 8.16 A.M."—according to the information which M. Védie of Caudebec obligingly furnishes to visitors. The quick eyes of Dulcie, who was on the bridge, were the first to detect its coming, and she ran aft to summon the men, who, having washed decks, had gone below for breakfast. On came the rolling, leaping, foaming tide, rushing up the dykes and over the shoals in a mass of broken water. We took the way off the yacht when in mid-stream, and as the advancing wave struck her she gave a succession of little curtsies as if she rather enjoyed the fun, and in a minute or two all was again calm. It was a pretty sight, and we were glad to have seen it, as it seemed the one thing needed to complete our experience of the river.

Just above Caudebec we met a large English steam-yacht, the *Medusa*, 627 tons, getting up her

anchor. She had been waiting for the flood to pass the Banc des Meules, in order to proceed to Rouen.

It was an ideal September day, and the beautiful reach from Caudebec to Villequier could not possibly look more lovely. The air was quite still, and there was a thin nebulous mist over the bright landscape of that subtle ethereal tenuity which makes half the charm of an autumnal morning. The woods on the right bank, running down from the Forest of St. Arnoult, were beginning to take on the tints of gold and brown. The water was absolutely calm, and its surface like that of a mirror, and the only sound to break the perfect silence was that of the throbbing machinery that was driving us down against the moving tide. The glory of that morning, however, had not yet sunk into the soul of Berengaria. She had been late for breakfast and was inclined to be a little peevish. Dulcie had completely spoiled her day. Why was she not roused to see the Bore—the thing of all others she wanted to see? And now she was going home and had not seen it. The best Bore of the year, too! It was too bad! etc. etc. Dulcie pleaded she could not rouse everybody—the time was too short. The master professed to have only scant sympathy with Berengaria. Indeed he ventured to congratulate her on her escape. A bore at any time should be

avoided, if possible; but a bore before breakfast is simply unbearable. But even this did not placate Berengaria. Such *banalités*, she considered, as she took the last remaining piece of flaccid toast, and chipped her cold egg, were unworthy of notice.

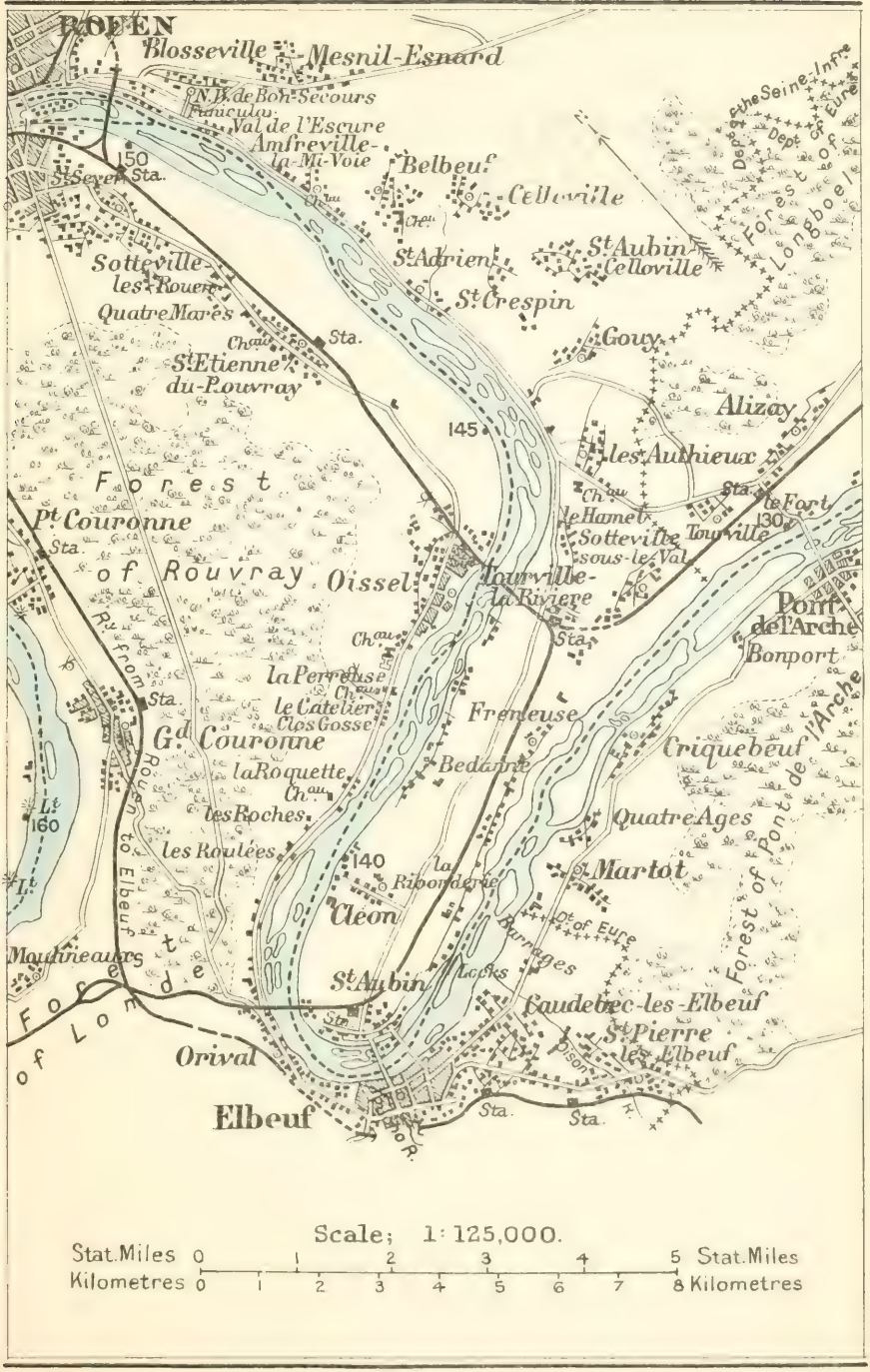
We reached the Tancarville Canal about noon and locked in with the barges we had seen overnight at Duclair, and which had left there shortly after midnight. We soon covered the distance of 14 miles between Tancarville and the Garage at Graville, where we had arranged to coal and ship the fore-mast into its tabernacle. The canal is almost straight, and runs through a flat alluvial plain at the base of a range of chalk cliffs, green at the top but with steep escarpments of naked rock, and here and there wooded valleys running up to the plateau, towards a few villages and chateaus. At Graville we took in six tons of the "black diamonds" of South Wales, at a price approaching to that of the diamonds of South Africa; got the vessel under one of the hydraulic cranes with which the basin is furnished, dropped the mast into position, rigged it, and washed down. We remained in the Garage all night, and next day moved down to our old anchorage in the Avant-Port, in readiness to cross the Channel. The elements, however, were unkind: a strong south-west wind was blowing, and a heavy sea was running outside. An

English steam-yacht, four times the size of *Cygnet*, went out to force a passage towards Boulogne, but she only got as far as Cape de la Hève when she ran back. The blow continued during the night, but we lay pretty snugly behind the jetty, and the roll was not too unpleasant. Towards noon next day the weather cleared, the wind went up and the sea went down, so shortly after breakfast on the following morning we moved out with the intention of reaching Cherbourg and spending the night there. It was a fine sunny day and we made good progress, reaching Cape Barfleur in the afternoon. To avoid the race, we had stood well out in the offing. As the weather looked settled, and we had a hot tide with us, we determined to carry on. Our course was practically that which had brought us up to Barfleur. Shortly after sundown we saw the light of Cape de la Hague. The night was calm and still, perfectly dark, and not at all cold—ideal conditions, in fact, for a passage.

In the early morning we picked up the light on the Start, which we passed just at daybreak. When we rounded Prawle Point a dense fog was rolling out of the estuary. As we entered, it was impossible to see the length of the vessel ahead; but as we wished, if possible, to save the tide, we groped our way over the bar, picked up the Wolf

Rock buoy all right, and slowly felt for the whereabouts of Old Harry. We sighted him just in time, brought the vessel promptly round, and, a few minutes later, the rattle of the descending chain told listening ears in the house on the hill that *Cysne* was back to her own again.

DULCE DOMUM: *CYSNE II.* IN WINTER QUARTERS.



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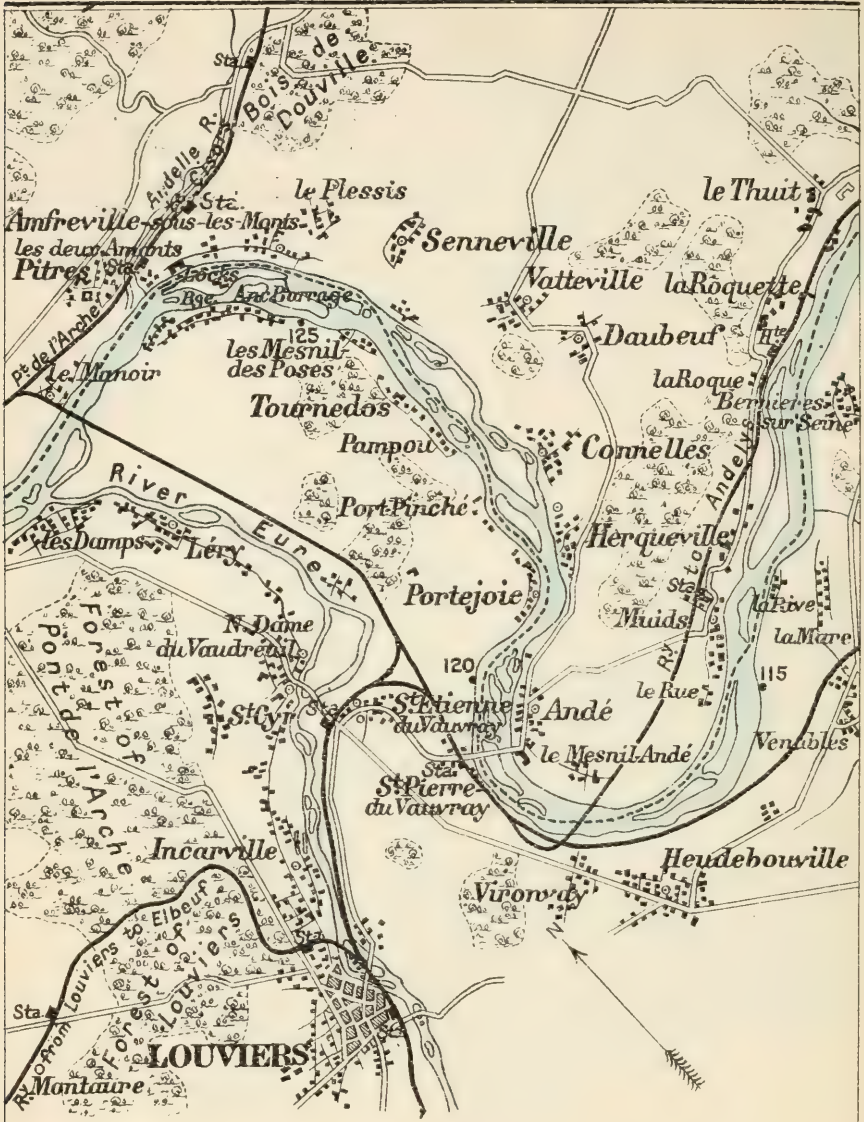
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les deux Amants
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N. Dame du Vaudreuil
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115
le Rue
St. Cyr
St. Etienne du Vauvray
Andé
le Mesnil Andé
Vendables
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Vironvay
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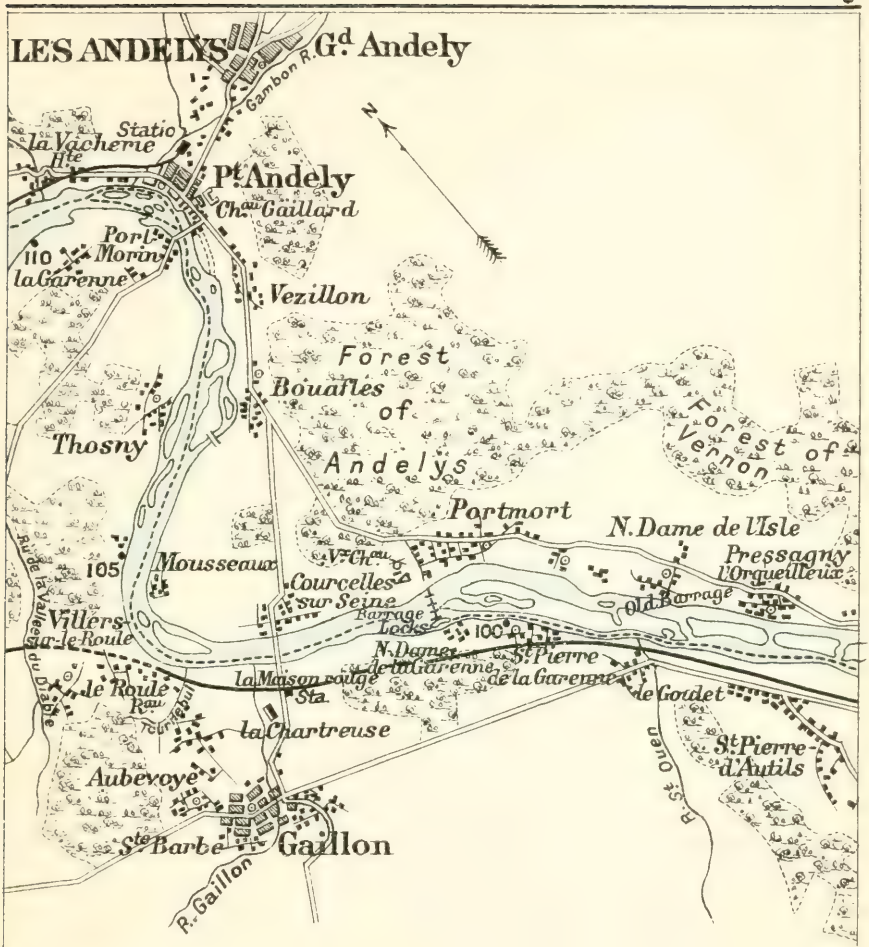

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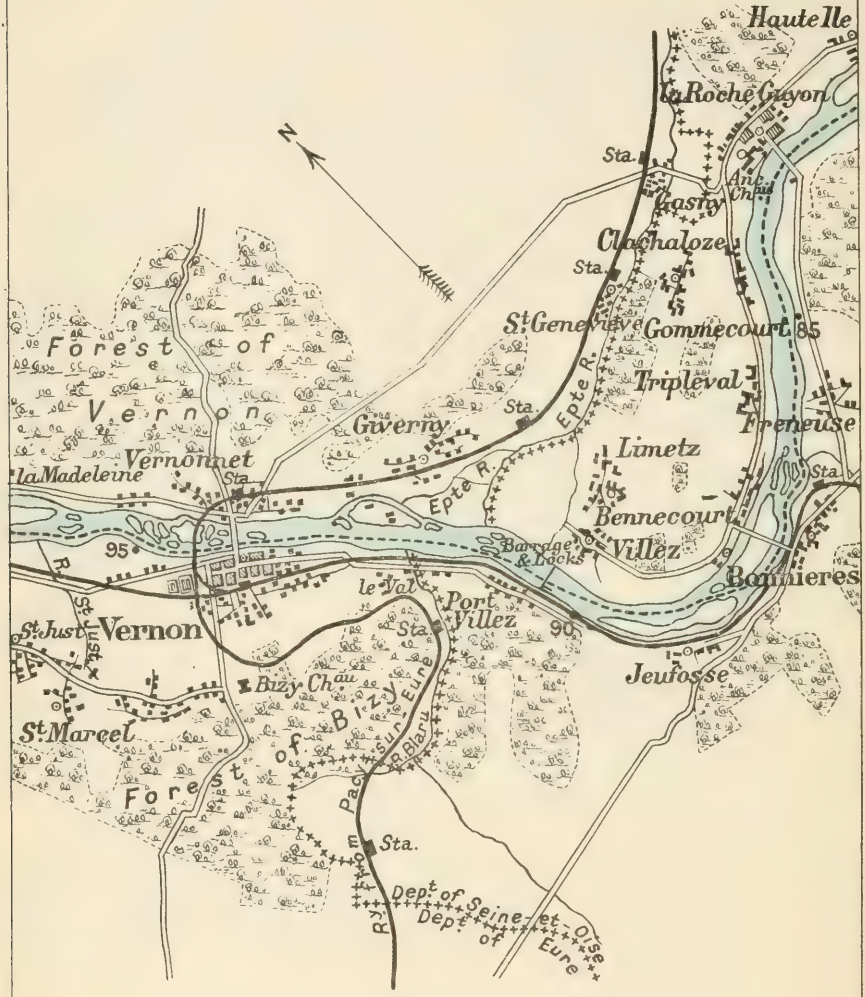
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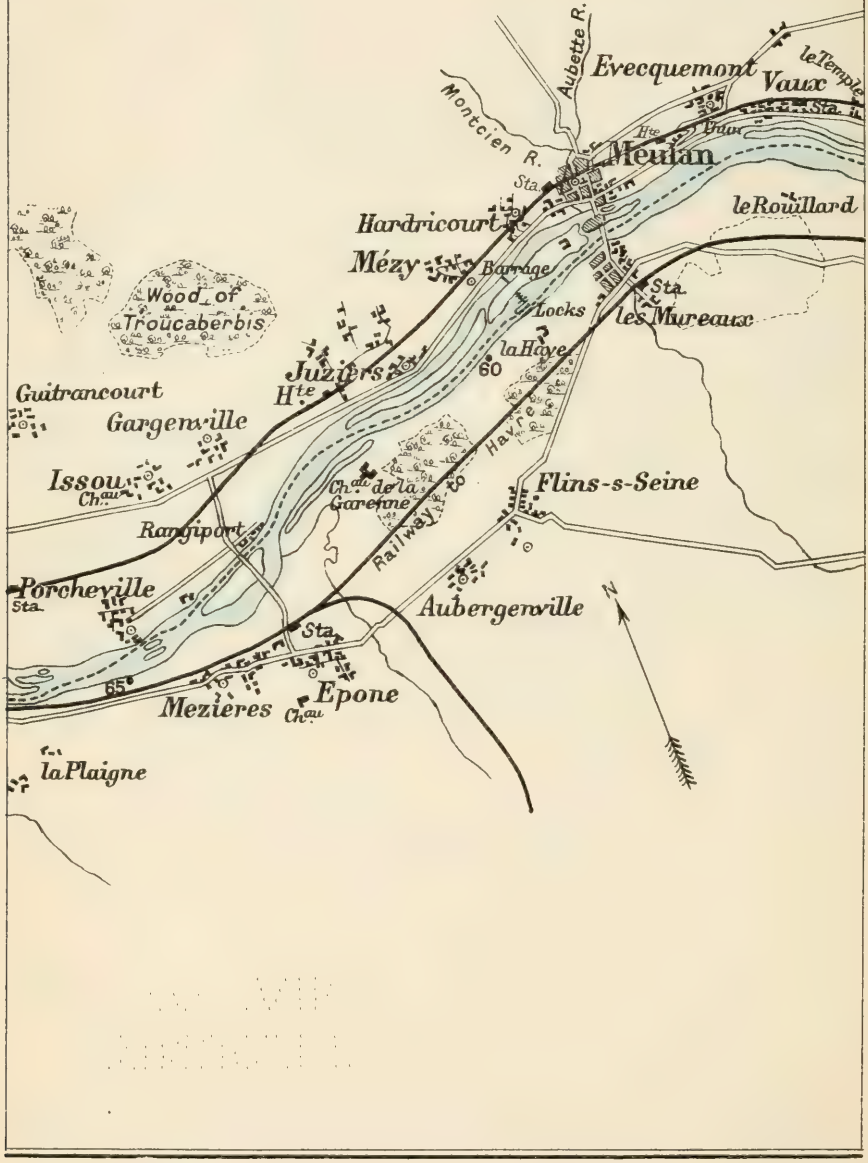
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Hardricourt
Mézy
Barrage
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St. Cloud
Bougival
Garches
Billancourt
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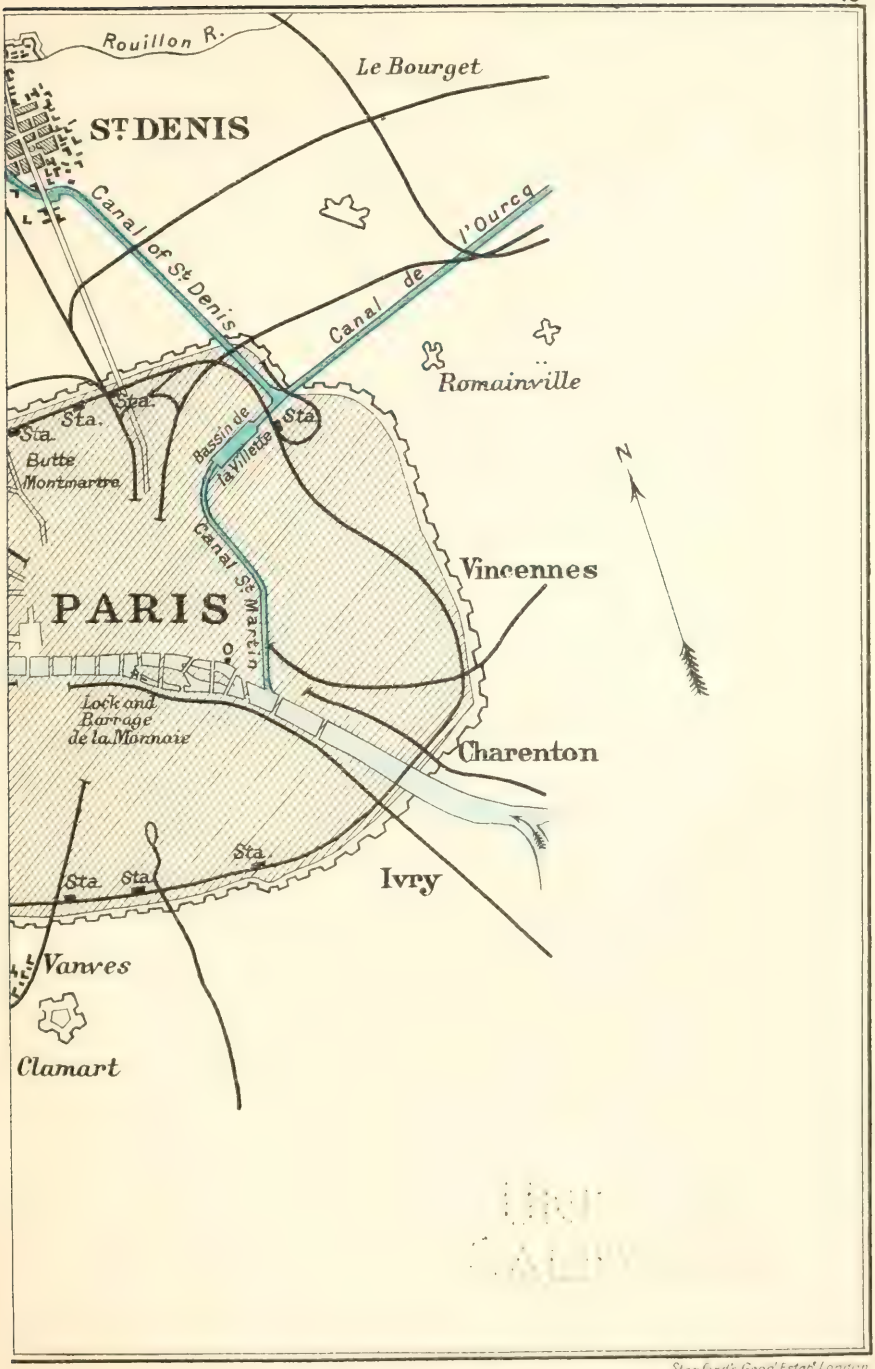

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